

(Continued from first page.)

had better choose one from among yourselves.

Many voices were in favor of a lady president, and Mrs. Harding consented to take the chair.

The next question was to settle who were qualified to fill the other important offices.

After some discussion, it was thought advisable that a committee of four be appointed to make a selection of officers, and bring in their names on paper. It was voted that the chair should appoint said committee. The four churches were represented, and they retired.

The meeting was very fully attended, and every one seemed conscious that he had a work to do. It was not sudden excitement that had drawn so many together. There was a calm thoughtfulness on the brow, and a deep determination around the mouth, that bespoke painful emotions, long pent up, waiting for the time to come when they could gird on the armor and show themselves like men.

Not many minutes passed before the door opened, and the names of the officers were brought in and laid upon the table. The president arose and read as follows:

Vice President, Edward Nicol.
Secretary, Lawrence Cartaret.
Treasurer, J. Brooks, Jr.
Librarian, Carl Gerhardt.

The names proved satisfactory and were duly recorded, resolutions were drawn up, by which they were to bind themselves, and when the society was fully organized, they adjourned over to the next Wednesday evening.

CHAPTER III.

What's going on to Judge Harding's tonight, said Dick Sawyer, as he sat at the table to square up, as he always said, his accounts.

"When I came to there this evening the house was full of boys, and I didn't know what to make of it. Perhaps the Judge's son has got a party, but it is a one sided affair if he has, for I didn't see any girls there; but things are all turning around now a days, and one has got to keep a sharp lookout to see that his head goes straight. Upon my word, wife, I'm glad we haven't any boys, such youngsters better be at getting together nights, and the more I think of it the gladder I am that we haven't got any. I guess the Judge didn't know anything about it, for I left him playing billiards, and should wonder if he stayed until one o'clock. Last night he never went home till three."

"Well, I don't know exactly," said his wife; "but Miss Meddle was in here to-day, you know she's in every nook and corner, and knows everybody's business better than they do themselves, and she said Polly Stark told her that Squire Webster's wife was making some kind of a thing that they called a badge for her son to wear, and that he was going to join a temperance society, and she heard that there was to be some kind of a meeting at the Judge's to-night, that's all I know about it."

"Yes, yes, upon my word, twenty years next month, wife, since I came to this town, and its no more like what it was then than chalk is like cheese. Every thing is changing, turning topsy-turvy. What do you suppose these boys know about forming temperance societies? Why, when I was a boy such a thing was never known."

"I don't like to see a snarl of boys in the street or any where else. It is vacation now, and my patience is all worn out. Yes, eight long weeks of vacation, and we shall have enough of it—noise, mischief making and cutting up, more than you can shake a stick at. If I had my say, I'd look up every boy between the age of nine and twenty. They ought to be complained of as a street nuisance. When I was a youngster, there was only one examination day in the year; then old Dr. Harris would stand in the middle of the door, and say 'you have done pretty well for the past year, children, and you shall have one day's relaxation.' I can hear him say it now—one day's relaxation. It used to make me pretty mad then, but I think better of it now, and wish the old man was living in these days, he'd soon put a stop to eight weeks vacation and comes down to one day's relaxation."

"There, there, Mr. Sawyer, do let the poor boys alone. Times have changed since then; forty years makes a great difference. People are becoming wiser every day."

"Didn't I tell you wife, times have changed. Here comes Mrs. Moody; well I am glad to see you, wife, think I am a little hard on the boys; you see I have just been letting off a little steam this evening, and perhaps I have said a little too much, but I do most mortally hate to see a snarl of boys at every corner of the street. I always think they are planning to steal my pease, plums and apples, and even the chickens go sometimes. And here's the college boys come home, and they are no good to anybody. That George DeForest used to steal my ladder for no account whatever but to hear me scold, and even that little Arthur would turn my horse out of the pasture, to make me run after him. Bother the whole of them. I am right glad to see you, Mrs. Moody, how do you do? It is an age since you've been here before. Pardon me for roughing these boys."

"Oh yes, Mr. Sawyer, I've heard you talk before, but I can tell you these college boys are not quite as bad as you used to make it out. At any rate, they've got something else on the brain now, besides stealing hens and chickens. DeForest and Arthur have come home Christians, and you will probably have no farther trouble about losing your horse and ladder. Do try and put a better face on things. By the way, Mr. Sawyer, what makes Mr. Williams look so haggard lately? To be sure his wife has been ill for a long time, and that may depress him, but he has plenty of money to do with, and a fine house, carriage, horses, servants, and everything that would seem to make him happy, and yet he looks as if he had no friends, and no one to care for him. Miss Tibbets who lives in the next house, says he comes home very late at night, and doesn't care how much noise he makes to wake up the children, and I suppose that is one reason why his wife is always ill."

"Now perhaps you don't know any-

thing about it," said Mr. Sawyer. "Williams is a clever fellow, and is kind and loving to his family; but when he has taken too much brandy he is rather noisy and may sometimes strike his wife, but I guess he don't meddle with the children. For the past year he has neglected his business, and passed most of the time in the billiard room, but that is his own lookout. If he is fool enough to waste his money, I don't know as anybody is to blame."

"Oh dear, I must be going," said Mrs. Moody. "You'll see things turning round one of these days. Mr. Sawyer, these boys are no fools, and they are going to build a machine that'll move the world, mark my words, good bye."

After she was gone, Mrs. Sawyer turned to her husband, and with a deep sigh said—

"I do wish you would give up that billiard room. It does seem to me that it is a dreadful sin to hold out any incentive that will in any way be the means of keeping so many, especially talented men from their homes until such a late hour at night, they stay until one, two and three o'clock in the morning. Just think of it! It was only last week that you went home with lawyer Parsons so drunk that you had to hold him up, while you took the night key out of his pocket, and put him in, just as you would any bundle that couldn't stand. What a scene for his wife and children. How my heart aches for them!"

"Poh, poh, wife, I should think you had a little tincture of that pesky temperance society that you say is coming up among the young folks. Do let such silly stuff alone. What is the use of being sorry for what you can't help? I don't like Caudle lectures, never did. It had been as chicken hearted as you are wife, I should have been poor all the days of my life. If a man is fool enough to take too much whiskey and squander all he has at playing billiards, I don't know why the money shouldn't pour into my pocket as well as in somebody's else."

"It seems to me," said his wife, "that a fearful day of retribution is coming."

"Oh don't now, don't go to preaching. Here, where's my hat? Let me get out of this. I would rather eat a hot potato than hear a woman preach. It kills me."

"Pity it wouldn't," said Mrs. Sawyer in an undertone.

(Continued next week)

MISPLACED KINDNESS.—There is nothing like an obliging disposition. I thought to myself one day, when traveling in a railway car from Boston to Worcester, seeing a gentleman put himself to considerable trouble to land another gentleman, who had fallen asleep, at his destination.

"Passengers for West Needham!" cried out the conductor; "the car stops but one minute."

"Hallo!" exclaimed the young man in spectacles, at the same time seizing an old gentleman by the shoulder who was sleeping very soundly, "here's Captain Holmes last asleep, and this is West Needham where he lives. Come, get up Capt. Holmes, here you are."

The gentleman got upon his feet and began to rub his eyes, but the young man forced him along to the door of the car, and gently landed him on the roadside. What went the steam, and we began to fly again. The obliging young man took his seat again, and said with a good deal of satisfaction to some one near him,

"Well, if it hadn't been for me, Capt. Holmes would have missed his home finely. But he has left his bundle," and the young man picked up a paper parcel and threw it out.

"Well," said he, "if it hadn't been for me, Capt. Holmes would have missed his bundle finely."

When we stopped at the next station a lady began to rummage under the seat where Capt. Holmes had been sitting and exclaimed in great alarm,

"I can't find my bundle."

"Was it done up in a piece of brown paper?" I asked.

"Yes, it was to be sure."

"Then," said I, "that young man threw it out of the window at the last stopping place."

This led to a scene between the obliging young man and the old lady, which ended by the former taking the address of the latter, and promising to return the package in a few days provided he should ever find it.

"Well," said the obliging gentleman, "catch me doing a good natured thing again. What can I do for that old woman if I cannot find her bundle?"

What went the steam, ding, ding, went the bell, the clank, the clank, the sparks flew, and the train flew, as they say, like lightning. I'll be stopped again at the next station. I forgot the name of it now but it will be of no consequence if I could remember it. An old gentleman started up and began to poke under the seat where Capt. Holmes had sat.

"What are you looking for?" I inquired.

"Looking for?" said the old gentleman. "Why I am looking for my bundle of clothes."

"Was it tied up in a yellow handkerchief?" I said.

"Yes, and nothing else," said the old man.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the obliging gentleman, "I thought it out of the car at Needham; I thought it belonged to Capt. Holmes."

"Capt. Holmes?" exclaimed the old gentleman with a look of despair, "who is Capt. Holmes? That bundle contained all my clean clothes, that I was to wear at my son's wedding to-morrow morning. Dear me, what can I do?"

Nothing could be done but to give his address to the obliging young man as before, and coax him himself with the promise that the bundle should be returned to him provided it was ever found. The obliging gentleman was in despair, and made another vow that he would never attempt to be obliging again.

The next station was his own landing place, and as he went toward the door of the car, he saw a silver-headed cane, which he took hold of and read the inscription on it—"Moses Holmes, East Needham."

"Well," again exclaimed the obliging gentleman, "if here isn't Capt. Holmes' cane."

"Yes," said a gentleman who got in at the last station, "and the old man is lame, too. He will miss his stick."

"Now perhaps you don't know any-

"Do you know him?" inquired the obliging gentleman.

"Know him? I should think so," replied the other. "He is my uncle."

"And does he live in East Needham?" asked the obliging gentleman.

"Of course he does. He never lived anywhere else."

"Well, if that don't beat everything," exclaimed the obliging young gentleman, "and I put him out at West Needham, a mile and a half the other side of his home."

THE BOY THAT WAS ASTONISHED.—A frightful runaway took place in the northern portion of St. Louis, a morning or two ago. A large car came trotting leisurely down the street, all in harness, and drawing a sled upon which, in a state of supreme bliss, was the enterprising urchin who had conceived the idea of utilizing dog power. They collected themselves with a calm dignity, that boy and dog, and when the boy met a couple of his acquaintances and stopped his conveyance for a chat, there was just a shade of condescension in his manner to those who had to walk. The youth on the sled entered into earnest conversation with one of the boys on the ground, and while the two were thus engaged the other one took occasion, unobserved, to pull out a piece of string and attach an oyster can to the dog's tail, leaving interval enough between tail and can to allow the latter a degree of play. The interview was soon over, and the boy on the sled started up his dog. At the first move the animal discovered that his tail wasn't all right, and at the first rattle of the tin he took in the situation and acted just as other dogs have been known to do under similar circumstances. He just raised up his hind all along his back, curled his tail under him, struck up something from Wagner, and started! Commodore Vanderbilt, when he takes a special train and travels 60 miles an hour, doesn't make half so good time as that dog did. He straightened himself out and gathered himself up in awful leaps, and when he straightened there wasn't an inch of space between the ground and his abdomen, and when he gathered he looked like a sharp shoe magnet three feet high. The boy gave one gasp when the dog started, and then tightened his grip on the sled; he slid down into the position known among the youth as "belly buster," and there he stuck. The procession—dog, can, boy and sled—went down the street like a whirlwind, swerving neither to the right nor left. When a wagon crossed the dog's path he flew under it, and on such occasions the boy's hair would pop up like the wig of the end man at the minstrel show. At last a coal wagon came in sight, and it became apparent it would be a close shave unless the dog turned a little. But the dog never swerved—he was too intent on reaching the end of the world. The wagon didn't cross the street quick enough, there was a crash against the hind wheels; and a boy with a bloody nose and one runner of the sled remained in the immediate vicinity, while the dog and the rest of the sled passed into the dimmest kind of perspective.

Benjamin Franklin made observations on the use of oil to suit the waves more than a hundred years ago, and we question whether anything new has been learned since his time. He tells of an experiment where a teaspoonful of it dropped on a pond one rough day, made half an acre of it as smooth as a mirror. He also gives a well certified case of a Dutch ship saved in a storm by throwing oil overboard in small quantities.

A LITTLE SHORT.—"Do you lend money here?" asked a farmer, as he accosted a broker yesterday. "Yes, sir," said the broker. "How much interest?" "One per cent. a month," "Wall, that's a darn high interest," hears to me," continued the old man, "but I guess I'll take a dollar and a half for two weeks, as I've got to raise some boots for Hiram, and I'm a little short."—Detroit Free Press.

TO GO.—Mr. Maguffin braced himself against the boarding house table and tried once more to cut the steak. The edge of the knife turned, but the meat showed no mark. Then he called the waiter—"Thomas, has the cook used the axe much lately to chop kindling wood on the cellar door steps?" "I don't know," said Thomas, "why, sir?" "Because," said Mr. Maguffin, "if it ain't too dull I'd like to try it on this steak."

"Mother wants to know if you won't please to lend her your preserving kettle—'cause as how she wants to preserve."

"We would with pleasure, boy, but the fact is, the last time we lent it to your mother, she preserved it so effectively that we have never seen it since."

"Well, you needn't be so snappy about your old kettle. Mother wouldn't have troubled you again, only we used you have a new one."

"Once in a while we find a man who prefers a city weekly to a home paper because it's got more reading in it. He is the same chap who always takes the largest pair of boots in the box, because they cost no more than a smaller pair which fit him best."

A Dubuque boy was rather troubled for fear that he would not know his father when they both reached heaven, but his mother eased him, remarking, "All you'll have to do is to look for an angel with a red nose on him."

A Western poet, who had expressed a wish to die "and the grand solitude of the eternal mountain tops," was recently killed by the explosion of a pint of ten cent kerosene.

Now that criminal acts are decided to be merely automatic, suppose we have a little automatic justice, and then a little automatic hanging?

Correctly is not a hard word, yet all the spellers that are worried in the spelling matches fail because they cannot spell correctly.

Providence is kind, for when a man has but little wit he never knows it.

Wicked gain is soon gone.

Innocence is a protecting angel.

Chas. K. Conn & Co

DEALERS IN

HARD and SOFT

COAL, WOOD,

Lime & Cement.

We deliver Coal and Wood in any quantity desired, and at the Lowest CASH PRICES.

CUSTOMERS DESIRING IT, WE

SAW and SPLIT WOOD

READY FOR USE,

At a slight additional charge.

Office: 113 MAIN STREET

Ellis' Railroad Store Building, near depot.

CHAS. K. CONN. CHAS. H. POLLARD

JOSEPH B. McDONALD,

DEALER IN

Hard & Soft Coal,

WOOD, LIME AND CEMENT.

ALSO

A Large Assortment

OF ALL KINDS OF

STEAM COAL

CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Wood Sawing

By Steam.

The subscriber has Circular Saw in operation

At his Wood and Coal Yard.

No. 93 Main Street.

With which he is prepared to

SAW WOOD,

For his customers, and deliver it to them ready to

store, at a slight advance upon the price of the

wood. Customers are invited to call and examine

the new improvement.

J. B. McDONALD.

93 Main St., Woburn.

INSURE

IN THE

HOME FIRE

Insurance Company,

OF NEW YORK.

Forty-Third Semi-annual Statement, showing the condition

of the company on the first

day of January, 1875.

CASH CAPITAL, \$2,500,000.00

Reserve for Insurance, 1,000,000.00

Reserve for Unpaid Losses & Dividends, 200,000.00

Net Surplus, \$3,700,000.00

Total Assets, \$5,600,000.00

SUMMARY OF ASSETS.

Cash in Banks, \$999,876.61

Bonds and Mortgages, being first lien on

Real Estate worth \$2,300,000.00, 2,000,000.00

United States Stocks (market value), 2,415,875.00

State Stocks, 207,411.50

State Bonds, 25,000.00

Loans on Stocks, payable on demand, (market value of Securities, \$115,604.25) 255,000.00

Interest due on January, 1875, 66,777.86

Interest in hand of Agents, 152,021.29

Life Receivables, and Salvages, 19,524.64

Premiums due and collected on Policies issued at this office, 10,000.00

Total, \$5,607,445.23

LIABILITIES.

Claims for Losses outstanding on 1st

January, 1875, 1,300.00

Dividends unpaid, 2,000.00

Total, \$2,300.00

SPARROW HORTON,

No. 195 MAIN STREET,

AGENT FOR WOBURN AND VICINITY.

Pro Bono Publico.

A. A. CLEMENT

Would announce to the citizens of Woburn Centre that he has secured

1000 TONS OF ICE,

which he will furnish at a fair price the coming

season.

For further particulars leave address at C. S. Adams, or at the residence of the subscriber, 431

Main street, A. A. CLEMENT.

Woburn, Feb. 1, 1875.



Established in 1801.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

The best and largest Stock of

Pianos & Organs

Ever exhibited in Woburn, is now offered for sale at greatly

Reduced Prices for Cash

OR INSTALLMENTS.

Look at the following list of

manufacturers I represent:

Hardmann, - New York

McCammon, - Boston

Guild, Church & Co., Boston

W. F. Emerson, "

Vose & Sons, "

New England Organ Co., "

&c., &c.

STOOLS & COVERS, all Varieties,

Second-Hand Pianos & Organs,

FOR SALE CHEAP.

O. GREEN, 6 Railroad St.,

58 WOBURN, MASS.

WAX CANDLES,

ALL SIZES,

At Ellis' Railroad Store.

W. P. B. Brooks & Co.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

FURNITURE!

Carpetings,

STOVES, FEATHERS,

Mattresses, &c.

Goods Sold on Liberal Terms.

We would especially invite the people of Woburn to examine our stock, before purchasing elsewhere. Our assortment is full and complete.

9 Marshall Street,

114 Blackstone Street,

AND

151 Hanover Street,

Corner of Marshall, Boston.

Wm. P. B. Brooks, Levi Walbridge,

Fred. G. Walbridge.

C. W. NUTE & Co.

Mr. C. W. NUTE having associated with him in his business Mr. C. FRANK KELLEY, they propose to continue the

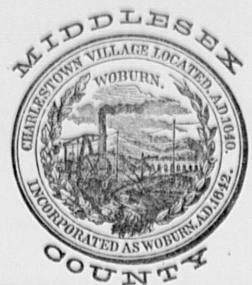
BOOT AND SHOE

BUSINESS

—AT—

No. 209 MAIN

WOBURN JOURNAL.



VOL. XXIV.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1875.

NO. 30.

Bird Houses

42 Cents.

At Ellis' Railroad Store.

JAMES BUEL & CO.,

PLUMBERS,

STEAM AND GAS FITTERS,

And Dealers in

Gas Fittings, Burners, Globes, &c., &c.

PLUMBING MATERIALS of all kinds

Constantly on hand. Also RUBBER HOSE,

and a good assortment of DRAIN PIPE.

130 Main St. Woburn.

ICE CREAM

—AND—

Fresh Oysters

Constantly on hand at 189 Main Street. Board by the day or week. Parties catered for at short notice.

THOMAS S. BANKS,

FLORIST,

Winn Street, Woburn, Mass.

Has constantly on hand, at his Greenhouse, a fine supply of Greenhouse Plants, Begonias and Cut Flowers furnished at short notice.

The Great Causo

HUMAN MISERY.

Just Published by the Author, a full and complete history of the human race, from the earliest times to the present day. It is a work of great interest and value, and is highly recommended by all who are interested in the history of the human race. It is a work of great interest and value, and is highly recommended by all who are interested in the history of the human race.

CHAS. J. KLINE & CO.,

127 Hovory, New York.

Post Office Box, 4250.

JOHN C. BUCK,

TEACHER OF

PIANO-FORTE & REED ORGAN

AT GREEN'S MUSIC STORE,

NO. 6 RAILROAD STREET,

WOBURN.

JOHN R. CARTER

Civil Engineer and Surveyor,

Surveys, Plans and Divisions of Estates, &c., &c. Also attention given to

CONVEYANCING.

OFFICE, NO. 168 MAIN STREET.

Monday and Thursday, 7 to 9 P. M., and

her times when not engaged outside work.

G. F. SMITH & Co.,

Watchmakers & Jewelers,

DEALERS IN

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry.

No. 187 MAIN STREET,

WOBURN, MASS.

Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry promptly repaired and satisfaction guaranteed.

PLUMBING

T. J. KINNEY,

106 Main St., Woburn

Particular attention paid to fitting up houses with Water Pipes, Jobbing in all its branches promptly attended to.

PUMPS AND WATER PIPES REPAIRED.

For Hardware or Tools

CALL AT BURL'S BLOCK 131 MAIN ST. 11

L. THOMPSON, JR.

STRAW MATTINGS.

A large line of Straw Mattings, just received and on sale at the lowest prices.

WM. WOODBERRY.

Hiram Childs

Setter of all kinds of Granite Work

Particular attention paid to Cemetery Lots and Monuments. Work executed promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.

Residence, High Street, Woburn, Mass. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

W. A. COLEGATE,

FLORIST,

Greenhouse at Cummingsville

WOBURN, MASS.

Plants, Shrubs, Trees, Potted

Plants, Wreaths, Bouquets, and

Baskets of Cut Flowers,

Supplied at Short Notice.

Agent of J. W. Manning's Nursery, Reading, Mass.

Two Tenements for Rent.

Two good tenements of six rooms each, in good condition, and well supplied with Hot and Cold Water. Rent low. Inquire of W. E. H.

CENTRAL HOUSE

Livery, Hack and Boarding

STABLE

212 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

G. F. JONES, Proprietor.

Poetry.

LIFE AND ETERNITY.

BY MARY LOUISE LONGFELLOW.

The days they swiftly come and go,
The waves of time ne'er cease their flow.

Yet, ah! how soon they pass away,
And leave us here to pass away.

And, ere we know, they are no more,
And leave us here to pass away.

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And leave us here to pass away.

Yet, ah! how soon they pass away,
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And leave us here to pass away.

"What are you going to do when you get there, Sam?"

"Oh, you'll see. Look at that boy—he seems coming; only see his legs fly to tell the children."

"There they are at the window," said Frank; "I declare, they have little girls, too. I wish that I had something to give that little curly head; she is too good looking to be here."

"And I wish that I had brought some of our large red apples," said Connelly.

"The keeper hears the dog bark, and he is coming to open the door."

"Good day, Mister Brown; have you come to make our little folks glad?"

Walk in, walk in, gentlemen. Make your manners, children, and sing 'Happy Day.'"

"With your permission, Mr. Dick, I should like to take the children into their play room and give them a little exercise."

"Certainly, sir, certainly, Mr. Brown. Children lead the way."

"Now see who will get the most candy," said Sam, as he emptied the contents of his pockets upon the floor.

"I declare," said Connelly, after bidding the children and their honest keeper good bye; "I'll save all my spending money, and follow your example, Sam."

"And so will I," said Spangler. "I never enjoyed anything more in my life, than seeing those children scurrying for that candy. It has done me more good than all the marbles that I could ever buy, and if my father is willing, I will show a barrel of apples up there to-morrow."

"I suppose you'll put a big one in for the curly head," said Connelly.

"Aye, aye, trust me for that, old boy. Sam, I wish you would find out who owns that curly head," said Spangler.

"Look here, boys, I am going to draw up a resolution, and here it goes. Resolved—that I will not spend any more money for marbles."

"Bully for you," said Connelly; "and I'll sign it, too. It is a shame to have so many children in the poor house. Why, they are as pretty as my own brothers and sisters."

"I have a great mind to go back and get that curly head. I don't believe I shall sleep a wink to-night with that beautiful creature in that horrid place," said Frank.

"I tell you what it is, boys, if we could only get Deacon Thomas to sign the pledge and stick to it, a great deal of this misery might be cured. He has made himself rich selling rum, and made money every day around here poor. He thinks he is a good man, and others think so, too, because he is a deacon."

"Yes, Sam," said Connelly; "but he is not one of God's deacons, or he would take those children out of the poor house that he has been the means of putting in."

"Hullo, here we are just from where we started," said Frank.

"Let us go down to the old mill and enjoy this beautiful, balmy air," said Sam.

"Heigho!" said Connelly, "I am almost sorry that our vacation is so near its close. I don't know when my time has passed so pleasantly."

"Look here, Spangler, when are you thinking about it? I should think that you had a hard lesson to learn—wake up boy and tell me."

"Well, I declare, Sam, I have a hard or difficult lesson or both to study."

"Well, friend, be honest and tell it out, and you'll feel better, and perhaps you will learn it easier. I don't like bug-bears in the way, and I always kill them off as fast as possible. Come, out with it and let your countenance lighten up a little."

"Oh, Sam, you are so full of life and hope. I have felt desponding all the morning. When I began a piece of work I do like to see the end of it; I don't like to give it up."

"Give up what?" said Sam.

"Why I have been thinking over this temperance society, and there are so many mountains, hills, and valleys to go over that I am almost discouraged. I heard some one say yesterday that I have almost begun to think so, too. There is not a man in this town of any respectability that will help us; and you know as long as Dick Sawyer keeps that saloon, and has his billiard room filled with the bone and sinew of the place, that our chance of success is small. Oh, dear, Sam; my blood boils when I think of that man, and if God spares my life that house shall be closed. I can tell you, the time has come for us boys to unite our strength and crush that monster that has made so many of our homes miserable."

"You are right, Spangler; and my bosom is filled with fiery indignation when I see my angel mother receive with meekness the harsh words of my father when he has returned late at night from that billiard room. We can put our shoulders to the wheel, but the question is, how are we to turn it? Just think for a moment who are Dick Sawyer's best friends and customers. Why they are the fathers of us boys—men of respectability and talent, full of kindness and love in their families, social and cultivated in their manners, and reformed in their taste, when they are not under the influence of those poisonous drinks, dealt out by that miserable man, whose life is spent in hurrying so many men and their families to destruction. When this is the case—when we are surrounded by such obstacles, where is the chance for us to turn? I do not mean to discourage you, boys; but I really don't know what to do."

"Don't know what to do, what?" said Ned Harding, the Judge's son, who had just stopped up behind Connelly, as he finished the last sentence. "If you do not know what to do, I do. I want you to come with me, boys, down to the book store."

"What are you going to buy?"

"Why you know, Connelly, that we shall want stationery for our society, our secretary, Carl Gerhardt, spoke to me about it, and I am going now to make some arrangement. Perhaps by taking a quantity we can get it cheaper. We may tonight have use for it."

"You ought to have heard these boys talk this morning, Ned."

"What did they say?"

"Oh, a little of everything. Sam is down in the mouth about this temperance wheel; he thinks that he can't turn it, or perhaps I ought to say, we can't turn it; but I guess that a long pull and a strong pull and a pull altogether, will set the 'erritor' moving."

"Upon my word, did you say all that without a book? You have so much hope, Ned, that I believe you can do almost anything."

"Why, man alive, what's the use of being down in the mouth?" said Ned.

"Come on; are you going with me to the store?"

"I should like to go with you," said Connelly; "but I must fulfill some engagements which I have on hand to-day. Hold on, boys, a minute—remember our meeting to-night."

"Yes," said Ned, and you must come early to-night, we shall have a good many there to-night. Some of the college students are coming."

"How many names are there on the pledge?" asked Spangler.

"Twenty-five, I think my mother said. We can't expect to do a great deal at the beginning, but the boys are all thinking about it, and it is very likely that some new names will be added at every meeting. I don't think it is best for a fellow to sign our pledge unless he makes up his mind to stick to it."

"Now that is just my mind," said Spangler; "we shall be watched by these old men, as they are curious to see how we chaps manage, and I do believe that if we are consistent, they will sooner or later fall in with us. When I see the backbone of that old monster broken, I shall begin to feel that a day of jubilee will follow."

"Here we are at the old mill," said Ned, "let us sit on that log, by the stream. There is not an old boy something interesting about an old mill."

"I wonder who owned all this estate. Do you know anything about it, Connelly?"

"My father said it belonged to Captain Retsof."

"How beautiful it is, all around; what variety of landscapes, and see that little family mansion. How stately and grand everything looks about it."

"I remember when we were all old times there once. I remember hearing my grandfather say that when he was young there was health and cheer among friends."

"Come boys," said Sam, "we must be on the go, or we shall have to go without our supper. You know we want to get there early to-night."

"O Sam, you are like a steam engine; always on the drive."

"Well, Connelly, I tell you that I sometimes feel almost able for anything, and it seems as if I could not wait for things to go on in regular course, but as order is Heaven's first law, I must submit, and content myself with only taking one step at a

CONDITION OF WORKINGMEN.

The investigation into the personal condition of the workingmen of Massachusetts by the Bureau of the Statistics of Labor, comprised personal visits to three hundred and ninety-seven families, whose whole method of living is laid before the public, classified according to occupations, in the Report just rendered to the Legislature. The survey, minute as it is as well as comprehensive, covers the current experience of upwards of two thousand persons. Every variety of manual occupation is included in it, and skilled and unskilled labor is equally represented in the clear and instructive tables which so accurately set forth the family life of labor. It appears that out of 397 heads of families 222, or 55 per cent., save money, 141 contribute to make both ends meet, and 34 are in debt. It is shown that the recipient of a yearly wage of less than \$600 must get in debt. Between an income of \$900 to \$1000 the proportion of savings is larger than from \$1000 to \$1100, so far modifying the rule that the more the income the more the savings. Where there are savings at all, they are about three per cent. of the earnings. In the majority of cases the workingmen of the State do not support their families from their individual earnings alone. The amount of earnings by wives is found to be too small to compensate for the partial abandonment of labor at home. Fathers are compelled to rely on their children for from one-quarter to one-third of the entire family earnings. Children under fifteen supply by their labor from one-eighth to one-fifth of the family earnings. In regard to expenses, there is no evidence that the families of the workingmen visited indulge in extravagant expenditure, or that the fathers are addicted to bad habits. For subsistence, rents and fuel, they pay larger percentages of their income than do workingmen with like incomes in Prussia and other European countries; but as to the expense of clothing, they pay smaller percentages of their income than do the workingmen with like incomes in the countries referred to. As to their manner of living, the families that contain the largest number of child workers occupy the inferior class of tenements; three-fourths of the workingmen's homes visited are well located for sanitary and social purposes; of the unskilled laborers, nearly one-half live in the inferior tenements; the working class is generally well fed; their food is above the average of that consumed in foreign countries, especially as regards animal food; they are, as a class, well and comfortably clothed, and a large proportion have sewing and other labor saving machines in use; and a marked number of families own pianos and cabinet organs, have carpeted rooms, and maintain pews in church.

In reference to the savings of the 397 workingmen with families who were visited, more than one-half of the families save money, less than one-tenth are in debt, and the remainder make both ends meet.

A San Antonio (Texas) newspaper says: "A gentleman who came several thousand miles to view the country with the purpose of purchasing land, got a large sized rent on him a few days ago, and stranger as he was, he tore about and used as appropriate language as if he had lived here all his life and moved in the best society."

Let not sleep fall upon your eyes till you have three reviewed the transactions of the past day. Where have I turned aside from rectitude? What have I been doing? What have I left undone which I ought to have done? Begin thus from the first act, and proceed; and, in conclusion, at the ill which you have done, be troubled, and rejoice for the good.

Never do a wrong thing to make a friend, or to keep one. The man who wants you to do so, is deeply deceived, and at a sacrifice. Deal kindly and firmly with all men, and you will find it the policy which wears the best.

"Why is it?" asks an exchange, "that nearly every senator's wife in Washington is a hand, some woman?" It is simply because nearly every senator's wife is left at home.

If you want a secret kept, keep it yourself. You are the safest person with whom to trust it.

He who takes advice is sometimes superior to the giver.

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH HARNESS.

A writer who elaborately discusses in the New York Times the folly of the increasing American habit of spending so much money abroad, and for imported things, even when the latter are inferior to the domestic productions, says:

"A gentleman of this city imported a coach harness and a couple harness, and used them in connection with a harness made here, of American leather, for the purpose of satisfying his own doubts in this regard. The result of one year's wear was that, while none of the straps in either harness were broken, those in the imported harness had become wrinkled, and in places, particularly around the holes for the buckle tongues, the grain of the leather was broken, and the appearance of the harness was such as to lead to the idea that the usage had been unusually severe for a coach harness."

The American-made harness, on the other hand, with the exception of a loss of color in a few places where it had been rubbed, was but little the worse for the wear to which it had been subjected. The leather was smooth, and there was no evidence of the grain breaking in any place. A firm of New York leather manufacturers, finding it extremely difficult to fill all their orders for fine harness leather, sent an order to England for a consignment of the best harness leather—what is technically known as 'assorted backs'—that could be procured, with instructions to ship without rolling. It was accordingly shipped in long boxes, every precaution being taken to guard it against injury, and it was received in good order.

A prominent harness-maker, requiring trace leather sufficient for forty sets of harness, purchased some of this invoice. The harness was made up and delivered, and in a short time thirty-eight of the forty sets of traces were broken. This would never have happened with a fine American-made harness. A prominent dealer of this city made three sets of harness that weighed only five pounds each, for drawing 120-pound wagons. One was sent as a present to the Emperor Napoleon, and it is, or was, hung up in a glass case in the Tuileries, an object of admiration and wonder to the harness makers of Paris. Another has been in use in this city five years without repairs."

The sprightly Washington correspondent of the Courier-Journal announces that the "Ours Club" has adjourned for the season. This remarkable organization he it known, is composed of ladies exclusively, and the only business transacted at its regular meetings is asking conundrums. At a recent meeting, which was presided over by the wife of a member of Congress who understands parliamentary law, the first conundrum asked was: "When do the two Houses of Congress appear most ludicrous?" Of course there were many amusing guesses. But the propounder of the question had studied up for the occasion and replied: "When the eyes are on one side and the noses on the other."

Not to be outdone another asked: "When is a woman wetter than when she has a waterfall on her head, a creek in her neck, a cataract in her eye, drops in her ears, and springs in her skirts?" Some of the prudish maidens feared that the Club was not high toned, and that the answer might shock the tender sensibilities of the refined company. The relief was great when the answer came: "When she has a notion in her head." After the applause subsided a timid little voice asked: "Why is a promissory note like a rosebud?" None were sufficiently versed in bank accounts to know much about anything so formidable. Blushing the questioner answered: "Because it is maturated by falling dew." A dead silence followed this, and as no one could remember any more conundrums the meeting adjourned over until next winter, which it is devoutly to be hoped will give all time to rub up their intellects.

"How does your brother get on in New York, Jones?" "Very well, indeed, ma'am, thank you. He's only there three months and he's already beginning to speak the language beautiful."

A reason for calling—Visitor (naively). "Well, I certainly never dreamt of finding you at home on such a lovely afternoon as this."

Glory is well enough for a rich man; but it is of very little consequence to a poor man with a large family.

THE WONDERS OF A HEN'S EGG.

The hen has scarcely sat on her eggs twelve hours before some liniments of the head and body of the chicken appear. The heart may be seen to beat at the end of the second day, it has at that time somewhat the form of a horseshoe, but no blood yet appears. At the end of two days two vessels of blood are to be distinguished; the pulsation of which is visible; one of these is the left ventricle, and the other the root of the great artery. At the fifth hour, one artery of the heart appears, resembling a noose folded down upon itself. The beating of the heart is first observed in the auricle, and afterward in the ventricle. At the end of seven hours the wings are distinguishable; and on the head two bubbles are seen for the brain, one for the bill, and two for the fore and hind part of the head. Toward the end of the fourth day, the two auricles already visible draw nearer to the heart than before. The liver appears toward the fifth day. At the end of seven hours more, the lungs and the stomach become visible; and four hours afterwards, the intestines, and loins and the upper jaw. At the one hundred and forty-fourth hour two ventricles are visible, and two drops of blood instead of the single one which was seen before. The seventh day the brain begins to have some consistency. At the one hundred and nineteenth hour of incubation the bill opens and the flesh appears in the breast. In four hours more the breast bone is seen. In six hours after this the ribs appear, forming from the back and the bill is very visible, as well as the gall bladder. The bill becomes green at the end of two hundred and thirty-six hours; and if the chicken is taken out of its covering it evidently moves itself. At the two hundred and eighty-eight hours the ribs are perfect. At the three hundred and thirty-first hour the spleen draws near the stomach and lungs to the chest. At the end of three hundred and fifty-five hours the bill frequently opens and shuts; and at the end of the eighteenth day the first cry of the chick is heard. It afterwards gets more strength and grows continually, till at length it is able to set itself free from its confinement.

How IT WAS DONE.—The following amusing incident occurred on the North London Railway. A short time since a passenger remarked in the hearing of one of the company's servants how easy it was to "do" the company, and said he often travelled from Broad St. to Dalston Junction without a ticket—"any one can do it—I did it yesterday." When he alighted, he was followed by the official, who asked him how it was done. For a consideration he agreed to tell him. This being done, "Now," said the inquirer, "how did you go from Broad Street to Dalston Junction yesterday, without a ticket?"—"Oh," was the reply, "I walked."

The charge that Bothin of the Milwaukee Sentinel, has to pull on his undershirt from below, on account of the size of his ears, is a base invention. We've known Bothin over twenty-one years, have slept with him a great many times, and we know that his ears are flexible. In cold weather we used to use the off one for an extra quilt.

Think over all possible ways of enlarging your business, and ask yourself honestly which will soonest, most surely and most largely contribute to that result with the least expense. Is not the answer found in advertising, which while it talks for the merchant also leaves him free to attend to all who are moved to do business with him?

A Chicago man closed his testimony in his action for a divorce from his wife as follows: "I don't want to say anything against the woman, Judge, but I wish you could live with her a little while."

A woman in Dawson, Ga., accidentally bit her tongue off the other day, and since that her husband gets home two hours earlier every evening.

"Why did you pass yesterday without looking at me?" said a beautiful woman to Tallyrand. "Because, madam, if I had looked I could not have passed."

Your son died rather suddenly of throat disease," is what an Idaho sheriff wrote to a fond mother in Indiana the other day.

Bonanza, a Spanish term, signifies true goodness, or in the vernacular, a big thing.

Chas. K. Conn & Co.

DEALERS IN

HARD and SOFT COAL, WOOD,

Lime & Cement.

We deliver Coal and Wood in any quantity desired, and at the Lowest CASH PRICES.

CUSTOMERS DESIRING IT, WE

SAW and SPLIT WOOD

READY FOR USE.

At a slight additional charge.

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Hard & Soft Coal,

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A Large Assortment

OF ALL KINDS OF

STEAM COAL

CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Wood Sawing

By Steam.

The subscriber has Circular Saw in operation

At his Wood and Coal Yard,

No. 93 Main Street.

With which he is prepared to

SAW WOOD,

For his customers, and deliver it to them ready to

chest, at a slight advance upon the price of the

wood. Customers are invited to call and examine

the new improvement.

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HOME FIRE

Insurance Company,

OF NEW YORK.

Forty-Third Semi-annual State-

ment, showing the condition

of the company on the first

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CASH CAPITAL, \$2,500,000 00
Reserve for Life Insurance, 1,000,000 00
Reserve for Unpaid Losses & Dividends, 200,000 00
Total Assets, \$3,700,000 00
Total Liabilities, \$3,700,000 00

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Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

FURNITURE!

Carpetings,

STOVES, FEATHERS,

Mattresses, &c.

Goods Sold on Liberal Terms.

We would especially invite the people of Woburn to examine our stock, before purchasing elsewhere

Our assortment is full and complete.

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114 Blackstone Street,

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Wm. P. B. Brooks, Levi Wallbridge,

Fred. G. Walbridge.

C. W. NUTE & Co.

Mr. C. W. NUTE having associated with him in

his business Mr. C. FRANK KELLEY, they pro-

pose to continue the

BOOT AND SHOE

BUSINESS

—AT—

No. 209 MAIN STREET,

And will keep on hand a full line of

SERVICEABLE GOODS

to suit the requirements of our customers, and will

sell them at

CHEAP FOR CASH

as they can be bought for anywhere in town.

We are now prepared to make

LADIES

AMERICAN AND FRENCH KID

Buskins and Slippers

TO ORDER, and shall manufacture all that

we offer for sale.

REPAIRING

promptly and neatly done.

We shall also keep on hand a full line of the man-

ufactured goods

BURKE & MUNDY

—AND—

TYLER & SON.

Thanking the public for the patronage accorded in

the past, we hope to receive our fair share in the

future.

C. W. NUTE & Co.,

209 Main street, Woburn.

Wilson Packing Co. Compressed

Corned Beef,

In 2, 4, and 6-pound Packages,

At Ellis' Railroad Store.

CENTRAL MARKET,

151 Main St., Woburn.

B. F. WYER

keeps constantly on hand a full and fresh

stock of

Beef, Pork & Mutton

AND ALL KINDS OF

SEASONABLE VEGETABLES,

and everything usually found in a

Meat and Vegetable Market.

POISON

IN GREEN PICKLES,

But there is none in the nice

Home made ones sold at Ellis'

Railroad Store.

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Office at Residence, corner of East and Carter Sts.

Genealogical record and compiled, Family Regis-

ters, genealogical, Diplomatic, and Marriage Cer-

tificates written, &c.

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Mrs. Richards comes to us a stranger, but with

the best of references, which, with her past suc-

cess in Midwifery, should recommend her to the people

of Woburn.

Winn Street, corner Big Rock Avenue.

1000 TONS OF ICE,

which he will furnish at a fair price the coming

season.

For further particulars leave address at C. S.

Adams, or at the residence of the subscriber, 431

Main street.

A. A. CLEMENT.

Woburn, Feb. 1, 1875.

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Lumber!

Coal and Wood,

Eastern, Western and Canada lumber of all

kinds.

SHINGLES,

Clapboards,

Laths, Pickets,

Conductors,

Caps and Irons,

Mouldings

for inside and outside finish.

TANNERS' and CURRIERS'

Yard and Hanging Sticks,

Doors, Windows and Blinds,

on hand and supplied to order at short notice.

RED and WHITE CEDAR POSTS

all lengths.

LEHIGH, LACKAWANNA

AND

Franklin Coal,

Hard and Soft

WOOD.

All of which will be sold at the LOWEST CASH

prices, at

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A FINE ASSORTMENT OF

Fall and Winter Styles,

FURNISHING GOODS,

HATS, CAPS, UMBRELLAS, &c

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C. M. STROUT,

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STOVES AND FURNACES,

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NACE and ARLINGTON RANGES.

Oil Carpets.

The best assortment of Oil Carpets we ever had

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OPPOSITE THE COMMON.

W. WOODBERRY.

Crosse & Blackwell's Pickles,

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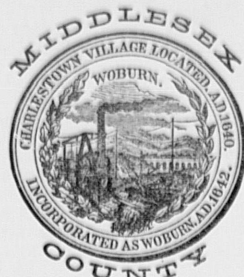
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WOBURN JOURNAL.



VOL. XXIV.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1875.

NO. 31.

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And Dealers in

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PLUMBING MATERIALS of all kinds

Constantly on hand. Also RUBBER HOSE,

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HUMAN MINERY.

A Lecture on the Nature, Treatment and

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on other days when not engaged on outside work.

G. F. SMITH & Co.,

Watchmakers & Jewelers,

DEALERS IN

Watches, Clocks and Jew. Iry.

No. 187 MAIN STREET,

WOBURN, MASS.

Watches, Clocks, and Jew. Iry. promptly repaired

and satisfaction guaranteed.

PLUMBING

T. J. KINNEY,

108 Main St., Woburn

Particular attention paid to fitting up houses

with Water Pipes, Jobbing in all its branches

promptly attended to.

Residence, High Street, Woburn, Mass. Order

by mail promptly attended to.

For Hardware or Tools

CALL AT BUEL'S BLOCK 131 MAIN ST. 11

L. THOMPSON, JR.

STRAW MATTINGS.

A large stock of Straw Mattings, just received

and sold at the lowest prices, by

WM. WOODBERRY.

Hiram Childs

Setter of all kinds of Granite Work

Particular attention paid to Cemetery Lots and

Monuments. Work executed promptly and satis-

faction guaranteed.

Residence, High Street, Woburn, Mass. Order

by mail promptly attended to.

W. A. COLEGATE,

FLORIST,

Greenhouse at Cummingsville.

WOBURN, MASS.

Plants, Shrubs, Trees, Potted

Plants, Wreaths, Bouquets,

and Baskets of Cut

Flowers.

Supplied at Short Notice.

Agent of J. W. Manning's Nursery, Berlin

Mass.

Two Tenements for Rent.

Two good tenements of six rooms each, in good

condition, and both supplied with Hot and Cold

Water. Inquire of J. WYER.

CENTRAL HOUSE

Livery, Hack and Boarding

STABLE

212 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

G. F. JONES, Proprietor.

Poetry.

(For the Woburn Journal.)

CINERES.

Is it only smoke that upward curls
From the pipe of my cigarette?
Are they ashes alone that downward fall?
The burned-out hopes you forget.
A picture hangs on the wall of the Past,
On the rusty nail regret,
And the smoke wreaths softly frame it about,
The smoke of my cigarette.
There's a thought of the days when hearts were fond
Of the days when we first met,
The love we pledged as bright and brief as
The flame of my cigarette.
There's a wistful look in the earnest eyes,
And the cheeks with tears are wet,
But it's only the smoke that upward curls,
The smoke from my cigarette.
Though the dream is dead, though the years are
passed,
And the heart pain throbbing yet,
The prayer of thanks, and a debt to Fate,
For the day when first we met.
The smoke wreaths softly, and the picture fades,
The smoke of my cigarette.
But somehow it gives a little taste
Of the smoke of my cigarette.

Original Story.

The Young Enthusiasts;

—OR—

What the Boys Did.

By CHARLOTTE LAWRENCE.

"Ambition, therefore, virtue is, or else,
Tinged by the object of the man's pursuit:
A jewel, richer than the ruby's price;
A boldness, braver than the lion's roar;
The good supreme; of every ill the root;
A guardian angel, leading to the skies—
A demon, with the worm that never dies."
—J. QUINCY ADAMS.

CHAPTER IX.

"Father," said Ned Harding, one

day after tea, "will you please stay at

home this evening and smoke your cigar,

and then will you please read to us a lit-

tle?"

"What a request my son, what is go-

ing to happen? Can't you entertain your

admirer and sister?"

"Oh yes; but mother said it would be

so pleasant to have you at home some-

times and read aloud while she and sister

Florence worked for the Cretans. I

brought home a book from the reading-

room—the Life of General Mitchell—

which we would like to hear very much.

Will you please to stay this once, fa-

ther?"

"Yes, yes, my boy; send Tony for

my slippers."

"Mother, mother! father is going to

stay at home this evening and read aloud

to us!"

"Oh is he?" said Florence; "then I

will bring in those bouquets from the

drawing room and light the other burner,

so that we shall look cheerful and happy

when father comes in."

"And I will get some pears and ap-

ples for us to eat when father has done

reading," said Ned.

"Here is the great chair, father," said

the children at once, as the Judge en-

tered the cozy room.

"Well, upon my word," said the Judge,

"this is indeed a beautiful picture, really

exactly to a man. I am charmed to see

such a bright, glowing fire in the grate,

and faces radiant with beauty, and such

beautiful flowers. Why it makes me feel

like a young man to see such happiness

around me, and I wonder I haven't staid

home often to enjoy it. Where is

he, my boy?"

"Here he is, father."

"I will look it over while you are all

getting ready to sit down quietly and lis-

ten."

Never was there a happier family than

that little group listening to the father's

voice, that had of late, been rarely

heard.

As the clock was striking ten the Judge

aid aside his book and said that he would

have a game of whist, and told Ned to

bring the cards, which request he in-

stantly obeyed.

"Florence, you take your brother for

a partner, and I will take your mother."

"If you please, sir," said Ned, "I

would rather not play."

"Tut, tut, my son, how is this? I

stayed at home this evening to please you

and now you refuse to please me. Some-

thing new has turned upon the carpet.

You are fond of cards and play a good

game, and what reason can you give? I

must be satisfied. Come, you act as if

something was wrong. What makes you

hesitate and blush so deeply? You must

have caught it from her this morning,

when she received those bouquets so

fresh and fragrant, with Parks' mono-

gram in the centre. Don't be so foolish,

my son; what has come over you?"

"Father, I have a pledge in my pocket

which I should like to sign, but I can-

not do it, if I play this evening."

"A pledge? What kind of a pledge?

Show it to me, Ned; I surely cannot sus-

pect you of evil."

"On no, dear father; if you please, I

will read it to you."

"Most certainly, my son."

"Resolved, that I will not play cards

or one year. That is all, father."

A year started in the Judge's eye, as he

said—

"When do you wish to sign it, Ed-

ward?"

"I don't know, sir; I took it to think

over for a week or so."

"Where did you get it?"

"De Forest brought it into our Tem-

perance society, and said it would help

the cause along. I didn't see how it

could, but I thought I would like to

take it and think over it for a while."

"Your temperance society! Ned,

what do you boys expect to do with a

temperance society? Away with such

nonsense, foolish child."

"We don't expect to do much, sir, be-

cause we have so many obstacles in the

way."

"Obstacles! What kind of obstacles

do you boys find? Why you are nothing

but obstacles or obstacles yourselves.

You talk about obstacles. Tell me one

if you can, and I'll try to be satisfied."

"Dick Sawyer is our greatest one,

sir, and all of the others emanate from

him."

"Emanate! that is a big word for little

shavers like you to use."

"You used it, sir, this morning, when

you told me that great wrongs emanated

from little ones."

A sudden flush crossed the Judge's

brow, as he bowed his head upon his

hand as if a ray of light had dawned upon

the evils which were clinging fast and

thick on either side, in the dark path

through which he had for so long a time

been wandering. Memory, that faithful

monitor, reverted to happy days that had

down, and the short past seemed a lit-

tle most to be deplored.

Rousing himself from his deep reverie,

he turned to his son and said—

"Edward, I want you to wait for a

few days before you make up your mind

to sign that paper, and you had better

now retire."

"Well I hope, Miss Meddle, it will run

over you."

"Not a bit of it, Squire, I am as safe

as a brick. But I can tell you it is aim-

ing down this hill, and it will come

smash I tell you. You'd better pull in

your sign if you want to save your-

self."

"What is the matter now? You have

come home so early every night for a

week past that I thought all the things

would kick up some kind of a fuss," said

Dick Sawyer, as he sat smoking his pipe

after breakfast.

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"What is the matter now? You have

come home so early every night for a

week past that I thought all the things

would kick up some kind of a fuss," said

Dick Sawyer, as he sat smoking his pipe

at the window above; but you will forgive me that rule, girlish act of simplicity, won't you?"

"Yes, and I will consider you as old as my mother," she said, smiling.

Please pardon this digression, as I have wandered far away from my topic, which is a text for volumes without any other than whatever.

The ice once broken, it was not long before my mother-in-law made another grand raid on the tender and susceptible fortress of my wife's affection for her and myself, by plunging into her warring church interests, as she declared, by charging that she had not attended the early 9 o'clock Sunday School class since her wedding, which Madame Casey had organized immediately after her husband's death, at the chapel, and which she cherished as the very victim of her heart's religion.

The second visit to our lovely cottage home was on the following Sunday noon after our marriage, when she had a brief interview with Minnie as I indulged in the quiet waiting of a fine chorist after church services, as she declared, by charging that she had not attended the early 9 o'clock Sunday School class since her wedding, which Madame Casey had organized immediately after her husband's death, at the chapel, and which she cherished as the very victim of her heart's religion.

Centennial!
1775 April 19, 1875

Order for the formation of procession for the Town of Woburn.

The Woburn Mechanics' Phalanx, with Band, will form on Broad street, right corner on Main St. Post 3, O. A. R., will form on Salem street, right corner on Main street.

Carriages with Town Officers and invited guests will form on Main street between Franklin and Salem streets.

Woburn Centennial Cavalry will form on Main St., right opposite Franklin street.

The procession will move promptly at 9 o'clock. One gun will be fired as a signal for the starting of the procession.

The procession will move down Pleasant street to the junction of Lexington and Burlington streets, where carriages will be in readiness for the Band, W. M. P., and O. A. R. posts.

Per order of Committee of Selection,
U. S. CONVERSE, Marshal.

Woburn, April 15, 1875.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."
"2,780,000 PACKAGES SOLD IN 1872 & 1873."

RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

For Beauty of Polish, Saving of Labor, Freedom from Dust, Durability and Cheapness, it is truly Unrivalled.

MONSE DROS, Prop'r, Canton, Mass.

H. A. I. C.

PERSONS GOING TO

Lexington & Concord

APRIL 19th,

SHOULD INSURE AGAINST

Accidents!

—IN THE—

"The present hard times are the very best time for a man with a little money to make a good thing. Everything is cheaper, and now is the time to invest. A little money expended in printer's ink will be sure to produce great results. Job Printing is a specialty at the Journal Office, and we can give our customers good work at low prices, and at short notice. If you have a stock of goods and want to move it, let the people know where they can make a good bargain."

STEP IN AND LOOK IF YOU DON'T BUY, AT

DODGE'S JEWELRY STORE,

142 Main St., corner Railroad.

NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS.

BEST ASSORTMENT IN WOBURN, AND THE LOWEST PRICES.

Watches and Jewelry Repaired.

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SPRING AND SUMMER

Millinery

OPENING

NEXT

FRIDAY and SATURDAY,

April 16 and 17,

AT MISS BANCROFT'S,

No. 175 Main Street, Woburn.

LYCEUM HALL, WOBURN.

THE REDPATH

English Opera Company.

Finest of the Charming and Popular Opera of

MARTHA,

Will be produced with scenery and elegant costumes, on

Wednesday Eve'g, Apr. 21, '75

"The Musical hit of the season."—Boston Globe.

VOCALISTS.

Miss Clara B. Nichols, Soprano,
Mrs. Flora E. Barry, Contralto,
Mr. Edwin H. Clark, Tenor,
Mr. Edw. S. Payson, Bass.

Tickets, 50 cents, with a reserved seat. For sale at Sparrow Horton's, Woburn, and at the Post Office, Woburn.

Woburn Fish Market.

No. 140 Main Street, Woburn.

J. L. Shay would announce to the people of Woburn, that he keeps on hand a good assortment of all kinds of Fresh Fish in their season, and will sell at the lowest living prices for cash.

123 J. L. SHAY.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

WHEREAS, at a meeting of the County Commissioners for said County, at Lowell, on the first Tuesday of September, and by adjournment at Cambridge on the 17th day of November, A. D. 1874, On the Petition of John Cummings and others for widening, straightening, new locating, altering and improving Pleasant street, commencing at Main street and leading to Lexington street, in the town of Woburn, and discontinuing said parts of the said street as may be useless, and that the expense thereof may be assessed and distributed according to law and in particular accordance with the 12th Section of the 4th Chapter of the General Statutes, it was adjudged that said widening, straightening, new locating, altering, improving and discontinuing are of common convenience and necessity. Said Commissioners therefore give notice that they will meet at the Selectmen's room in Woburn, on the 19th day of May next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to locate according to the order of said Commissioners.

By order of said Commissioners,
LEONARD HUNTHES, Chairman,
Tewksbury, March 18th, 1875.

CHOICE GRAHAM,

Dansville Mills,

at ELLIS' RAILROAD STORE.

AETNA INSURANCE CO.

Incorporated 1815. OF HARTFORD, CONN.

Capital, \$1,000,000. Assets, over \$5,000,000.

B. T. H. PORTER, AGENT, Woburn, Mass.

Over Savings Bank.

Office hours—8 to 9 A. M.; 7 to 8 P. M.

Remember that you can buy

CROCKERY Very Cheap

FOR CASH.

For a short time, at Ellis' Rail Road Store.

G. R. GAGE & Co.,

MERCHANT

TAILORS,

And Dealers in

Gents' Furnishing Goods,

171 Main Street,
Woburn.

The old lady quaked and sought refuge in that incarnate cough which ever attended her from all intention of replies to her sardonic metaphysical abstract views; therefore I gazed upon her puffed countenance placidly, while my mind carried her into a peaceful eddied sandwich between the Lord's Prayer and Calvin's expostulation of the original sin, in which her tongue was the pur exhalation of venom, or the counteraction of her naturally capricious, parasitic heart.

As the smoke passed away, I very gracefully remarked, how beautiful the blue azure sky looks, as though the angels were chanting anthems of peace in Heaven, and good will to men on earth, that harmony, love and affection be epitomized in the hearts of all mankind, that brotherly love and charity may abound, that we eat not meat to the condemnation of the soul or a brother, but to the glory of God.

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Hartford Accident Insurance Co.,

\$3,000, or \$15.00 per week

For 25 cents a day.

GEO. H. CONN,

AGENT,

No. 174 MAIN ST., WOBURN.

"The present hard times are the very best time for a man with a little money to make a good thing. Everything is cheaper, and now is the time to invest. A little money expended in printer's ink will be sure to produce great results. Job Printing is a specialty at the Journal Office, and we can give our customers good work at low prices, and at short notice. If you have a stock of goods and want to move it, let the people know where they can make a good bargain."

TO THE PUBLIC!

J. McGonegle & Bro.,

ARE SELLING

CLOTHING

AT REDUCED RATES.

A Large Assortment of Spring and Summer goods of American, English and French manufacture just received. Also, the latest styles of

HATS AND CAPS.

And Ladies' and Gents' Boots & Shoes.

Also Hosiery, Gloves, Trunks, Umbrellas, &c.

J. MCGONEGLE & Bro., 21
192 Main Street, opp. Post Office, Woburn, Mass.

Canada, "B.B." and Imperial

Scotch Oat Meal,

HOMINY,

"Robinson's Patent Barley & Groats,"

Crashed Wheat, Pearl Wheat, and Groats, Buckwheat Flour, White Corn Meal, Rye Flour, Graham Flour, Arlington Wheat Meal.

—IN—

10 and 25 POUND BAGS.

With directions for use.

At A. E. THOMPSON'S.

Each successive visit was marked with the vigilance of an untamed desire to draw me into a fierce contest of words, by arid things and signs at our warring disregard of her cherished principles, and abandonment of the set theories and precepts of the ancient antinomians which have been discarded, and thrust aside by all the dogmatists of the day, as the absurd dictation of diseased brains rank with egotism—adulterated with relentless bigotry—but which she clings too as a stern reality.

But alas! this latent human episode, or freak of nature, has returned to dust, and the mental spark has vacated its lodgment on earth, and the old knave or knave's manly mansion has been draped with mourning, while the surrogate, with happy countenance, is now in the act of changing to the legacies to the legacies of the old Dorothy Casey, under her last will and testament, as it enriches his pockets with marvellously private fees, as he has been wealth goes to the state old religious institutions within the State, as a passport for her soul to Heaven, which I trust may have a salutary influence upon her spirit, as her heart could not be touched or reached on earth, but I trust it may be heretofore in Heaven. So much for me.

MYSTIC CONSERVATORIES!

J. NEWMAN & SONS,

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Cor. Bacon and Central Sts., WINCHESTER, MASS.

PLANTS

In immense variety and quantity.

CUT FLOWERS and Floral Designs

At immediate notice.

Hardy Trees and Shrubs.

Grape Vines, Strawberry and Vegetable Plants, Rustic Furniture, Baskets, &c.

We respectfully invite all amateurs and lovers of flowers to an inspection of our Conservatories.

PAPER HANGINGS.

We invite attention to the

SPECIAL BARGAINS

We are now offering in Paper Hangings.

A great variety of French and American Papers of the best makers at Low Prices.

If you have purchases to make for City, Country or Seaside Residences, we ask you to examine the bargains we offer.

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O. S. KNAPP, CHAS. D. ADAMS,
Residence, Somerville. Residence, Woburn.
Evening Office—172 Main Street, 7 to 9 o'clock.

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate.

Pursuant to the power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage Deed, given by James E. Bennett to George H. Hills, dated July 24, 1874, and recorded in the Registry of Deeds for the County of Middlesex, at No. 111, filed July 24, 1874, and at public auction, for breach of the conditions of the said mortgage, to be held at the Court House in Woburn, on the 19th day of May, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, on the premises, a certain parcel of land with the building thereon, situated in Woburn, in said County of Middlesex, on High and Lincoln streets, being eight lots of land, as shown on plan drawn by James A. Bennett, for S. E. Bennett, and bounded westerly by said High Street, northerly by land of Geo. A. Bennett, easterly by land of John M. Hills, and southerly by land of Lewis M. Bennett, and being the same premises described in the said mortgage, together with all benefit and equity of redemption of the said James E. Bennett, his heirs, executors, administrators and assigns therein.

Terms made known at the time and place of sale.

GEORGE H. HILLS, Mortgagee.

Woburn, April 15, 1875.

Each successive visit was marked with the vigilance of an untamed desire to draw me into a fierce contest of words, by arid things and signs at our warring disregard of her cherished principles, and abandonment of the set theories and precepts of the ancient antinomians which have been discarded, and thrust aside by all the dogmatists of the day, as the absurd dictation of diseased brains rank with egotism—adulterated with relentless bigotry—but which she clings too as a stern reality.

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Terms made known at the time and place of sale.

GEORGE H. HILLS, Mortgagee.

Woburn, April 15, 1875.

Each successive visit was marked with the vigilance of an untamed desire to draw me into a fierce contest of words, by arid things and signs at our warring disregard of her cherished principles, and abandonment of the set theories and precepts of the ancient antinomians which have been discarded, and thrust aside by all the dogmatists of the day, as the absurd dictation of diseased brains rank with egotism—adulterated with relentless bigotry—but which she clings too as a stern reality.

But alas! this latent human episode, or freak of nature, has returned to dust, and the mental spark has vacated its lodgment on earth, and the old knave or knave's manly mansion has been draped with mourning, while the surrogate, with happy countenance, is now in the act of changing to the legacies to the legacies of the old Dorothy Casey, under her last will and testament, as it enriches his pockets with marvellously private fees, as he has been wealth goes to the state old religious institutions within the State, as a passport for her soul to Heaven, which I trust may have a salutary influence upon her spirit, as her heart could not be touched or reached on earth, but I trust it may be heretofore in Heaven. So much for me.

MYSTIC CONSERVATORIES!

J. NEWMAN & SONS,

FLORISTS,

Cor. Bacon and Central Sts., WINCHESTER, MASS.

PLANTS

In immense variety and quantity.

CUT FLOWERS and Floral Designs

At immediate notice.

Hardy Trees and Shrubs.

Grape Vines, Strawberry and Vegetable Plants, Rustic Furniture, Baskets, &c.

We respectfully invite all amateurs and lovers of flowers to an inspection of our Conservatories.

PAPER HANGINGS.

We invite attention to the

SPECIAL BARGAINS

We are now offering in Paper Hangings.

A great variety of French and American Papers of the best makers at Low Prices.

If you have purchases to make for City, Country or Seaside Residences, we ask you to examine the bargains we offer.

J. H. ROBINSON & Co.,

Successors to Gregory & Robinson,

No. 206 Washington street,

BOSTON.

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KNAPP & ADAMS,

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,

Rooms 21, 20 and 27, Barrister's Hall, No. 7 Court Square, Boston.

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A PROVIDENT WIFE.—We find in a late number of the New Zealand Herald, a touching incident in illustration of the great present dearth of respectable dress making hands in that colony. It seems that a well-to-do settler near Auckland was lately attacked by an illness which his medical attendant declared must end fatally, so severe were the symptoms. After lying in an apparently hopeless state for some days, he suddenly took a turn for the better, and, thanks to a strong constitution, made a rapid recovery. Not long after he had returned to business, he was much startled, on opening an account presented at his office, to find himself charged with a full set of widow's weeds of an elaborately complete description. A domestic explanation naturally followed, and his wife reminded him that he had always made it a special desire that the fact of her emigrating to a colony should never prevent her dressing as a lady. "And the dress makers here, you know," she added, "have matters so entirely in their own hands that they generally keep you waiting for months for anything new. So when I was told you could not possibly recover, I ordered what I knew you would wish me to wear beforehand, and now the things have only just come home."

The bill was promptly settled. Whether the husband was consoled for the outlay by the thought that his provident wife had the things ready by her, is a question that is open to conjecture.—*Harper's for May.*

A colporteur opened the door of an Irishman's shanty in New Orleans, and putting in his head, in a very pious tone asked the owner of the domicile, who happened to be in at the time, "if he would accept of a tract of the Holy Land," meaning, of course, an essay on that interesting portion of the world. "Yes, be jabbers," was the reply of the Irishman, "a houl section, if you give a good title deed. But I should like to know if there is much of it prairie, or if new settlers are subject to the agur there?"

Luxury is a vice which prompts very many to run into expense beyond what their circumstances will admit. And why? Because respect is attached to prodigality, and contempt is shown to those who do not maintain a similar profusion; because the custom of lavish expenditure is universal; and because things that are superfluous, useless and frivolous, are rendered almost necessary and indispensable. And here is the mischief of luxury.

In the Rondout Methodist church on a recent Sunday morning, the usual donning of overcoats was proceeding amid considerable confusion, but had not been completed when the pastor, Rev. J. S. Dean, arose to pronounce the benediction. He paused a moment, and said: "Brethren, I guess I will put on my overcoat hereafter, during the benediction, so as not to lose any time."

The other day a teacher at a ladies' school, while putting a company of juveniles of the gentler sex through their spelling, came to the word "lad," of which, in accordance with the modern method of tuition, she asked the signification. One little puss, on the question being put, with a side long look, blushing answered—"For courtin' wi'."

Edward Said, a conductor, in Burlington, Iowa, was made happy by having voted to him a badge at a public fair. Being called upon for a speech, he was hustled upon the platform. Looking around for a moment, he ejaculated "Tickets!" and retired. It was so effective that the band couldn't play for ten minutes.

Footie once asked a man without a sense of tune in him,—"Why are you forever humming that tune?" "Because it haunts me," was the reply. "No wonder," answered Footie; "you are forever murdering it."

An old Scotch lady had an evening party, where a young man was present who was about to start for China. As he was exceedingly extravagant in his conversation about himself, the old lady said when he was leaving, "Tak guid care o' yersel' when ye're awa' my men, for mind ye, they eat puppies in Cheena."

SAD MISTAKE.—A New Orleans judge, riding in the cars recently, after a single glance at the countenance of a lady by his side, imagined he knew her, and ventured to remark that the day was pleasant. She only answered—

"Yes."
"Why do you wear a veil?"
"Lest I attract attention."
"It is a province of gentlemen to admire," replied the gallant man of law.
"Not when they are married."
"But I am not."
"Indeed."
"Oh! no, I'm a bachelor."
The lady quietly removed her veil, disclosing to the astonished magistrate the face of his mother-in-law.

He has been a raving maniac ever since.

MAKING IT PAY.—Voluntary contributions for the support of preaching at the present day are deemed so unreliable that various methods are resorted to in order to raise the needed amount—taxing the pews being the most general plan. But now we hear announced something quite novel. Rev. W. M. Parry of Worcester, who has just returned from a swing around the circle, announced Sunday that hereafter his church would be conducted on the circus plan. Tickets will be sold at from five to twenty-five cents, according to location, with a liberal discount to constant attendants. No free list.

He was a dapper young swell, "got up regardless," and he came late to dinner. "You must excuse me, Mrs. H.," he said "but my careless driver got the wheels of the carriage blocked in those of a heavy express team, and I was much delayed by his stupidity. I shall discharge him to-morrow." The hostess and the guest would have believed his story, but for the wisp of horse car straw he unconsciously brought in, caught in his boot. Straws showed which way he "blowed."

In the office of one of the hotels recently a gentleman snapped his finger to a bootblack, and as he put his foot on the box he said, "You look like a good smart boy." "See here, mister!" replied the boy as he rose up, a brush in either hand, "I've had that game played on me a dozen times, and now I want to know whether this is a cash shine, or whether you're going to pat me on the head when I get through and tell me that I'll be governor of Michigan some day?"

A lady occupying letter B at a hotel wrote on the slate as follows: "Wake letter B at seven; and if letter B says 'let her be,' don't let her be; because if you let letter B be, letter B will be unable to let her house to Mr. B., who is to call at half past ten." The porter, more of a bootblack than orthographer, after studying the above all night, did not know whether to awake letter B or "let her be."

A gentleman in want of a housekeeper tried an odd experiment. He sent out two advertisements, one for a lady of education and elegant manners, qualified to act as companion as well as housekeeper, and was overwhelmed with replies. The only requirement in the other advertisement was that the lady should be plain in features, but not a solitary applicant appeared to answer that appeal.

"Eat your bread, Charles—do not fling it away," said a learned and good Judge to one of his family, adding, "for who knows in the vicissitudes of this life, you may not some day want it." The old gentleman had to cough, look learned and go away, when the youngster answered more logically "If I eat it, how can I have it when I want it?" This is the result of a learned Judge having children.

A gentleman playing whist with an intimate friend, who seemed, as far as hands were concerned, to hold the Mahometan doctrine of ablation in supreme contempt, said to him, with a countenance more in sorrow than anger "My good fellow, if dirt were trumps, what a hand you would have!"

A circuit preacher in Missouri prayed for rain one night at a farmer's house, and the farmer, who had a horse race arranged for the next day, was so mad that he turned the good man out of doors.

TO WASH STRAW MATTING.—Use salt and water for washing, and wipe dry with a coarse towel; the salt keeps the carpet from turning yellow.

REASONS FOR DRINKING.—Old Sambo Shute, long since gone across the dark valley, was a worthy man in his way, and genial withal. But Sambo would occasionally get drunk. One day his employer took him to task and read him a lecture, at the close of which he asked him if he didn't think he could do better for the future.

"Don't ma'r," said the darkey, scratching his head.
"But what do you think?"
"Well, mas'r, I's afraid I tink not."
"Sambo, what do you mean? Do you mean that you will not try?"
"I wouldn't be of no use, mas'r 'twas born in me. Rum is my nat'l drink. Yer see, afore I was born, my father and mother was boff bought on de coast of Africa, and paid for in rum."

This is about equal to the excuse of an old fellow in a New Hampshire bar room. It was eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and a number of thirty ones had entered the tavern for their beverage; and all offered an excuse for their indulging. One said he had a pain in his side, another had a touch of the colic, another had a severe cold, and so on, and so on. At length a red faced old Trojan stumped up to the bar, having listened to the excuses of the others, and said he, "Say, old horse, give us a glass of old Jamaica, still. My old woman's goin' to have codfish for dinner, and salt codfish allers makes me dry."—*New York Ledger.*

"JEFFING."—They tell a pretty good story of one of those wild-eyed Lake Superior editors. He is a great hand to "jell," and whenever he can make the nicks on a "quad" settle a question, he prefers to do it in that way. He "jells" to see whether he shall pay his hands in cash or store orders; "jells" to decide whether he shall go to the lodge or weekly prayer-meeting. It wasn't long ago that he attended a revival, more in the capacity of reporter than sinner, and before going drank something to make him feel good. When a call was made for sinners to come forward, a church member stepped down the aisle and took the editor by the hand and entreated him to take a position upon the anxious seat.

"Oh, I guess not," replied the editor.
"Come, we want to save you," continued the friend.
"Oh, I am all right," was the reply.
"No one can be all right who is not a working Christian. Come, let us have your example."
The editor felt in his pocket, produced five "em quads," and as he shook them in his hand, he replied:
"I'll jell you to see whether I go or stay."
He staid.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Sombody has invented a rubber shoe for horses, designed as a substitute for the iron shoe, and as a means of preventing the many maladies to which horses feet are subject. It is even claimed that horses suffering with cracked or contracted hoof, and similar painful hurts, are quickly cured by the substitution of the rubber covering for the unyielding metal. The elasticity of the former allows the hoof to remain in its natural state or shape, while protected from abrasion against pavements by the heavy rubber sole beneath. As compared with iron shoes, the cost of the rubber ones is stated to be about one-third more, and their weight is some forty per cent. less. Owing to the nature of the material, the most accurate fits may be obtained, and in respect to wear, the quality of the rubber used is intended to be such as will insure very great durability.

A bill has just become a law in this State which may do something to check the increasing evil of vagrancy. By its provisions a city or town is empowered to oblige all persons applying for and receiving a night's lodging to perform certain labor as a recompense for such accommodation, and is authorized to detain them at work until eleven o'clock of the next forenoon.

Profanity never does a man the least good. No man is richer, or wiser or happier for it. It commands no one to society; it is disgusting the refined, and abominable to the good.

A statistician estimates that courtships average three tons of coal each.

Jonah was a stranger among whales, and they took him in.

Chas. K. Conn & Co.
DEALERS IN

HARD and SOFT COAL, WOOD,

Lime & Cement.
We deliver Coal and Wood in any quantity desired, and at the Lowest CASH PRICES.

CUSTOMERS DESIRING IT, WE

SAW and SPLIT WOOD

READY FOR USE, 54

At a slight additional charge.

Office: 113 MAIN STREET

Ellis' Railroad Store Building, near depot.

CHAS. K. CONN. CHAS. H. POLLARD

JOSEPH B. McDONALD,

DEALER IN

Hard & Soft Coal,

WOOD, LIME AND CEMENT.

ALSO

A Large Assortment

OF ALL KINDS OF

STEAM COAL

CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Wood Sawing

By Steam.

These subscribers have Circular Saw in operation

At his Wood and Coal Yard,

No. 93 Main Street.

With which he is prepared to

SAW WOOD,

For his customers, and deliver it to them ready to

the stove, at a slight advance upon the price of the

wood. Customers are invited to call and examine

the new improvement.

J. B. McDONALD.

93 Main St., Woburn.

INSURE

IN THE

HOME FIRE

Insurance Company,

OF NEW YORK.

Forty-Third Semi-annual Statement, showing the condition

of the company on the first day of January, 1875.

CASH CAPITAL, \$2,500,000 00
Reserve for Insurance, 1,000,000 00
Income for Unpaid Losses & Dividends, 200,000 00
Net Surplus, \$3,700,000 00
Total Assets, \$5,200,000 00

SUMMARY OF ASSETS.
Cash in Banks, \$500,000 00
United States Bonds, being first lien on, \$500,000 00
Real Estate (worth \$2,000,000), 2,000,000 00
United States Stocks (market value), 2,000,000 00
Bank Stocks, 200,000 00
State Bonds, 200,000 00
Loans on Stocks, payable on demand, 200,000 00
(market value of Securities, \$115,000 00) 200,000 00
Interest due on 1st January, 1875, 65,477 06
Balance in hand of Agents, 150,000 00
Bills Receivable and Salvages, 10,000 00
Premiums due and uncollected on Policies issued at this office, 10,000 00
Total, \$5,200,000 00

LIABILITIES.
Claims for Losses outstanding on 1st January, 1875, \$180,000 00
Losses unpaid, 1,300 00
Total, \$200,000 00

SPARROW HORTON,
No. 195 MAIN STREET,

AGENT FOR WOBURN AND VICINITY.

Pro Bono Publico.
A. A. CLEMENT

Would announce to the citizens of Woburn Centre that he has secured

1000 TONS OF ICE,

which he will furnish at a fair price the coming season.

For further particulars leave address at C. B. Adkins, or at the residence of the subscriber, 431 Main street.

A. A. CLEMENT.
Woburn, Feb. 1, 1875.

C. W. NUTE & Co.

DEALERS IN

BOOT AND SHOE BUSINESS

—AT—

No. 209 MAIN STREET,

And will keep on hand a full line of

SERVICEABLE GOODS

to suit the requirements of our customers, and will sell them as

CHEAP FOR CASH

as they can be bought for anywhere in town.

We are now prepared to make

LADIES

AMERICAN and FRENCH KID

Buskins and Slippers

TO ORDER, and shall manufacture all that we offer for sale.

MEN'S TOILET SLIPPERS

also made to order, and

REPAIRING

promptly and neatly done.

We shall also keep on hand a full line of the manufactures of

BURKE & MUNDY

—AND—

TYLER & SON.

Thinking the public for the patronage accorded in the past, we hope to receive our full share in the future.

C. W. NUTE & Co.,

209 Main street, Woburn.

Wilson Packing Co. Compressed

Corned Beef,

In 2, 4, and 6-pound Packages,

At Ellis' Railroad Store.

CENTRAL MARKET,

151 Main St., Woburn.

B. F. WYER

Keeps constantly on hand a full and fresh

Beef, Pork & Mutton

AND ALL KINDS OF

SEASONABLE VEGETABLES,

and everything usually found in a

Meat and Vegetable Market.

POISON

IN GREEN PICKLES,

But there is none in the nice

Home made ones sold at Ellis' Railroad Store.

JOHN A. BOUTELLE,

GENEALOGIST

Office at Residence, corner of East and Carter Streets. Genealogies traced and compiled. Family Registers prepared. Diplomas filled out. Marriage Certificates written, &c.

Instruction given in Penmanship and Book-keeping. Terms for 12 lessons in advance, \$2.00 for Penmanship, \$3.00 for Book-keeping.

MRS. J. M. RICHARDS,

Hygienic Physician and Midwife.

Mrs. Richards comes to us a stranger, but with the best of references, which, with her past success in Midwifery, should recommend her to the people of Woburn.

Winn Street, corner Day Book Avenue.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts,

PROBATE COURT.

TO THE HEIRS AT LAW, Next of Kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Jonathan Locke late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, has been presented to said Court for Probate, by Arthur C. Cox and Oliver V. Locke, who say that letters testamentary may be issued to them the executors therein named, and that they may be exempted from giving a bond and sureties on their bond pursuant to said will and statute.

You are hereby called to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County, on the fourth Tuesday of April next, at nine o'clock before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same. And said petitioners are hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in any part of the COUNTY, four times in such paper as shall be so published, and to cause to be executed all descriptions of work promptly and to the satisfaction of the court, and to file a true and correct copy of the same with the clerk of said Court, on or before the first day of May next, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-five.

Witness, George M. Brooks, Esq., Judge of said Court, this twenty-fourth day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-five.

J. H. TYLER, Register.

LE BOSQUET BROS.,

Manufacturers of

Dr. Nichols Wrought Iron Furnace.

PLUMBING.

Special attention given to Plumbing in all its various branches in any part of the COUNTY. Our facilities are such as to enable us to execute all descriptions of work promptly and to the satisfaction of the court, and to file a true and correct copy of the same with the clerk of said Court, on or before the first day of May next, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-five.

LE BOSQUET BROS.,

14 Bedford Street, Boston.

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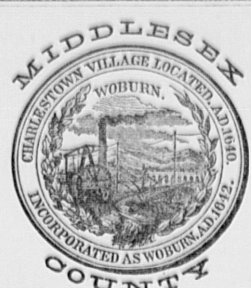
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NO. 32.

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LIFE AND LOVE.
Life is a garden fair and free,
But 'tis Love that holds the golden key;
For hand and heart
Once held apart,
Life's flowers are dashed with storms of sorrow,
And bloom to-day may be blight to-morrow.
So reckless ever of wind and weather,
Let Life and Love be linked together.

Original Story.
The Young Enthusiasts;
—OR—
What the Boys Did.
BY CHARLOTTE LAWRENCE.

CHAPTER XI. (Continued).
"You have roused us old men from the deep reverie into which we had plunged, to a state of consciousness, and we are now preparing ourselves to co-operate with you, and undo, as fast as possible, the vast amount of wrong that we have for so many years piled up, and glazed over with a thin coat of gentlemanly bearing under which we have loved to bask. You all seem surprised to see me here this evening, and well indeed you may be, for I am almost a wonder to myself, when I think within how short a time my views have changed. Not many weeks ago, a little paper was brought into your society by one of your number, with a request that you would all sign it, giving as a reason that it might tend to promote the cause of temperance. My son took it home to think and study over it, and to decide, in his own mind, whether it would be to his advantage or not to sign it. One evening, a little incident occurred in our family, that tended to give him an opportunity to call into exercise his doubts upon this subject. His seeming reluctance at the time to comply with my wishes, induced me to require of him an explanation. After a little hesitation, he gave me a little paper, which I now hold in my hand, and which you will all recognize as I read it: 'Resolved, that I will not play cards for one year.' This little paper carried me far back to the days of my childhood, when I sat upon my father's knee, and repeated my hymns before going to bed; and when I was led by his side, everything we did and explained, and everything we saw, and the sweet contentment of my mother came up before me. Her name, coupled with the flowers, with the rivulet that this meandering through the arm, with the singing birds, with all the works of nature, and how often has she sought me to look from nature up to nature God. Fresh to my memory were his many prayers she offered at my bedside, and the blessing that she pronounced upon my head when I left my home, and all that was dear to me, for college. Her earnest entreaty that I should not drink, one year before came, came up in bright colors before me. Memory! that faithful monitor, was active, and I looked upon the past with amazement! Nothing so fully and unprofitable gain seemed to fill the long vista of years which had been so quickly by, never more to return. I stopped short, and with a deep shudder creeping over me, I resolved that I would no longer walk in this mazy labyrinth of deceitful, unsatisfying pleasures, that had so long held me spell-bound. I thought of God to lead me in his own paths, to direct my steps, to care for me, and I trust that I am here before you to-night, with a heart and will to do my master's work. I have put my name to this little paper, which I shall keep, enclosed in this little lock, as the key to my happiness, and may I, with you, prove a faithful worker in this great field into which we have just entered."

CHAPTER XII.
"Did you ever hear anything better than that," said Mrs. Sawyer, as she opened her door that led into Dick Sawyer's breakfast room.
"Beat what, Polly? what's up now?" she brought you here so early, all out of breath? It appears to me that you have nothing to do but to go among the neighbors and interest yourself in their affairs."
"Well, who's got a better right, Mr. Sawyer? Interest myself in the neighbors of course I shall, and what have you to do with it, I should like to know?"
"Oh, nothing, Polly, only don't meddle with you, indeed; there are enough who are going to do that. Never fear."
"Well, Polly, don't get force; have a cup of coffee, and that will take some of the ginger out of you."
"Don't Polly, no, Mr. Sawyer. I like titles once in a while, but as my good old grandmother used to say, what is a name good for if it hasn't got a handle with it?"
"Come, wife, pour out a cup of coffee for Polly, Miss Meddle, I mean, and she will feel better."

"There is no feeling better to it," said Polly. "I am all out of sorts, and you had better let me alone. There is some body at your door."
"Come in," said Mrs. Sawyer.
"Is Mr. Sawyer in," said a snarling headed boy.
"Yes, what do you want?"
"Father says he wants a bottle of ginger snaps."
"A bottle of what?" said Mr. Sawyer.
"He said a bottle of snaps, and I didn't know there was anything else but ginger snaps," said the boy.
"Schiedel Schnapps! Mr. Sawyer, don't you know what is that?"
"Shut up, Polly! he didn't ask you. Tell your father I haven't got any, and if he wants anything else tell him to come himself and not send a boy."
"Yes sir."
"You needn't snap me up so before folks," said Miss Meddle, as the boy shut the door.
"Well, the fact is, Polly, Miss Meddle, I should say, your tongue is a little too loose, and is a little too plenty sometimes."
"Loose indeed! Because a woman knows a little something, and is clearer-headed than a man, and isn't afraid of one of them, she must be called a gossip."
"Now for your story, Miss Meddle."
"No sir, not before you, not by a long chalk, and I'll tell you what it is, old man, and it's no gossip either, and that is your business reign here is nearly ended."
"Oh, Lor, Miss Polly, you needn't call me old; I don't begin to be as old as you are. You have got me to sleep many a time when I was a two-year-old."
"I don't know anything about it; I never did like to hear any one talk about ages," said Polly snarlingly.
"And I don't like to be called an old man, so we are even."
"Well, if you are not going off, Mr. Sawyer, I am."
"Oh, now Polly, don't get mad, do tell your story."
"Mad, indeed! It is enough to make a hen mad to hear you talk!"
"Oh, now Miss Meddle, do tell your story, I won't tell anybody."
"Tell anybody! I don't care whether you do not! I am not a fool, and I would have you know that I take the papers, and I calculate to know what is going on about town."
"Exactly. Go ahead, Polly, only don't step on my toes."
"I don't care anything about your toes; but so to that, your whole foot'll be stepped on before long, and if I am not mistaken, every red hair on your head will stand as straight as a bristle."
"Now Polly, that is an old woman's reasoning."
"You may think so and welcome. There's your door bell again; I hope to massy you'll go now. I declared, just as sure as you are alive, Mr. Sawyer, it is Mr. Punney, one of our selectmen, and he is giving him a big letter, I dare say somebody's dead; anyhow, I am glad he's gone. I always did have such a spite against the men. Why, do let me tell you, it was only last week I went to see Mrs. Dobson, and I stand here, and I growl, and before I thought of it, and when her lazy drinking husband came home he took off his boots, just as good-for-nothing men do, and took his paper and settled himself in the easy chair for the evening. Thanks I, 'old fellow, you've got to get out of that, for I ain't going home alone to night in the dark! So when I made a move to go, I said 'It's pretty dark; never a bit did the old fellow stir, but rattled his newspaper, but I wasn't to be put off by a rattle, so I said again with my hand upon the door, 'It's pretty dark.' 'Yes,' said his wife, 'you would better go home with her, Mr. Dobson.'"
"Beatum Tarnation!" said he, "I never yet could sit five minutes in peace where there was a woman! and down went his paper and on went his boots, and he acted like a madman. 'Thanks I, 'old fellow, you don't scare me.' Well, it had been raining all day, and the side-walks were full of puddles, and what did that man do but go stumping into every one of them, and then he would say, 'oh, that was water, wasn't it?' and then he had him, wouldn't you say that to guess that old man didn't want him to go home with her again!"
"Yes, we all have our troubles," said Mrs. Sawyer, "but we must try to mend them."
"How shall we go to work?" said Polly.
"By trying to do right ourselves."
"Who can do right when every body is against you," said Polly. "Just let me tell you. Last night I heard that all these temperance ladies were going to give Mrs. Harding a silver pitcher, worth seventy-five dollars. I never said a word, but I think I, to-morrow morning I'll be there by times, and let them know that Polly Meddle is no fool, and not behind the times for news. So I was up at four o'clock this morning and started off, and just as I got to the great elm tree who should I meet but the Judge himself!"
"Oh, I hope you didn't tell him."
"Yes, of course I told him the whole story."
"What did he say, said Mrs. Sawyer?"
"Nothing; but he looked queer enough, and so I hurried on, and left him to go his way. Just as I was going to open the gate I saw Mrs. Harding at the window and beckoned her to come down, I no sooner lifted my hand to the latch than it was pulled back with such force that I turned round to see what was the matter, and there stood the Judge with eyes as big as saucers, and said he, 'don't tell my wife!'"
"Why not?" said I.
"Walk down with me, and I will tell you, said he. And so after we got out

of sight and hearing of the house the Judge began to explain the matter. 'These ladies,' said he, 'are getting up what they call a surprise party, and if you should tell Mrs. Harding I would be no surprise at all! I thought that was great doings.'"
"But it was right, Polly, you did not consider."
"You needn't talk to me about considering, Mrs. Sawyer. I think I had as good a right to surprise her as a pack of boys, if the Judge didn't think I had, but I must be going, though I should like to know what is in that big letter your husband's got. There he comes; good bye."
"Good news! Mrs. Sawyer, said Dick, as he opened the door. "Do you want to be a farmer's wife and go to Ohio?"
"Oh anywhere, Mr. Sawyer, where you can be respected and follow an honorable business."
"Oh, don't be so solemn, wife, I thought you would like it."
"I do, and long to be where I can hold up my head and feel that you are a man of honor and integrity."
"Well, I have been offered a good price for all my property here, by a Western man, who wishes me to take a farm that he owns in part payment, which I have about made up my mind to do."
"What are you going to do with all the wines and the billiard tables?" said Mrs. Sawyer.
"As to that, wife, there will be no trouble at all. The Dr. is going to take my wines, and the Selectmen will take care of my billiard room."
"What is the man going to do, after he gets here, Mr. Sawyer?"
"He is a teacher. I was told that Judge Harding is going to have a seminary here, and he sent for this man to come on here and live, and be the principal."
"I wonder where they will have the Seminary?" asked Mr. Sawyer.
"Well, the Squire said, the good old deacon had left off selling rum since his son died, and he was a good deal changed in his mind, and he has been looking about him to see what good he could do, and he has come to the conclusion that he will take those families out of the poor house that was the means of putting and setting them back again in their old homes."
"What! in the settlement where the Scotch people live?"
"Yes, exactly, Mrs. Sawyer. He says that he is going to right some of his wrongs."
"Well, it has done him a wonderful sight of good, to have that son of his die; everybody pitied him, but God knows how to dispose and bring us all into his paths," said Mrs. Sawyer.
"Well, I hope he will bring us all right," said Mr. Sawyer.
"We must wait with patience," said his wife; "though we have done wrong, God will not pass us by. I trust; better and holier things are in store for us."
"May be so, but at my time of life I don't like to make such a change. I tell you, Mrs. Sawyer, it comes rather tough to begin my a, b, c's over again."
"Courage, Mr. Sawyer, courage! hold on to a good resolution, and go ahead!"
"Well, it seems that I have got to go in order to get out of the way of that pesky wheel that Polly has told me so much about."
"Who would ever have thought that things in this town could have taken such a turn? Surely, the new spirits, have pushed off the old dead leaves, from so many dormant minds, that buds of promise and youthfulness are ready to open and pour forth fragrance, love and beauty throughout every home."
"Somehow, I feel, Mrs. Sawyer, that my mind is like a barren desert, as Watts says, or used to say when I was a boy, 'overgrown with weeds and brambles.' I don't know anything, and do not know where I am. I used to be at the top of the ladder, and respected; now, I am no where."
"For that very reason," said Mrs. Sawyer, "it will be better for you to go to Ohio and begin anew, and go up the ladder again by an honest endeavor to get a honorable living. Honesty and purity mindless brings respect."
"Now all I have got to say, wife, is go to work and pack up, for we must be off by the last of next week. No hanging about these diggings for me. 'Short stories,' is my motto."
"I should like to know where the seminary is going to be built," said Mrs. Sawyer.
"Well, as I was going to say, the deacon seems a good deal changed in his views of things, and he is going to buy a high school."
"What kind of a place will that be for a high school?"
"You know, wife, that it is built of brick, and he is going to put on two stories, and a French roof and that will make a very nice building."
"But it is so rough around the house, it will cost a good deal of money to make it attractive for strangers," said Mrs. Sawyer.
"Yes, but the deacon can afford it, and he is going to improve the grounds and call it Linwood Seminary, in honor of the Linwoods who live in Linwood Place."

CHAPTER XIII.
"Connelly, what say you to a little walk this evening?"
"At your service, sir," said Spangler, "providing we don't get caught in a shower."
"Yes, upon my word; that cloud does look rather threatening; perhaps we would better take a turn round the corner and get an umbrella; but hold on a moment, I want to put this letter in the box."
"Now we are in for it which way shall we go?" asked Connelly.
"I hardly know or care, but if you

have no choice, we will go out on the terrible road, for I feel like being quiet tonight."
"What's in the wind now?"
"I want to talk a little; I have some news to tell you," said Spangler, "and I want to make the most of my time."
"Mighty deep hold it's got on you, though."
"Yes, Connelly, it was sudden."
"What was sudden? don't keep me in such suspense. I should think you were going to Greenland, or some such frozen place."
"My father received a letter from my uncle in Japan about some business transaction, and closed by making many inquiries about me."
"When?" eagerly asked Connelly.
"Three months ago."
"Tell me, what did he say about you?"
"Oh, he asked, what kind of a scholar I was, and if I was a boy of good habits, and whether I could take good care of money."
"I guess he is in want of a Yankee boy out there."

"Yesterday my father received another letter from my uncle, making me a bid offer, and made every arrangement possible for me to leave in the next steamer."
"What! in two weeks?" exclaimed Connelly.
"Yes," said Spangler, "in two weeks."
"Are you going? tell me, do you want to go? Oh, Spangler, will you go so far away, never, never to come back again? do not go. I entreat of you. We have played together, studied together, and in two years we have fondly hoped to enter College together. Do not let rashness get the better of your judgment!"
"Oh, Connelly, you talk like a girl, you are enough to make anybody have the blues. Be brave, boy, put a good face upon these little trials. I shall be back a rich man before you begin to think that I have got there."
"I believe you are mad, Spangler; surely this calmness cannot be real. What are you thinking of? Who'll take care of you out there? do give up this wild goose chase after riches!"
"Just you wait awhile, young man, before you pass your judgment; wait until you see me back with shiners enough to beautify the waste places in this village, so long scorched by rum, wait until you see a granite building erected that will give birth to a public library, wait until you see a hall capacious enough to hold our meetings, before you class my energies or travels with that modest bird."

"Yes, yes, Spangler, I'll wait, but in the meantime I want to show you a book that I have at home that will prove to you that I am not so very far out of the way after all."
"Bring it along, Connelly, what's it about?"
"Oh, you'll see!"
"Well, do tell a fellow, and not keep him thinking all the time."
"Well, then, it describes a
"dandelion crowned with rays,
Lustrous as dawn, from whence drops of dew
Fell to the clouds, in home violetive scents.
The harrowing clouds, whose brilliant bark and stir,
Arched the little spire, and reared the indignant
Ornate, that with vermillion dash,
Struck the wind red in whose lustrate may
Lay raking mad, that erst in diana's courts was
seen."
"That'll do, Connelly, thank you for the happy recital, but I trust that my fate will not be so suddenly overcast. I cannot help counting my chickens though I do not see them running."
"S'low and sure, is my grandfather's motto," said Connelly.
"Yes, I have got that by heart," said Spangler, "but to go back to our subject. You know, Connelly, that we have always been close friends, I have always unbosomed my thoughts to you, and you have never betrayed my confidence."
"Give me your hand, my good fellow," said Connelly, "our relation to each other must be pure and sacred, though the ocean shall separate us, our hearts will still beat in unison, and the boyish secrets of to-day shall be safely treasured until the man returns and gives them freedom."
"My time is so short, and I have so many things to say that I hardly know what to say first, but there is one thing, Connelly, that weighs upon my mind."
"Well, out with it, friend, for we haven't much time to spare."
"You remember that little curly head we saw at the Poor House?"
"Oh yes, you don't mean to say that you have dreamed of her ever since," said Connelly with a smile.
"You may think me foolish, call me so if you please, but seeing her there made a deep impression upon my mind."
"And you have no will or inclination to shake it off. Isn't that so, Spangler? right yourself, my boy and own up, but go on!"
"Next week I leave my home and all that is dear to me."
"Why, Spangler, you frighten me, so soon!"
"Yes, so soon; I can hardly make it seem real."
"In what ship are you going?"
"I have taken a stateroom in the ship 'Agnes' for Canton."
"Good for you, Spangler, my father came home last year, and said she rode the waves like a bird."
"I want you to be faithful, Connelly, in what I am now going to confide in you. Here are twenty dollars; I have saved them from the money my father has given me from time to time, and I wish you to devote it entirely to her comfort."
"Sugar plums and a big red apple, for instance?"
"Yes, sometimes, but see that she has warm clothing."
"Must I feel of it to know whether it

is warm or not? I don't know how a fellow is only going to know if he don't."
"Mrs. Brown, the keeper's wife is very kind, and you need not be afraid of asking her what you would better buy."
"Well, Spangler, you are trying to drill me into a new path; I hope I shall execute my duties so faithfully that I shall honor the trust you have so kindly placed in me."
"This lock, Connelly, I have had for a long time, and I want you to put it around the neck of that curly head and tell her to wear it always, but never to wear it outside of her dress."
"Perhaps you may meet her one day, Spangler, in a foreign land, and you may wonder why she wears that everlasting ribbon round her neck, but let me advise you to wonder if there is a lock of attached, and if there is, why don't she wear it in sight?"
"Possibly I may, in the meantime, I shall send you money, and if I succeed in business, I will take her out, if it is in my power and educate her."
"Hark, what heavy peals of thunder," said Spangler, "the tempest is coming with angry fury, and here are the rain drops; man alive! do you know that we are two miles from any house? how and don't it has grown dark, let us run."
"Hold on, Frank," said Connelly, "and give a fellow time to open his umbrella, now we'll go it, double quick time."
"Hullo!" said Spangler.
"What's up now?" said Connelly; "do hurry home."
"Look over there, see that light; it must be some one with a lantern. Oh, how the rain pours; what shall we do?"
"Hurry on, and put your romance in your pocket for once," said Connelly.
"But we mustn't go home without seeing about that light!"
"I dare say it is nothing but a fire fly, do walk on with your eyes shut!"
"I am afraid, Connelly, that something is the matter over there. Oh, what a flash of lightning, and did you see; it is a woman; oh horrors, what a sight for a woman to be in such a place. Let us hurry to her; there, stop a moment, she is bounding over something; hold! it is a man! listen! she calls him James, and is pleading with him to rise."
"Shall we intrude if we speak to her," said Connelly; "there, she turns and is looking at us."
"Can we assist you, madam?" said Spangler.
"Thank you," she replied.
"Connelly, give the umbrella to the lady, and we will assist her friend to his home."
"Which way shall we go?" asked Spangler.
"He is my husband, sir, and I will guide you, with my lantern, to our home."
"Connelly, we will lift him, as he is too far gone to stand!"
"What is that, Frank, that you are stepping on?"
"Bless me, it is a loaf of bread, and here is a parcel of tea, and look at that sugar on the ground, and there is the basket; oh dear, they are all wet through!"
"Never mind, Spangler, pick them up," said Connelly.
"I will take the basket, replied the lady, and will hasten on to open the door."
"How strange it all seems," said Frank.
"I declare it is a mystery, said Connelly. I can't make out who these people are, that lady is so gentle, and by the man's clothes I should judge they were once in better circumstances. I read today that 'truth is stranger than fiction,' and I believe it!"
"Here we are," said Spangler, "the lady is standing in the doorway."
"Can you lift him in, and lay him on the bed?" she asked, imploringly.
"There," said Spangler as they closed the door, "this is a mystery indeed; that lady's face will ever haunt me. I surely have seen her before, those dark eyes, and such beautiful hair, the wind thrift about her shoulders, and it lay in one bed of curls."
"There was but one room in the house, and I was puzzled to know who owned that striped rocking chair; it looked about large enough for a little girl seven or eight years old."
"Why, I didn't see any child there."
"No, neither did I. But I saw a large doll on a little bedstead by the rocking chair, and I concluded that they must have been owned once by a little girl."
"I wonder where she was," said Frank.
"I don't know, I am sure I am so confounded with astonishment that I don't know anything. We see the lady and the broken parcel, and pass them without the least emotion, except it may be with disgust; but this scene tonight unman's me; the quiet elegance of that lady's manner under such trying circumstances, leads me to feel that God will hurl his thunder bolt of wrath upon the rascal, who is the cause of blasting her hopes and bringing her family to ruin."

CHAPTER XIV.
It was a dark and fearful night, the rain fell in torrents, and beat heavily against the broken panes; the wind howled, the lightning flashed, the thunder rolled in heavy grandeur as the tempest raged madly on, and wearily wore the hours as the young wife and mother sat by the bedside, watching with feverish anxiety, the senseless, shadowy form of her once fine, manly, noble husband. Six years of sorrow had rested heavily upon her brow, yet she faltered not; tears of anguish had wet her pillow, but through them all the star of hope glinted, though at times ever so faintly. Angels had borne her prayers to God, that He would again lighten his intellect, and give him strength to shake off that dull stupor that had dimmed his eye, and shut down upon his soul a heavy cloud of guilt and horror, that drew from his very depths, the fountain of love that had so long nursed and cherished him, and left him stranded upon the brink of ruin, a trembling, shattered wreck. As the pale wife sat listening to the incoherent mutterings of her husband, her mind reverted to the joyous hour when, ten years ago, she became the hap-

py bride of James Hillerton. She was an only child of a wealthy merchant, and naturally of a happy temperament, her childhood and youth had been one unbroken link of happiness. Pains or money were not withheld, to procure every possible advantage for her education, and she reigned supreme amid the little coterie of friends by which she was surrounded. The atmosphere around her, breathed of luxury, ease and elegance, but it was toned with pure religion, her highest joy was in ministering to the comforts of the poor and her spare moments were devoted to the interests of her class in the mission school. While abroad she met with her husband, a young man of high promise, to whom, after three years her father gave her to him to spread the halo of happiness around her own family, as she had done around that of her parents.

For two years her path seemed strewn with flowers, all the luxury and elegance that wealth could bestow was hers; friends hovered around her, their home, a costly mansion, was richly and tastefully adorned with rare works of art, and was thrown open, with a hearty welcome, to visitors who now and then brought their own games to while away the sunny hours.

One fine morning in June a beautiful little boat was presented to lengthen the glow of happiness, and a possible greater link of sunshine gleamed through every look and corner of that already happy household. It was not a common June boat, for it had a sail, and when angels whispered it could smile, and day by day, as it unfolded, intelligence caught the mother's eye, and she blessed God for this gift, and prayed for strength and wisdom to guide the June bud, in the steps of her father, and the angel quickly bore her prayer on high. As the season advanced little Bessie was given to God in baptism, and every day grew stronger in the affections of all around her. She began to lip the name of father, and look for his coming, and jump for glee at the sound of his voice and the fond parent clung with tender affection to his little one.

In an evil moment, a friend from England sent a billiard table as a token of esteem to James Hillerton. As a mark of respect and gratitude to the giver, he built a billiard room, and stocked the cellar with old wines of the choicest brand.

A billiard table had its charms, and the new spread of billiard, and one another of his friends dropped in to learn the game, and the excitement took fast hold of him. Night after night the small hours found him still playing, and with his characteristic liberality he dealt out those favorite wines. The days began to dawn heavily upon him, and the bright eyes and dimpled smile of little Bessie, had less and less charm for him.

"Let me stay up till father comes," was joined to her nightly prayer. But she seldom now heard his voice, wine had fast hold of him, and he turned a deaf ear to the entreaties of his wife and father, and gave himself up to the tempter. Business soon gave way to pleasure, and his hours at home were lessened, while the billiard room hung with its many snares was calling its tempting chain fast round him.

The young wife saw and felt the change and tried every means in her power to win him back. Kind entreaties and threats from his father were of no avail, deeper and deeper he sunk into iniquity until his property was nearly gone, and it was advisable to place a guardian over him. His father could not arouse him to a sense of his duty as a husband, father, son or a responsible being to God.

After every possible means had been used in vain for his restoration, his father brought to him a Temperance Pledge. "Put your name to it my boy, and stand firmly by it and be a man once more."
"No, father, never! I never will sign that paper."
"Then leave me," he replied, "go to some foreign land, go anywhere, do anything, to get your living, saw wood, black boots, or whatever comes in your way; but never come back to me until you feel that you can sign this pledge, and keep it. Then I will receive you as my son again. Take this check and with it this pledge, and start yourself tomorrow, and never come back until you can come a changed man."
Six years had passed, and look upon the picture which he had drawn for his self and family. The morning dawned, and with it a raging fever set in. The doctor came and pronounced his case as almost hopeless. The wife heard it with sorrow, bowed her head as if in prayer; raising it, she said,
"Do you think he cannot survive this fever, doctor?"
"He may with great care," he replied, "he seems quiet now, and I hope the medicine may have the desired effect. We will try to do what we can for him, but it will be some weeks before he is up again. In the meantime he will require your constant care. Have you any friends here?"
"No one on whom I could call to assist me."
"Well, let me think a moment. Oh, I will send old Betsy, the colored woman who makes it her home at the poor house. She is kind and faithful."
"Thank you, words are feeble things, when I want to express my gratitude to you for your kindness and sympathy in this trying hour."
"Ever look to me as your friend, and allow me to see that you have all necessary comforts. Keep up good courage, sorrow is but for a night, joy cometh in the morning."
"I will try doctor, but all before me is so dark, rivers of sorrow surely overflow my soul."
Before you go doctor, I should like to ask you about this medicine.
Old Betsy came and she proved a faithful housekeeper and friend. For

four weeks James Hillerton lay in a stupor, his wife prayed aloud by his bedside and read comforting portions of scripture, but no sign was given that she could know that he understood what was going on around him. At last the doctor pronounced him out of danger. Sunday morning, just as the sun was rising he opened his eyes and looked around in a state of bewilderment.
"Mary," he called; his wife came to the bedside a little startled at the sudden call.
"Are you still sitting up? You look pale!"
"How do you feel, James?" she inquired.
"Oh, I am so tired; I feel that I have slept too long. Where is Bessie?"
"Perhaps if you rest awhile, James, you will feel better."
"Yes, Mary, I will take a little nap, and then I should like something to eat, for I feel hungry."
While he slept a natural, sweet sleep, his wife prepared his breakfast, as she sat waiting. Joy beamed in her eye, gratitude filled her soul, and she thought she could catch glimpses of the silver lining in the dark, heavy cloud that had hung over her so long.

After a refreshing sleep of two hours he awoke, fixed his gaze upon his wife a few moments and then said,
"Mary, where is your white morning dress?"
"It is in the trunk, James."
"Please put it on for me, and look as you did when I married you."
"Yes I will," said Mary, with a smile.
"There now," he said as she entered the room, "you are my own handsome bride again. Call Bessie to me. I have been listening for her voice."
"She has not returned James; a friend of yours took her away."
"Got your Bible, wife, and read some of those texts which you read when you thought I didn't hear you?"
"My last illness has been one of retrospection, and I trust, deep repentance followed, and I hope I have been born of the spirit of God."

"What chapter shall I read James?"
"The fourteenth chapter of John. I love to hear that in my father's house many mansions, after you have read we will repeat the Lord's prayer together."
"Now I will have some breakfast, how tempting it looks, and how good it tastes, just as it used to, when our little Bessie was playing upon my knee."
"Here comes the doctor," said Mary.
"Upon my word, I have lost my patient," he said as he opened the door.
"Yes doctor, through your means, which have been blessed, we have found joy," said James.

"Mary, please get my key which is hanging upon that nail, and open that little trunk and give me that paper."
"There, Doctor Heuston, my dear honored father gave me that temperance pledge to sign six years ago, and I have just made up my mind resolutely to put my name to it."
"And stuck to it?" said the doctor.
"Yes, I will cling to it with a grasp that shall never loosen, and I am going to ask you to do me the favor of writing to my father."
"Most certainly I will."
"Please state all the case to him, and enclose the Pledge, that he may see my name in my own handwriting, and please ask him to come to us as soon as possible."
The letter was sent, and in six days the Doctor's elaine stood before the door with three in it instead of one. Judge Hillerton and his little granddaughter, Bessie, were well and silent during the precious hours of his recovery, for none but God and the holy interview, for none but God and the angels have a right to witness the private joys and sorrows of the family. Cold curiosity ought not to creep within its walls. It is enough for us to know that in a week James Hillerton and family returned with his father and was reinstated in his own house, and once more restored to the confidence of his friends.

"What that cord around your neck Bessie?" asked her mother.
"There is a lock on it, mother."
"Where did you get it my child?"
"A gentleman gave it to me to mother, and said that he wanted me always to wear it inside of my dress, and mother he always called me little curlyhead."

"Just you ought to have been over to our house last night!" shouted one small boy to another on the Campus Martius yesterday.
"Why—making pictures?" inquired the other.
"Naut much! Humph! No, sir; our folks went away, and we had poor corn, two kinds of sweetened water, milk and camphor, drew the dog around in the table cloth, and the hired girl told us eight ghost stories."

"What do I care about the Teedee-Bilton affair?" said a weary crusader homeward bent.
"If Mrs. Bilton is right, then Mr. Meeker is wrong, and if Mr. Boulton is wrong, then Mr. Frank Milton don't amount to anything anyway. What's the odds? All preachers are c'rup, sir, all c'rupt!"

"A profane young man, whose father recently died, finding trouble and vexation in attempting to thaw out the water-pipes, expressed the wish that 'the old man had them pipes with him for about an hour.'"
"During the recent flood in Massachusetts an editor telegraphed to another at the scene of action. 'Send me full particulars of the flood.' The answer came 'You'll find them in Genesis.'"
"Several factories have commenced to manufacture band-boxes six feet high, intended for the 'coming bonnet.'"
"A lady advertises her services as an 'ornamental guest' at dinner parties and the like."
"The industry of youth is the honor of old age."

[illegible]

(Written for the Journal.)

MARTHA AND MARY.

The church bells were ringing their Sabbath call to worship, and Fred had joined the throng upon the sidewalk, and I—why, how could I go, with baby and the work.

Baby asleep in her basket, mama attending to the breakfast table, with a discontented spirit in her heart. So many things for one pair of hands to do. She wonders when she can go to church, and wishes she could run away from this care that has fallen upon the young shoulders. As she washes the glass and silver, and returns them to their places in the closet, her thoughts are turned to the pressing duties of the hour.

Dinner must be ready at one, for Fred when he returns from church, and there is a ceaseless tripping here and there, until all is ready as the husband enters the house. After dinner there is the usual round of necessary duties before the wife can rest.

"Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things," seems to sound in her ears again and again.

What does it mean. Taking her Bible she finds the little story of the two sisters who entertained the Saviour at their house, and reads and ponders. When I was a little child I thought Mary was very good, Martha all wrong, and the picture I had strengthened my conclusions. There was Mary with her large inquiring eyes looking up at the Saviour, while she sat at his feet, listening to his teachings, Martha standing with a vexed expression, regarding her sister as the Saviour looked on her.

I suppose the sisters performed their household duties with their own hands, and I imagine Martha wanted to have everything as nice as possible for their guest. Maybe at the last moment Mary declared she would rather spend more time listening to the precious words of this guest, and provide more simply for His temporal wants.

Of course Martha could not possibly hear of such a thing, but Mary leaves her to do as she thinks best, and Martha (I suppose, worked very fast. Getting warm and tired over her fire, till her feelings warning too, she hastens into the presence of her guest, and appeals to Him against her sister.

What is His answer? I will read it again, just the words that have sounded in my ears so many times to-day.

"Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things."

Why does the Saviour rebuke her. He knows how anxious she has been for His comfort, and how weary she has become performing the labor necessary (as she thinks) all alone.

O yes, He knows, for he tells her "thou art careful" while His mild eyes rest upon her agitated countenance, as He adds "and troubled about many things."

We can imagine the shifting expression on Martha's face, as her indignation against Mary gives place to an inquiring puzzled one, at these words of the Saviour.

Martha is understood by the Master. "One thing is needful and Mary has chosen that good part." She turns and looks upon her sister at these words of her Lord, and beholds her sitting at His feet.

Ah! how better than ever before I realize the truth hidden in the little story. Not simply with the perplexity of household cares, but with all life's duties, great or small, we are to sit at Jesus' feet and learn of Him.

Learn what?

Patience; I need that so much. Strength; for I am weak to allow myself to be tossed here and there by circumstances, when my Saviour suffered agonies for me, yet was mighty in strength, yes, mighty to save, and promised to impart that strength to each of His followers.

The Saviour tells Martha she is troubled about many things. Yes, she had possibly undertaken more than her strength would permit her to perform.

Are there not many Martha's now? Who from housewifely pride or intended respect to guests, tax themselves with multitudinous extras, and after all experience only weariness and relief when they seek their couch at night.

We who like the sisters, serve in our own homes, can take the lesson home, if we will, and acting therefrom, be able to glean many precious thoughts from those who visit us, and I think our guests enjoy themselves best when invited to join in the accustomed manner of living, rather than the conscious feeling of being a visitor that comes with banishment to the parlors.

Does your pastor, in his Sabbath morning prayers remember those who are detained at home? Ours does. Sometimes after being absent from church a few Sabbaths, and once again taking my place in the pews, this thoughtfulness causes my heart to beat faster and I think of the many mothers at home with duties, and I say in my heart with the preacher, "God bless them."

VIOLET SOMERBY.

PLAYING AN EARNEST GAME.—A woman writes to the Boston Globe: One day, on the trip up, when reading a magazine, my attention was attracted by the glitter of a gold bracelet, which, look where I would, flashed before my eyes, and further scrutiny revealed the fact that the young lady who wore it was particularly anxious that I should be attracted by it, and, to further her design, began cutting the leaves of her magazine with a fruit knife. For the purpose of showing her that I was not particularly dazzled, in fact, that there was another such in the world, I took a gold pencil from my pocket and wrote a passage in my book, for my bracelet was equal to hers.

Observing this fact she drew off her left glove and carefully arranged her veil, that I might not fail to see the heavily chased ring that encircled her finger. I could "go her one better" here; so taking off my glove, I drew down the blind, flashing a rare topaz and solitaire diamond before her appreciative eyes. She saw, and quickly pulling off her other glove, displayed a splendid cluster diamond and a gigantic amethyst. I was slightly nonplussed, but as she wore no earrings, I felt that after all I was even with her. At that instant she drew an elegant little gold watch from her belt, which she studied attentively two whole minutes, holding it up in full view, turning to me as if to say, "well, go on." I had done my best, and could not answer the challenge, but thought mournfully of my poor little locket in a drawer at home, with one side all jammed in. When at last the aggravating creature took a jewel-case from her satchel, and held up a lovely coral set, turning it this way and that to exhibit all its beauties, furtively glancing at me to be sure that I observed, I was utterly vanquished, completely routed, and so greatly absorbed in my book that I did not see a thing.

SKELETON IN EVERY HOUSE.—The following conversation was overheard the other day among a lot of school girls, who congregated in front of a house. Each one in turn appeared to be holding up the domestic skeleton which afflicted their several homes. One told how her little brother had broken his leg; another about how sick her mother was, and still another told about how drunk her father would come home every night. In short, they all appeared to have some grief to hold up, all but one little beauty, who seemed only unhappy to think there was nothing that she could tell to excite the envy or sympathy of the rest.

She listened to the recital of all these troubles as long as she could, and finally she expressed herself in this way: "Well, girls, we all have our troubles. Some have sick brothers and drunken fathers, and ugly mothers. Some of us have got measles, and scrofula. We've got something awful in our family."

"What is it?" asked several. "My little brother Benny's left-handed."

An exchange defines a blunderbuss as kissing the wrong girl; just as though it were possible to be wrong in kissing any girl. A blunderbuss is for men to kiss one another as Frenchmen do, or for girls to kiss one another, as they often do for want of a man to kiss them.

It looks bad to see a dog preceding his master down the street, and calmly turn down the stairs to the first saloon he approaches. It shows there is something wrong, something lacking, a deplorable tendency on the part of the dog.

A prominent Detroit Universalist some months ago, married a red-headed widow with four children, and last week remarked to a friend, "I was blind when I believed there was no hell. I see it now."

A new fabric in ladies' dresses is "warranted to last until the wearer loses the sight of it."

GOOD MORNING.—Don't forget to say "good morning!" Say it to your parents, your brothers and sisters, your schoolmates, your teachers—and say it cheerfully and with a smile; it will do you good, and do your friends good. There's a kind of inspiration in every "good morning" heartily and smilingly spoken, that helps to make hope fresher and work lighter. It seems, really, to make the morning good, and to be a prophecy of a good day to come after it. And if this be true of the "good morning," it is so also of all kind, heartsome greetings. They cheer the discouraged, rest the tired one, and somehow make the wheels of life run smoothly. Be liberal with them, then, and let no morning pass, however dark and gloomy it may be, that you do not help at least, to brighten by your smiles and cheerful words.

WHAT THREE WOMEN SAID.—The other day, in the cars, I sat behind three women for an hour or two. They were all friendly to each other, and they didn't mind my presence.

"Did you hear about Sarah Lamb?" asked one. "Goodness!" "No!" answered the others. "Well, Sarah's got her pay, I tell you!" continued the first. "You know she was a whole year trying to catch that red-headed widower. Well, she finally married; and what do you think? They say that he swears at her—actually uses oaths—when things go wrong; keeps her from going to church, is set against company, and won't let her use above two eggs in a sweet-cake."

Here's the verdict of a coroner's jury in Brooklyn: "We find that the deceased, Matthew Toby, came to his death by strangulation occasioned by hanging by the neck from the limb of a tree in a vacant lot, and that the act was premeditated and perpetrated by himself, and was occasioned by the abuse he had received from his wife which drove him to desperation."

A Swiss boatman recently pulled a would-be suicide out of Lake Geneva. An hour or two after the boatman discovered the same man hanging by the neck to a tree, but did not interfere this time. The magistrate summoned him to answer why he did not prevent the suicide, and he replied that he supposed the gentleman had only hung himself up to dry.

A girl in Madison county, Ill., has offered herself as a prize to the one of four suitors who will outstep the others. The match is to be held in public, and a fee of twenty-five cents will be required of each person admitted, the proceeds to go towards furnishing a house for the young couple.

Now that criminal acts are decided to be merely automatic, suppose we have a little automatic justice, and then a little automatic hanging?

An Onondaga man advertises for a peddler who won't swear. Next he will want a boy with feathers on his legs.

"The proportion of the married among the insane is smaller than that of the unmarried." No married man can afford the luxury of insanity. To dodge fire-shovels and flat-irons, a man wants all his wits about him.

"That clock, stranger," said a Michigan farmer, "was the best kind of a clock up to six months ago, when my daughter began to have beaux, and now the blamed thing is always two hours too slow."

New Zealand prohibits females from attending public school, holding that a woman does not need book learning to enable her to split wood and hoe corn.

Most Buffalo sailors have given up the idea of running boats this summer, and will devote the rest of the year to fishing on the lake, through the ice.

The cheapest way in the world to make enemies is to go into a crowded barber shop on Saturday night, and get your hair cut.

Old Sol has been so chary of his favor lately that he can hardly be called the prodigal sun.

If you prefer tables and chairs without legs, buy your eight-year old boy a chest of tools.

Spelling matches have laid base ball in the shade, because base ball can't be played in the shade.

Chas. K. Conn & Co.

DEALERS IN

HARD and SOFT
COAL, WOOD,

Lime & Cement.

We deliver Coal and Wood in any quantity desired, and at the Lowest CASH PRICES.

CUSTOMERS DESIRING IT, WE

SAW and SPLIT WOOD

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At a slight additional charge.

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A Large Assortment

OF ALL KINDS OF

STEAM COAL

CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Wood Sawing

By Steam.

This subscriber has a Circular Saw in operation

At his Wood and Coal Yard,

No. 93 Main Street.

With which he is prepared to

SAW WOOD,

For his customers, and deliver it to them ready to

store, at a slight advance on the price of the

wood. Customers are invited to call and examine

the new improvement.

J. B. McDONALD,

93 Main St., Woburn.

Pro Bono Publico.

A. A. CLEMENT

Would announce to the citizens of Woburn Centre

that he has secured

1000 TONS OF ICE,

which he will furnish at a fair price the coming

season. For further particulars leave address at C. S.

Adkins, or at the residence of the subscriber, 41

Main street, A. A. CLEMENT,

Woburn, Feb. 1, 1875.

TO THE PUBLIC!

J. McGonigle & Bro.,

ARE SELLING

CLOTHING

AT REDUCED RATES.

A Large Assortment of Spring and Summer goods

of American, English and French manufacture

just received. Also, the latest styles of

HATS AND CAPS,

And Ladies' and Gents' Boots & Shoes.

Also Hosiery, Gloves, Trunks, Umbrellas, &c.

J. McGONIGLE & BRO.,

192 Main Street, opp. Post Office, Woburn, Mass.

"BLACK FEARNAUGHT"

Will make the season for a limited number of

Mares at

WINSHIP'S STOCK FARM,

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For Terms, Pedigree, &c., apply on the premises.

Board for Horses

At all seasons of the year.

F. O. LYMAN,

Piano-Fortes and Organs

TUNED AND REPAIRED.

Orders left at the Boston Hat Store, 140 Main St.,

Sole's Building, or sent to Box 802, Woburn, P. O.,

will be promptly attended to.

Orders received for Hair Work. Hair inserted in

LOCKETS, BROOCHES, FRAMES, &c.,

on BRISTOL BOARD, Glass, Ivory, Porcelain

and Photographs. Persons having a lock of Hair

of a deceased friend would do well to bring it and

have it arranged, where it will be done in a most

satisfactory manner, at

STROUD'S

C. W. NUTE & Co.

Mr. C. W. NUTE having associated with him in

his business Mr. C. FRANK KELLEY, they pro-

pose to continue the

BOOT AND SHOE

BUSINESS

-AT-

No. 209 MAIN STREET,

And will keep on hand a full line of

SERVICEABLE GOODS

to suit the requirements of our customers, and will

sell them as

CHEAP FOR CASH

as they can be bought for anywhere in town.

We are now prepared to make

LADIES

AMERICAN and FRENCH KID

Buskins and Slippers

TO ORDER, and shall manufacture all that

we offer for sale.

MEN'S TOILET SLIPPERS

also made to order, and

REPAIRING

promptly and neatly done.

We shall also keep on hand a full line of the man-

ufactures of

BURKE & MUNDY

-AND-

TYLER & SON.

Thanking the public for the patronage accorded

in the past, we hope to receive our fair share in the

future.

C. W. NUTE & Co.,

209 Main street, Woburn.

Wilson Packing Co. Compressed

Corned Beef;

In 2, 4, and 6-pound Packages,

At Ellis' Railroad Store.

CENTRAL MARKET,

151 Main St., Woburn.

B. F. WYER

keeps constantly on hand a full and fresh

Beef, Pork & Mutton

AND ALL KINDS OF

SEASONABLE VEGETABLES,

and everything usually found in a

Meat and Vegetable Market.

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But there is none in the nice

Home made ones sold at Ellis'

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tificates, &c., &c.

Office Hours 10 to 5 P. M.

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MRS. J. M. RICHARDS,

Hygienic Physician and Midwife.

Mrs. Richards comes to us, a stranger, but with

the best of references, which, with her past success

in Midwifery, should recommend her to the people

of Woburn.

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171 Main Street,

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FOR SALE

A young Jersey Cow, now giving about 5 quarts

daily of very rich milk. Apply to W. H. BAILEY,

Main street, Winchester.

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The subscriber has had large experience in Graft-

ing, and offers his services to the citizens of Woburn

and vicinity.

H. H. STEARNS,

Corner of Pleasant and No. Warren street

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Coal and Wood,

Eastern, Western and Canada lumber of all

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SHINGLES,

Clapboards,

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for inside and outside finish.

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Yard & Hanging Sticks,

Doors, Windows and Blinds,

on hand and supplied to order at short notice.

RED and WHITE CEDAR POSTS

all lengths.

LEHIGH, LACKAWANNA

AND

Franklin Coal,

Hard and Soft

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A FINE ASSORTMENT OF

Spring and Summer Styles

FURNISHING GOODS,

HATS, CAPS, UMBRELLAS, &c.

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Oil Carpets.

The best assortment of Oil Carpets we ever had

on hand for sale at the old stand,

OPPOSITE THE COMMON.

W. WOODBERRY.

Crosse & Blackwell's Pickles,

Day & Martin's Blacking,

Sublime Lucca Oil,

Spanish Olives,

Cheap for CASH,

At Ellis' Railroad Store.

R. S. SPAULDING,

(Successor to Warren & Co.)

[For the Woburn Journal.]
CABINET ORGANS.

It may not be uninteresting to your readers to follow me in a description of the work carried on in the different departments universally known as Mason & Hamlin's organ factory at Cambridgeport, Mass.

The building—five stories in height, built entirely of brick, and covering about one acre—is situated on Broadway, and near the freight railroad connecting the Western and Eastern Railroads, and over which nearly all the Western freight for the Eastern market comes. From this railroad a branch has been built through the entire length of their yard in rear of the factory, for the purpose of leaving large quantities of lumber of various kinds. Near this track a line of dry houses has been built (entirely of brick) and designated as one, two, three, four and five; these are continually filled with lumber from the yard or directly from the cars, as the case may be.

The lumber remains in these houses from two to four weeks, according to its kind and thickness; from thence it is carried on a tramway to the mill room, occupying a large part of the first floor of the factory. Here it is blocked out with saws, and then it is carried to another dry room within the factory, and properly piled up in sets, or a certain number of pieces sufficient for an organ case. Here it remains until thoroughly dry, then it is carried upon trucks to the elevator and raised to the second floor. Here it is planed, re-sawn and moulded, after which it is carried to the case room adjoining. This is a spacious and well lighted room, comprising the whole width and length of the principal building. Intelligent mechanics are located along its sides and ends, busy at work upon the different pieces, which in an incredible short time will its place in the centre for finished work to receive the inspection mark. This gives it a pass to the varnish room, so-called, a building in rear of factory. After it has passed through the process of oiling and filling, it is taken to another room (to use a common term) and it is made to shine, after which it is taken to the fifth or upper story in the main building. Here we will leave it for the present.

We will now go to the third room. This is located on the third floor in the main building. In this room there are numerous presses and brass cutting machines, planes, for the special work of making reeds. Perhaps in no part of the factory does the word accuracy receive so great a significance as in this room. A thousandth part of an inch in a tiny reed means something. To adjust these reeds is the work of skilled mechanics, seated at their benches so that all the light possible may be thrown upon their work. The number of sizes is seventy two, each size being numbered and laid by in cases ready for use.

I will now pass to the action room. This comprises nearly all the third story of the building. The word "action" as here applied, includes the interior part of the organ, such as the bellows, reed board, springs of varied size and shape, and a thousand other pieces I cannot mention for want of space. These are all made of the best materials and with great care and accuracy. A large number of machines of various kinds are worked in this department. The setting up room connected with this department, in which all these varied pieces are put together each in their proper place; when finished they are designated as *Actions*.

Ivory keys. This room is situated on the fourth floor, and is spacious and well lighted. It is here where the ivory keys are made. The ivory is cut in proper length and glued to a board suitable for the purpose, and then saved crosswise; each board has sufficient length for the number of keys required for the kind of organ designed; after they are saved they are nicely fitted and polished (they are called major keys). The minor keys, or flats and sharps, are made of black ebony. They are glued and polished and placed with the others in their proper order.

Tuning rooms. There are about thirty small rooms used for this purpose. They are situated in the north wing, entirely separate from the noise of machinery. To prepare the reeds to give a correct sound is the legitimate work of those who possess a gift for it.

Regulating Rooms. Here is where the organs are taken apart for inspection, when all defects are remedied. From this room they

are carried to the one below to be encased, and to receive proper credentials entitling them to a hearing in all the markets of the world.

Permit me here to say that much care has been exercised to make the buildings what they should be, where a large number of mechanics are employed. This object has been secured by the untiring labors of their superintendent, Mr. W. Trowbridge.

HE BET BECAUSE THE ODDS WERE GREAT.—A son of the Faderland went into Barney Galligan's saloon the other day and called for a drink. Barney observed how blooming he was with the "rosy" already, and shook his head, saying:

"You have had enough."

"Enough of what, I guess?" asked the Teuton.

"Enough to drink."

"Who is running my machine, you or I?"

"You are, and you are running it into the ground."

"I bade you ten dollars that I am a liar," said he, slamming his hand down upon the bar.

"There is no bet there," said Barney, laughing.

"Give us a drink."

"No, you are drunk now."

"I bade you not."

"Well, I will bet you fifty dollars to one that you are drunk," said Barney, while quite a number gathered around to see the fun.

"Good enough, I bade you," said he, pulling out fractional currency enough to make up a dollar.

"Now who will you leave it mid?"

"I'll leave it to yourself. Are you not drunk?"

"Yes, by jingo, I am," said he, mournfully, "take der dollar."

A friend of his happened to be in the crowd, and upbraided him for deciding against himself.

"But it was the drub."

"Well, supposing it was; what did you want to be fool enough to bet for, then?"

"I couldn't help it, der odds was so great," he replied, turning away more in sorrow than in anger.

—*Bethlehem Times.*

"CHARGE IT."—A simple little sentence is this, to be sure, and yet it may be considered one of the most insidious enemies with which people have to deal. It is very pleasant to have all the little commodities offered for sale in the market, and it is hard to deny one's self of the same when they can be obtained by saying "charge it."

For this habit of getting articles, however small the charge may be, without paying for them, keeps one's funds in a low state most of the time.

"I have no money to-day, but should like the article very much."

"Never mind," says the gentlemanly clerk; "you are good for it."

"Well, I will take it, and you may charge it."

And so it is that little accounts are opened at one place and another, until the young man is surprised at his liabilities.

In many cases, if the cash were required, the purchase would not be made, even had the person the money by him; but, to some, getting an article charged does not seem like parting with the equivalent.

Still, when the pay day comes, as always it does, this delusion vanishes, and a feeling is experienced of parting with money and receiving nothing in return. If there is an actual necessity of making a purchase, and the means are not at hand, there is a reasonable excuse for obtaining the same on credit; but when the article can be dispensed with until payment can be made, it is much to the advantage of the purchaser to do so.

"When I was travelling in Massachusetts, some twenty years ago," said a traveller, "I had a seat with a driver, who, on stopping at the post-office, selected an ill-looking fellow on the steps with a good morning, Judge Sander: I hope you're well, sir?" After leaving the office, I asked the driver if the man he spoke to was really a judge. "Certainly, sir," he replied, "we had a cock fight last week, and he was made judge on that occasion."

"Are you going after that sugar?" called a Marquette (Mich) mother to her boy, who was in the street. "Am I going for that sugar?" drawled the youth in a saucy and impudent tone; but just then he happened to see his father coming up behind him, and he said very respectfully and lovingly: "Why, of course I am, ma; I didn't know you needed it right away."

THE THREE BROILED CHICKENS.

—The Wakefield, Mass., *Citizen* says that but a few miles from that town is a farm now occupied by the eighth generation from its settlement. The farm, owned and occupied by the Winn family, it says, was originally bought of the Indians for a trifling sum, and comprised several hundred acres in the borders of Woburn and Burlington. Its first occupant, Edward Winn, emigrated from Wales, with Joanna, his wife, and probably his son Joseph, and settled in the place about 1640. Their first offspring, born there, was named Increase Winn, and he was the first child of European parentage born in Woburn. The old house in which they lived gave place to a new mansion in 1734, which is now standing in excellent order, though more than 140 years old. Many years ago it served as a country inn for the accommodation of the traveling public, and in Revolutionary days it gave a convenient place of storage for many inhabitants of Charlestown, who fled thither to hide their valuables when the British troops were burning and sacking their houses. The family coat of arms consisted of a striped or barred shield upon which were displayed three spread eagles, and a sign with this device hung before the door in old English style. But either from the fault of the painter, or from the resemblance of the device to a well filled gridiron, the tavern was nicknamed the "Three Broiled Chickens," throughout all the surrounding country. The old house was struck by lightning about twenty-five years since, the family got struck dead while lying at her master's feet, and the kitchen stove partly melted, but the old mansion and its occupants escaped without further damage. In the spacious kitchen stands the old family clock, where for nearly a century it has marked the passing hours.

GEMS OF GENIUS.—All women think they merit to be loved. Infinitely more love is required to make *love* than to command armies.

Love, like fire, cannot subsist without continued motion, and ceases to exist as soon as it ceases to hope or fear.

It is much easier to fall in love than to get rid of it.

It is impossible to love those a second time whom we have once ceased to love.

A man of sense may love like a madman, but never like a fool.

In their first desires women love the lover, afterward the passion.

Lovers do not see the faults of their mistresses until their enchantment is over.

Prudence and love are not made for each other; in proportion as love increases, prudence diminishes.

Love is far from being a gay passion. True love is almost always chagrin, melancholy and ill-humored.

Love receives its death wound from disgust and is buried by oblivion.

As sure as we are in love, we pardon more faults in love than in friendship.

"Herbert," said a perplexed mother, "why is it that you're not a better boy?" "Well," said the little fellow, soberly, looking up into her face with his honest blue eyes, "I suppose the real reason is that I don't want to be!" We think the child gave the real reason why all of us, big as well as little, are no better than we are.

When a girl crops her front hair and pulls it down over her forehead like a Mexican mustang, and then ties a piece of red velvet around her neck, who can wonder at the number of pale faced young men that throw away their upper lips?

As he was born on the 19th of April, just before the first gun sounded, and was a boy, it was very natural that the happy father should name him Paul Revere. May he live to a good old age and be as honored in his day and generation as his namesake.

Talk about Paul Revere's being impatient to mount and ride! If he was any more anxious to do so than the hundreds of strangers who were kept more than four hours at the Lexington railroad station last Monday evening, we want to know it.—*Com. Bulletin.*

"Why do you use paint?" asked a violinist of his daughter. "For the same reason that you use rosin, papa." "How is that?" "Why, to help me draw my beau?"

Chas. K. Conn & Co.

DEALERS IN

HARD and SOFT

COAL, WOOD,

Lime & Cement.

We deliver Coal and Wood in any quantity desired, and at the Lowest CASH PRICES.

CUSTOMERS DESIRING IT, WE

SAW and SPLIT WOOD

READY FOR USE, 54

At a slight additional charge.

Office: 113 MAIN STREET

Ellis' Railroad Store Building, near depot.

CHAS. K. CONN. CHAS. H. POLLARD

JOSEPH B. McDONALD,

DEALER IN

Hard & Soft Coal,

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ALSO

A Large Assortment

OF ALL KINDS OF

STEAM COAL

CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Wood Sawing

By Steam.

The subscriber has a Circular Saw in operation

At his Wood and Coal Yard,

No. 93 Main Street.

With which he is prepared to

SAW WOOD,

For his customers, and deliver it to them ready to

store, at a slight advance upon the price of the

wood. Customers are invited to call and examine

the new improvement.

J. B. McDONALD.

93 Main St., Woburn.

Pro Bono Publico.

A. A. CLEMENT

Would announce to the citizens of Woburn Centre

that he has secured

1000 TONS OF ICE,

which he will furnish at a fair price the coming

season. For further particulars have address at C. S.

Adkins, or at the residence of the subscriber, 531

Main street. A. A. CLEMENT.

Woburn, Feb. 1, 1875.

TO THE PUBLIC!

J. McGonigle & Bro.,

ARE SELLING

CLOTHING

AT REDUCED RATES.

A Large Assortment of Spring and Summer goods

of American, English and French manufacture

just received. Also, the latest styles of

HATS AND CAPS.

And Ladies' and Gents' Boots & Shoes.

Also Hosiery, Gloves, Trunks, Umbrellas, &c.

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192 Main Street, opp. Post Office, Woburn, Mass.

"BLACK PEARNAUGHT"

Will make the season for a limited number of

March at

WINSHIP'S STOCK FARM,

WOBURN, MASS.

For Terms, Pedigree, &c., apply on the premises.

At all seasons of the year.

F. O. LYMAN,

Piano-Fortes and Organs

TUNED and REPAIRED.

Orders left at the Boston Hat Store, 140 Main St.

Saw's Building, or sent to Box 502, Woburn P. O.,

will be promptly attended to.

HAIR WORK.

Orders received for Hair Work. Hair inserted in

LOCKETS, BROOCHES, FRAMES, &c., or on

BLINDS, BOARDS, Glass, Ivory, Porcelain

and Bone. Persons having a lock of hair

of a deceased friend would do well to bring it

and have it arranged, where it will be done in a most

satisfactory manner, at 29 STROUTS.

C. W. NUTE & Co.

Mr. C. W. NUTE having associated with him in

his business Mr. C. FRANK KELLEY, they pro-

pose to continue the

BOOT AND SHOE

BUSINESS

—AT—

No. 209 MAIN STREET,

And will keep on hand a full line of

SERVICEABLE GOODS

to suit the requirements of our customers, and will

sell them as

CHEAP FOR CASH

as they can be bought for anywhere in town.

We are now prepared to make

LADIES

AMERICAN and FRENCH KID

Buskins and Slippers

TO ORDER, and shall manufacture all that

we offer for sale.

MEN'S TOILET SLIPPERS

also made to order, and

REPAIRING

promptly and neatly done.

We shall also keep on hand a full line of the man-

ufactures of

BURKE & MUNDY

—AND—

TYLER & SON.

Thanking the public for the patronage accorded

in the past, we hope to receive our fair share in the

future.

C. W. NUTE & Co.,

209 Main street, Woburn.

Wilson Packing Co. Compressed

Corned Beef,

In 2, 4, and 6-pound Packages,

At Ellis' Railroad Store.

CENTRAL MARKET,

151 Main St., Woburn.

B. F. WYER

keeps constantly on hand a full and fresh

Beef, Pork & Mutton

AND ALL KINDS OF

SEASONABLE VEGETABLES,

and everything usually found in a

Meat and Vegetable Market.

POISON

IN GREEN PICKLES,

But there is none in the nice

Home made ones sold at Ellis'

Railroad Store.

JOHN A. BOUTELLE,

GENEALOGIST

Office at Residence, corner of East and Carter Sts.

Genealogies traced and compiled, Family Regis-

ters compiled, Diplomas filled out, Marriage Cer-

tificates written, &c.

Office Hours 1 to 5 P. M.

Instruction given in Penmanship and Book-

keeping. Terms for 12 lessons in advance, \$2.00

for Penmanship, \$3.00 for Book-keeping.

MRS. J. M. RICHARDS,

Hygienic Physician and Midwife.

Mrs. Richards comes to us a stranger, but with

the best of references, which, with her past success

in Midwifery, should recommend her to the people

of Woburn.

Winn Street, corner Bag Rock Avenue.

G. R. CAGE & Co.,

MERCHANT

TAILORS,

And Dealers in

Gents' Furnishing Goods,

171 Main Street,

Woburn.

TREES GRAFTED.

The subscriber has had large experience in Grafting,

and offers his services to the citizens of Woburn

and vicinity.

H. H. STEARNS,

Corner of Pleasant and No. Warren street

Woburn, Mass.

FOR SALE

A young Jersey cow, now giving about 5 quarts

daily of rich milk. Apply to W. H. BAILEY,

Main street, Woburn.

J. E. Littlefield & Sons

DEALERS IN

Lumber!

J. E. Littlefield & Sons

DEALERS IN

Lumber!

Coal and Wood,

Eastern, Western and Canada lumber of all

kinds.

SHINGLES,

Clapboards,

Laths, Pickets,

Conductors,

Caps and Irons,

Mouldings

for inside and outside finish.

TANNERS' and CURRIERS'

Yard & Hanging Sticks,

Doors, Windows and Blinds,

on hand and supplied to order at short notice.

RED and WHITE CEDAR POSTS

all lengths.

LEHIGH, LACKAWANNA

AND

Franklin Coal,

Hard and Soft

WOOD.

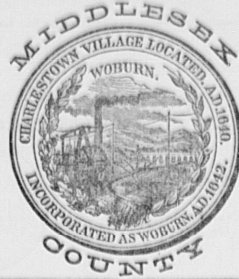
Allot which will be sold at the LOWEST CASH

prices, at

96 Main Street.

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF

WOBURN JOURNAL.



VOL. XXIV.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1875.

NO. 34.

MYSTIC CONSERVATORIES!

J. NEWMAN & SONS,
FLORISTS,
Cor. Bacon and Central Sts.,
WINCHESTER, MASS.

PLANTS
In immense variety and quantity,
CUT FLOWERS and
Floral Designs
At immediate notice.

Hardy Trees and Shrubs.
Grape Vines, Strawberry and Vegetable
Plants, Rustic Furniture, Baskets, &c.

We respectfully invite all amateurs and lovers of
flowers to an inspection of our Conservatories.

Bird Houses
42 Cents.

At Ellis' Railroad Store.

JAMES BUEL & CO.,

PLUMBERS,
STEAM AND GAS FITTERS,

And Dealers in

Gas Fitters, Burners, Globes, &c., &c.

PLUMBING MATERIALS of all kinds

Constantly on hand. Also RUBBER HOSE,
and a good assortment of DRAIN PIPE.

130 Main St. Woburn.

ICE CREAM

—AND—
Fresh Oysters

Constantly on hand at 159 Main Street. Board by
the day or week. Parties catered for at short
notice.

THOMAS S. BANKS,

FLORIST,

Winn Street, Woburn, Mass.

Has constantly on hand, at his Greenhouse, a full
supply of greenhouse plants,
Bouquets and Cut Flowers furnished at short
notice.

JOHN C. BUCK,

TEACHER OF

PIANO-FORTE & REED ORGAN

AT GREEN'S MUSIC STORE,

NO. 6 RAILROAD STREET,
WOBURN.

JOHN R. CARTER

Civil Engineer and Surveyor,

Surveys, Plans and Divisions of Estates accurately
made, roads located, Grades established, &c.
Also attention given to

CONVEYANCING.

OFFICE, No. 168 MAIN STREET.

Monday and Thursday, 7 to 9 P. M., and
other times when not engaged on outside work.

G. F. SMITH & Co.,

Watchmakers & Jewelers,

DEALERS IN

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No. 187 MAIN STREET,
WOBURN, MASS.

Watches, Clocks, and Jewellery promptly repaired
and satisfaction guaranteed.

PLUMBING

T. J. KINNEY,

106 Main St., Woburn

Particular attention paid to fitting up houses
with Water Pipes, Jobbing in all its branches
promptly attended to.

PUMPS and WATER PIPES REPAIRED.

For Hardware or Tools

CALL AT BUEL'S BLOCK IN MAIN ST.,

L. THOMPSON, JR.

STRAW MATTINGS.

A large lot of Straw Mattings, just received and
of sale at the lowest prices, by

WM. WOODBERRY.

Hiram Childs

Setter of all kinds of Granite Work

Particular attention paid to Cemetery Lots and
Monuments. Work executed promptly and satis-
faction guaranteed.

Residence, High Street, Woburn, Mass. Orders
by mail promptly attended to.

W. A. COLEGATE,

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Plants, Shrubs, Trees, Potted

Plants, Wreaths, Bouquets,

and Baskets of Cut

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Supplied at Short Notice.

Agent of J. W. Manning's Nursery, Reading,
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CENTRAL HOUSE

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STABLE

212 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

G. F. JONES, Proprietor.

\$5 to \$20 Per Day at Home. Terms from A. J.
dressed G. Stinson & Co., Portland, Me.

Poetry.

THE HAPPY VILLAGE.

As often I pass the roadside,
When softly falls the day,
I turn to look on the hill-top
At the mountains far away.
The happy village gleams,
The red sun through the forests
Throws his hazy parting beams,
And far in the quiet valley
The happy village gleams.

There the lamp is lit in the cottage
As the husbandman's labor ceases,
And I think that all things are gathered
And folded in twilight peace.

But the sound of merry voices
Is heard in the village street,
While the grandeur watches
The play of the little feet.

And at night to many a fire-side
The happy children cluster,
To tales of the bright-eyed fairies
They listen and are dumb.

There seems to be joy forever
For love and life of magic
Is patient to discern.

And the father blesses the mother,
And the children bless the sire,
And the cheer and joy of the heartstone
Is a light from an altar fire.

Oh, flowers of rosy beauty
In that green valley grow;
And whether 'twere earth or heaven
Why shouldst thou care to know?

Save that thy brow is troubled,
And dim is thy heliotrope eye;
And graves are green in the valley,
And stars are bright in the sky.

—Scribner for May.

Selected.

OUR BALL DRESSES.

We were just talking about that ball when Chester came into the room, longing to go, as girls will long for gayeties with the world laxes, but we had nothing that was in the least fit to wear, and after turning and twisting and holding everything to the light a dozen times, finally we had sat down in the middle of the room, with all our dead-and-gone gowns and old-fashioned dresses, and we were all looking at each other as if we were looking at a new world. "What a waste!" I said, "I'm afraid we've been very extravagant! There, while your doing that, I'll rip the color of London smoke. What beauties they were—so snowy and pure! Dear me! they might have been done up if we'd time. But it would take a month to bleach them."

"They're all out of style," said Jule. "We could wear them any day. Just look at those skirts—they're certain wonders!"

And while she was speaking, an idea came, and I ran over and hugged her. "Kate Cameron, have you lost your wits?" cried Jule.

"Jule," said I, "I've found our ball dresses!" And leaving her to work out the problem, I ran down to the store-dress where we kept the herbs that we used to do Aunt Creamer used to send to us every fall, when it came over her that she should do something for her brothers orphans. And sure enough there was a bunch of saffron the size of Cinderella's pumpkin. And then I went to the laundry-room and investigated the indigo. There was bluing enough to make a sky for a June day. And I put that saffron to steep in the big brass kettle, and I made a pot of bluing as blue as blue ink. Then I ran up stairs again, and sat down like a machine to my ripping, and I ripped the two dresses and picked out every thread before Chester came home to dinner.

"Well, girls," said he, "Any success?" "Success," cried Jule. "That depends on what you call success. Kate has succeeded in tearing to pieces a wilderness of soiled muslin, and setting like a mad woman over every breadth as she shook it out, and making me prick my fingers till the whole ten of them bleed getting the black gliding off the hemline."

"Jule," said I, "great minds originate little minds attend to details."

"That portends!" began Chester. "Nothing," said I. "I don't know how it will turn out. It only means I am making the effort."

"Well, if one fails, try another," said Chester. Something must do. Now Kate, I rely on you, even if, as a last extremity, you have to run in debt. I shall see you again till the night of the ball, for the town is making such a how-do-you-do over this affair of getting the first lot here that they've sent a committee to receive the General, and of course I had to get on that committee, or I should have been left high and dry. And, as it happens, we take him up, so I have to carry an evening dress with me; and the General puts up here at the hotel at the other end of the town; so that I shall be able to come home to dress, and shall see you till I meet you on the floor."

"Why Chester, you don't mean so!" What are we to do?"

"One of the managers—Barnes I guess—will come for you. It will be all right—it will be all right if I find you there."

"And if you don't?" said Jule, rather woe-begone.

"I must have a wait with you, Miss Cameron," said he. "I heard your brother wanting one; and when it comes to that, I know how a sister waits!"

"I am afraid my waiters are all taken," said I; for Captain Malvern and another had come to me begging for a wait and writing down their names at every opportunity, so far.

"Chester won't have one either, but he and I can wait together any time; he is a splendid waiter, but then he does everything else just as well."

And then, before I knew it, I was going on talking in my rapturous way of Chester and his doing, and had told all the story about his building of the bridge where the road, pushing Bridget about like a stalk, and how laden with the result of my morning's work, Jule threw down the

brush—he's coming here to let out the contract for the fort—we lived in a frontier town, and government was about building a fort on the heights, where a regiment had been quartered in rude barracks for a year—"and the whole of it is," said Chester, "that if I get that contract I shall be all right, and go on to fortune, and if I can't get it I shall go to the dogs!"

"And what has going to the ball to do with that?" I cried.

"Everything! If you stay away or go shabbily, then the state of my affairs will be guessed, and none but you and Aunt Creamer know a word about it now. I've done my best to keep it dark till this thing tided over. So if I'm thought to stand all right, my chance of the contract is as good as my neighbor's, and as for the rest," said Chester, a little ashamed and growing red, "why, I'm so desperate, and need it so badly to keep me afloat, and—and you know kissing goes by favor!"

"And in short, you mean Jule's beauty to captivate the general's good-will," I said.

"And your sense," answered Chester. "Well, dear me!" I exclaimed. "I don't wonder there isn't anything we can do!"

"I'm sure I'd rather go in an Indian blanket," cried Jule, "than have anything hinder your getting it!"

"It would ruin me to have you go in an Indian blanket," groaned Chester. "Well, I must be off. And girls, you must contrive something."

"I'll set my wits at work, Chester, darling, and if there's any way—"

"If you set your wits at work, Kate, you'll find a way," said he, as he went off.

I began to take up the forlorn finery, to put it out of sight, and I said to Jule, "We might as well rip these things, at any rate, for lining and bonnets. If you'll rip that old black lace, we can find enough edging to do something. I can piece the pieces, thank Heaven, and Miss Moore who taught me lace stitch! What a waste! I'm afraid we've been very extravagant! There, while your doing that, I'll rip the color of London smoke. What beauties they were—so snowy and pure! Dear me! they might have been done up if we'd time. But it would take a month to bleach them."

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"And what has going to the ball to do with that?" I cried.

"Everything! If you stay away or go shabbily, then the state of my affairs will be guessed, and none but you and Aunt Creamer know a word about it now. I've done my best to keep it dark till this thing tided over. So if I'm thought to stand all right, my chance of the contract is as good as my neighbor's, and as for the rest," said Chester, a little ashamed and growing red, "why, I'm so desperate, and need it so badly to keep me afloat, and—and you know kissing goes by favor!"

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"I'll set my wits at work, Chester, darling, and if there's any way—"

"If you set your wits at work, Kate, you'll find a way," said he, as he went off.

I began to take up the forlorn finery, to put it out of sight, and I said to Jule, "We might as well rip these things, at any rate, for lining and bonnets. If you'll rip that old black lace, we can find enough edging to do something. I can piece the pieces, thank Heaven, and Miss Moore who taught me lace stitch! What a waste! I'm afraid we've been very extravagant! There, while your doing that, I'll rip the color of London smoke. What beauties they were—so snowy and pure! Dear me! they might have been done up if we'd time. But it would take a month to bleach them."

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PARDONING OUT.

An interesting and, at first, humane custom has sprung up in the Massachusetts State Prison, and perhaps in the prisons of other States. A sumptuous Thanksgiving dinner is given to all the prisoners—roast turkey, plum pudding, and the vegetables, sauce, and other luxuries thereto pertaining. No one can object to this little festival within those gloomy walls, and rather than it should fall, private charity would donate funds. For these men, "roughs" and "rascals" as they are, are also victims—victims of the ignorance and brutality of their parents and of society, victims of evil training and of their own unbridled passions. To whatever gratification can be furnished them without harm to themselves or to the community, they are three and four times welcome. Did they enter the circle of human brotherhood, for that they have a right. Blood stained, it may be, and crime hardened, still God had made them of one family with ourselves, and if by any means they can be assured that they are not without the pale of human sympathy they are removed one step at least toward reformation.

But after the dinner there are certain exercises of a more questionable character. The prisoners are assembled, the warden addresses them, and announces to a certain number unconditional and immediate pardon granted by the Governor and Council. The character of the crime, the duration of the sentence, seem not to enter into the case. The last announcement I have seen is simply this, omitting the names:

"After dinner Warden Chamberlain made an address and announced the pardons granted by the Governor and Council. The convicts liberated are A. B., sentenced to the institution from Boston, July 1869, for life, for committing the crime of rape, and who is now five years old; C. D., sentenced June 1868, for life, for committing murder in Worcester, now fifty-two years old; E. F., sentenced June 1866, for twelve years, for robbery by force and violence in Boston, now thirty-seven years old; G. H., sentenced October 1865, for fifteen years, for manslaughter committed in Boston, and now sixty

Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.
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Reading notices 25 cents a line. Special notices 15 cents a line. Religious notices 10 cents a line. Ordinary notices 10 cents a line.

The figures printed with the subscribers name on the paper show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

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SHALL WE HAVE THE RAILROAD?

After what seems a long time the gentlemen who have been interested in a new railroad to Woburn, have opened their subscription books. The route has been laid out, surveys made, and all the preliminaries arranged, and now comes the most trying period, the time for giving the road material aid. The excitement which was the cause of the movement has died away, and with it much of the enthusiasm that would have attended an attempt to start it at that time. The road now stands on its merits alone. The question that presents itself is, is there money in it? If there is, it will not lack for stock and bond holders; if there is not, it will die, for sentiment will not pay this year. In canvassing this question, we must look at some of the advantages to be gained by the new road. One advantage will accrue to private parties, by opening to a market land which is now inaccessible, or nearly so. By the planting of villages at convenient points, villages will spring up where now are only pastures or meadows. The increased value of real estate in the immediate vicinity will enable the holders to be liberal supporters of the new road. A new railroad would secure the third, and the most important, advantage, by giving the land along the route a value for manufacturing purposes that it does not now possess. Because freight can be handled easier and in less time, and as a consequence cheaper. Two routes through our town would give our citizens better mail facilities, and better opportunities to visit Boston, making us practically nearer the metropolis. This particular advantage Woburn in this particular today, because she is on a trunk line, and while we have only three miles to and from Boston daily, she has five from Boston and two from the North, and a Sunday train.

Woburn has arrived at a point where something must be done to encourage manufacturing, or she will have to retire from the position which she has attained by her industry and enterprise. Her main industry is crippled by the stringency of the times, and several large establishments having practically suspended operations, she has received a check from which it is more difficult to recover each day the attempt is delayed. Manufacturing requires plenty of room, to be had at a fair price, a sympathizing population, and easy access to a market. The first two elements we possess, and a new railroad would secure the third. Without the latter we cannot compete with those making a specialty of leather manufacture, and without it we cannot induce other manufactures to locate here. With a new road freight could be landed here as cheap as they now arrive in Salem or Danvers, and the old road would make rates to correspond with the new, to the advantage of all concerned. With freight low, more are carried, and the carrying capacity of the roads have never been taxed to their utmost. We believe the completion of the new road will witness a revival of business, a movement in real estate, and general cheerfulness. The parties who will be benefited are first the owners of the land through which the road passes, second the manufacturers, and third the town at large. The road then should receive confidence and support from all classes. The land owner should be able to contribute the land needed by the road, and if not, part with it at a moderate price. The manufacturers and all who have the means to spare should take stock. And the town which will be largely benefited by additional population and increased valuation, should encourage the enterprise in all proper ways. We hope the projectors will be freely encouraged, and that business men as well as capitalists will see that it is our best reliance at the present time, if we desire to see our town prosperous and enterprising.

NO LICENSE FOR WOBURN.

The Selectmen at their meeting Thursday afternoon voted unanimously not to grant any licenses for the sale of intoxicating liquors except to druggists for medicinal and mechanical purposes. All were present but Mr. Cummings, and this action of the Board will be hailed with satisfaction by every friend of temperance and good order. It was better than expected, and all the more gratifying on that account.

In regard to selling liquor without a license the License Law says "No person shall sell, or expose, or keep for sale, spirituous or intoxicating liquors, except as authorized in this act." Regarding the evidence it says "The delivery of any intoxicating liquor in or from any building, booth, stand, or other place except a private dwelling-house, or in or from any private dwelling-house, if any part thereof or its dependencies is used as an inn, eating-house, or shop of any kind, or other place of common resort, such delivery in either case being to any person not a resident therein, shall be prima facie evidence that such delivery is a sale of intoxicating liquors." The penalty is, "Any person convicted of a violation of any of the provisions of this license or of this act shall be punished by a fine not less than fifty nor more than five hundred dollars, or imprisonment not less than one nor more than six months." It would seem that liquor selling is still attended with some risk in Woburn, and that even older sellers must be abandoned.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.—The new Board of Engineers organized Friday evening, with John S. Brown, chief, and Albert A. Ferrin, clerk. Elections occurred in all the companies on Monday, resulting as follows:—

L W Perham Hose 1.—John O. Sinclair, foreman; M T McLean, assistant foreman; Edward Eaton, clerk and treasurer; George Tattle, steward.

Jacob Webster Hose 2.—C C Barnham, foreman; C D Eaton, assistant foreman; M T McLean, clerk and treasurer; George Tattle, steward.

John Cummings Hose 3.—J William Ellard, foreman; William H Cummings, assistant foreman; T F Taylor, clerk; C E Marion, treasurer; J H Stevens, steward.

Charles Porter Hose 4.—Thomas H. Lord, foreman; Samuel H Hooper, assistant foreman; Thomas A Henshaw, clerk; Thomas G W Smalley, treasurer; Sylvester Murray, steward.

Highland Hose 5.—Charles Littlefield, foreman; John W Waters, assistant foreman; Henry L Andrews, clerk; R Simonds, treasurer; Robert W King, steward.

Gilebert Hook and Ladder 1.—S B Mitchell, foreman; Daniel W Stewart, assistant foreman; Francis A Buckman, clerk; Albert May, treasurer; Mark Maddison, clerk.

SELECTMEN.—All present but Mr. Cummings. A E Thompson in the chair. Rules and regulations governing the police force were adopted, with no important change from those of the past year. John E. Tidd and C. C. Foster were appointed on the regular police, and George E. Parkhurst special at Horn Pond. An invitation from Post 33, G A R, to participate in the services of Memorial Day, was received and accepted. A committee from the First Baptist Society appeared and asked for a committee to consult in regard to widening Park street. The Road Commissioners were instructed to attend to the matter and report this Saturday evening. It was unanimously voted, that no license be granted for the sale of intoxicating liquors, except to druggists for medicinal and mechanical purposes only. Bills for April passed. D C Sisson & Co. were licensed sealer.

CAPT. RAMSDELL'S CASE.—A special meeting of the Selectmen was held on Friday evening last. John Johnson, Esq., appeared and presented a petition of 188 citizens praying that Ramsdell be appointed to old position of Captain of the Watch. The petition was a strong one, comprising as it did many of the best men in town, without regard to politics or religion. Judge Converse, G R Gage, E. N. Blake, Edward Simonds, and Chief of Police Mann, testified to Capt. Ramsdell's faithfulness and ability. Mr. Johnson also addressed the Board stating that the petitioners meant no disrespect to the Selectmen, but wished to show them how general was the confidence reposed in the officer they wished appointed. After the withdrawal of the petitioners the matter was freely discussed by the Board and on a vote being taken, James H. Ramsdell was appointed, seven for and two against.

WATER BOARD.—The Water Commissioners notified Pumping Engineers Furlong and LeBaron last Friday that their services would no longer be required. George E. Parkhurst was appointed to the charge of the pumping works and entered on his duties at once. We understand that the old watchman will be retained. A rumor was prevalent that Supt. Bean would be removed, and his place given to one of the applicants, but at their meeting on Tuesday, Mr. Bean was re-appointed. At the same meeting, the Board so far modified their summary discharge of Messrs. Furlong and LeBaron as to give them a week's pay.

GOLD BADGE.—Capt. E F Weyer retired from the office of foreman of High land Hose, No. 5, on Monday evening. In anticipation of this event the members had procured of G F Smith & Co. a very handsome gold badge to be presented to Capt. Weyer. Accordingly Monday evening, John L. Parker, in behalf of the members, invested the retiring foreman with the badge, much to the surprise and happiness of Capt. Weyer, who thanked the donors in an appropriate manner. The badge is in the form of the front of a die, but beautifully engraved and enameled. It is now on exhibition in Smith & Co's window.

MEMORIAL DAY.—This year memorial day comes on Saturday, the 29th. Post 33 has invited Rev. S. U. Shearman to deliver the oration, and has arranged to have the oration at the Lyceum Hall for the occasion. The North Woburn Band will furnish the music, and all organizations in town have been invited to join the procession. Mr. T. H. Hill has been selected for Chief Marshal. On Sunday, May 23, in the afternoon, Post 33 will attend service at First Congregational Church, when Rev. H. S. Kelley will deliver a sermon appropriate to the occasion. The Phoenix have accepted the invitation to turn out, as also have the Selectmen.

PAY DAY.—By the vote of the Town making the Auditor the controller of the treasury, much inconvenience has resulted. As no bills can be paid until having passed the scrutiny of the department which contracted them, and approved by the Selectmen, it is finally passed on by the Auditor, pay day is put off from the first Friday to the second Thursday. State Aid takes the same course, and the working of the rule here very hard on those who were depending on the small amount received from State Aid to eke out their subsistence.

MAY DAY.—The first of May was pleasant, and not so cool as some of our recent days. Friday eve the Unitarians had a May Dance in Lyceum Hall. The little ones danced around the May Pole, and afterwards the elder people joined in the dancing. A merry and a successful affair.

The members of the Baptist church appreciating the efforts of Mrs. P. C. Spaulding to add to the soprano, presented her with a gold necklace on Monday.

See advertisement of a chamber act in another column.

ANNIVERSARY AND INSTALLATION.

Monday evening the Woburn Lodge of Good Templars observed their fourth anniversary. Addresses were made by Rev. C. A. Merrill, K. W. Baker, C. H. Day, C. A. McDonald and others. Dialogues, tableaux, singing, &c., added to the entertainment, and the evening closed with a collation. The officers for the ensuing year were installed by Rev. C. A. Merrill, D. G. W. C. T., and they were as follows:—

W C T.—Frank Graydon.
W V T.—Mrs. Q R Ward.
W S T.—Addie Stuckey.
W F S.—F W Vye.
W T.—C H Day.
W M.—A R Pemberton.
W C.—Mrs. R Pemberton.
W I G.—Maggie Cushing.
W O C.—David Cronin.
W A S.—Q R Ward.
W D M.—Emma Day.
W R H S.—Mrs. Thomas Heariz.
W L H S.—Hattie Blaisdel.
P W C T.—Charles A McDonald.

FIRES.—On Monday, Andrew McHugh, on Walnut street, discovered a fire in his attic which had caught from the chimney. It was extinguished with some difficulty, and without an alarm.

Wednesday evening a daughter of N. Jenkins on Union street, was heating some alcohol in a sick room. Not being familiar with the work, she held it over the gas light, and some of the fluid spilled into the flame, igniting the whole and causing an explosion which scattered the burning alcohol in every direction. The table cloth, curtain, books and papers were instantly in a blaze, and but for the prompt action of Mr. Jenkins who was near at hand, a sad catastrophe would have resulted. The invalid received a great fright, but fortunately was not otherwise injured.

IMPROVEMENT.—The Baptist Society propose to give land to the town on Park street in exchange for common land on the Winn street side of their lot, and if the exchange can be effected will move their church into the middle of the lot, which will greatly improve its appearance, and give a wide entrance to Park street. It is commonly supposed that the triangular attachment to the end of Wade Block, now occupied by the Savings Bank, was built on public land, and never ought to have been permitted to remain. If Park street is widened, probably that corner will be shaved down to its proper dimensions.

MILINERY OPENING.—On Thursday and Friday Mesdames Rowell & Wright gave their first Spring opening, and notwithstanding the stormy weather were visited by a large number of ladies. In addition to millinery, they have a dress making department, and a large stock of fancy goods, neckties, hosiery, &c. The ladies will find it a convenient place to get their dresses cut and made, and buy their hats and bonnets all at once, without the trouble of going to two or three places for them.

FALSE ALARM.—A false alarm of fire was blown on Saturday evening about 8 o'clock, for a light that appeared to the southward. The Steamer, Hook and Ladder, and No. 1, 3 and 5 responded and went to Winchester line, where they were turned back. We understand the fire seen was burning woods on the Brooks estate in West Medford. The new chief made his first appearance in that capacity.

CONFERENCE.—The Lowell Railroad seems now desirous of pleasing Woburn people, and have invited the manufacturers to meet them, and see what can be done for their mutual benefit. A committee has been selected, and it has met several times. It is understood that a revision of the freight tables will be the result, and that Woburn tanners will get their bark as cheap as they do in other towns in the vicinity of Boston.

CENSUS.—The State Census is to be taken this year by the Bureau of Statistics of Labor, of which Col. C D Wright is Chief. He has appointed Major A. Bancroft and I D Starns, Esq., to take the census in Woburn, and all who know these gentlemen will feel assured that their work will be done thoroughly and correctly.

DIED.—Dr. Harris Cowdrey, of Acton, whose death is chronicled this week, died of cerebral spinal meningitis contracted at Concord on the 19th ult. Dr. Cowdrey was an old advocate of anti-slavery and of temperance, and was well known among the reformers. He was father of Dr. A. H. Cowdrey of Stoneham.

SUPPER.—Engineer Ferrin who has been a member of Hose 5 from its formation, asked for and received an honorable discharge from the company on Monday evening. At the close of the meeting he invited the members to his house, where a bountiful spread was enjoyed, and the evening closed with good wishes for him in his new field of effort.

SCALDED.—On Monday while Mrs. Sumner Wheeler was about her work a wash boiler full of hot water slipped from the stove, and in trying to save it from falling she was very severely scalded, the skin of her arm coming off as her sleeve was removed.

S. S. CONCERT.—At the Orthodox vestry to-morrow (Sunday) evening, the Vestry School Concert will be addressed by Prof. Jules Delaney, whose lectures on subjects pertaining to the East, are highly spoken of.

G. A. R.—Next Tuesday evening the members of Post 33 will discuss the question, "Has a man a moral right to lead a single life." All the comrades are invited to be present.

G. F. Jones is building a carriage house in the rear of the Fox-Hart block, for the storage of his new barge and hacks, and for a varnishing room.

E. W. Corey has leased J. Maxwell's shop on High street and it will be occupied by Dodge & Fitzpatrick as a carriage shop.

George W Kimball is putting up on Union street for his brother William a new store 22 1/2 x 32, with 18 feet posts, for renting.

DECORATION DAY.

The following general order from Maj. Merrill, commander of the department of Massachusetts, G. A. R., sufficiently explains itself:

Hdqrs. Department of Mass. Grand Army of the Republic, Asst. Adj. Gen. Office, new No. 608 Washington St., room 7.
Boston, May 1, 1875.

GENERAL ORDER, No. 3.
The 30th of May this year falling upon Sunday, in accordance with the rules and regulations, and in compliance with general orders, No. 12, from national headquarters, Saturday, the 29th inst., will be observed as Memorial day in this department.

It is earnestly recommended that posts endeavor to make broader and more general the participation in these patriotic services, and especially to awaken the interest and secure the co-operation of all surviving soldiers and sailors of the late war not members of our organization.

The years pass. From our ranks, since last we reverently bent over the grass-grown mounds of our departed comrades, thousands have been mustered out to join the invisible host beyond, and in each succeeding spring, our columns will march with lessened tread over the graves of these valorous fellows, until ere long, when we are all numbered among the silent majority, to other hands must be confided the fulfillment of these tender offices, and by other hearts be treasured the fragrant memories recalled by the services and associations of Memorial day.

But while we live, be it our duty to cherish, as a solemn inheritance to the nation, the graves and associations of our fallen comrades; this year by year repeating these tender services, we may keep warm in our hearts the self-sweet memories of their heroic sacrifices, and deepen in the minds of the people the impressive lesson of their valor, that the shrines of these earliest martyrs upon whose silent shrines rest the dust of a century.

With gratitude to the God of our fathers, who has so wonderfully led and preserved our nation, let us, with full ranks and overflowing hearts, march again over the departed comrades, repeating the story of their heroism, whose never-fading glory comes streaming down the already gray and misty slopes of the years, until they reach the silent encampments where sleep the nations dead; there:

"Around the graves of our heroes kneeling,
Heaven above and earth beneath,
Plant anew the flag they loved so well,
And letting fall the sympathetic tear,
Grow with their noble thoughts, and with their plant
The symbols of love and Christian faith."

By order of
GEORGE S. MERRILL, Commander.
HENRY B. PIERCE, Assistant Adj. General.

HOTEL ENTERPRISE.—We have received a copy of the Oakland Call, Daily Tribune, containing a picture of the Grand Central Hotel, and a full description of that famous locality. It appears that our former townsmen Charles W. Carter has leased the hotel and secured the services of his brother, George A. Carter as clerk. The Tribune thus speaks of them:—

"The name of Charles W. Carter is known far and over the Pacific. A native of California, most of which time he has spent in the interests of the Cosmopolitan Hotel, San Francisco, and from the matter in which he has administered the affairs of that admirably conducted institution, the guarantee is given that the future career of the Grand Central will be characterized by an assiduity to business, energy, and an indomitable spirit of enterprise. As an associate, he has secured his efforts the experience and wise counsel of his brother, George A. Carter, who is none the less an able and successful manager, and all those essentials requisite in the development of the true gentleman. The Messrs. Carter will pilot the Grand Central through the many storms and adverse gales, their indomitable pluck and energy will be the passport to wisdom and clear-sightedness will be the passport towards defying the elements, and landing them safely on the sands of success."

TOO BAD.—The old Harrington house, just north of the Lexington Green, the residence of Jonathan Harrington in 1775 one of the participants in the fight, in the doorway of which he died on the memorable day, is to be sold at auction, Monday, and is to be removed from the site. Some regret is expressed that this old landmark is to be obliterated.

NEW RAILROAD.—At a meeting in Boston of the corporations of the new Woburn Railroad, Messrs. Henry Blanchard and Granville Parks were appointed a committee to solicit subscriptions of stock. The shares were placed at \$100 each.

TRAMPS.—Heretofore, all tramps applying for lodgings at Stations 2, 3 or 4, are to be sent to the Central Station. Officer Turner of Station 2, resigned from the Force rather than obey this order.

AGROUND.—Wednesday while a young man named Corbett with a companion, were sailing on Horn Pond, their boat got aground, and a draf of wind struck the sail and capsized her. They got off with a good drubbing.

CONCERTS.—The Woburn Musical Union will give a rehearsal in the Unitarian vestry next Monday evening, and a concert in the same place on Wednesday evening. See announcement in another column.

GROCERY.—Fred H. Clarridge's grocery is a handy place, and all customers will find it well supplied with those things they need in the grocery line.

GRANT.—The tailor makes a proposition in another place that is worthy attention. Read A. Grant's advertisement.

ECONOMICAL NEW FROCK.—25 cents will buy a frock of good material, made to fit, and made to last. It will make 50 kinds of frocks, such as: dress frocks, party frocks, evening frocks, &c. &c. Made to order. Sold by all Druggists and Grocers.

Plummer has opened the Spring campaign, and the cheerful pop of his beer stopples is heard in the land.

RESIGNATIONS.—Officers Doyle, Gilcrest and Turner have resigned from the police force.

Six persons joined the First Congregational Church by profession on Sunday.

North Woburn.
MAY.—They crowned the May Queen and danced about the May Pole, at North Woburn last Wednesday evening, and every one was happy.

WOBURN TOWN OFFICERS, 1875-6.

Town Clerk.—M. S. Seelye.
Selectmen.—John Cummings, W. R. Putnam, L. H. Allen, L. G. Richardson, A. E. Thompson, E. E. Thompson, D. Macfarlane, Ruel Carter, John L. Munroe.

Finance.—John Cummings, E. E. Thompson, A. E. Thompson, W. R. Putnam, Ruel Carter.

Assessors.—L. G. Richardson, A. E. Thompson, E. Thompson, W. R. Putnam, Ruel Carter.

Overseers of Poor.—E. E. Thompson, Ruel Carter, L. H. Allen, John L. Munroe, D. Macfarlane, Ruel Carter, L. G. Richardson, A. E. Thompson, E. Thompson, W. R. Putnam, L. H. Allen, Ruel Carter, A. E. Thompson, L. G. Richardson, D. Macfarlane.

Board of Health.—John Cummings, L. H. Allen, W. R. Putnam, Ruel Carter, D. Macfarlane, and Chief Police.

Register.—John Cummings, A. E. Thompson, E. Thompson, W. R. Putnam, L. H. Allen, Ruel Carter, A. E. Thompson, L. G. Richardson, D. Macfarlane.

Permit for Moving Buildings.—A. E. Thompson, (Regular Meetings, first Thursdays at 2 P. M., for approval of bills, and third Thursdays at 1 P. M.)

Treasurer.—R. G. Gage.
Collector.—Edward Simonds, A. E. Thompson, Ruel Carter, John L. Munroe, D. Macfarlane, Ruel Carter, L. H. Allen, John L. Munroe, D. Macfarlane, Ruel Carter, L. G. Richardson, A. E. Thompson, E. Thompson, W. R. Putnam, L. H. Allen, Ruel Carter, A. E. Thompson, L. G. Richardson, D. Macfarlane.

Regular Meetings.—First Friday evening, at 7 P. M. (Regular Meetings, first Thursdays at 2 P. M., for approval of bills, and third Thursdays at 1 P. M.)

Regular Monthly Meetings.—First Tuesdays, at 3 P. M.

After Registrar.—E. E. Thompson.
Supt. of Public Works.—G. A. Bean.
School Committee.—Rev. Leander Thompson, Chairman; Susan E. Edgell, Secretary; George Perkins, John Johnson, Mrs. Geo. J. Pindar, L. Thompson Jr., Joseph G. Parks, J. O. Cummings, G. G. O'Connell, (Regular Meetings, first Thursdays, at 7 P. M.)

Supt. of Schools.—E. H. Davis.
Section.—L. H. Allen.
Auditor.—John Johnson.
Confidants.—John Cummings, E. Simonds, John E. Tidd, Charles Porter, E. W. Turner.

Police.—E. J. Mann, Chief; James H. Ramsdell, Patrick H. Claffy, Cyrus T. Ayer, C. Richardson, E. Simonds, C. A. Sweetser, E. K. Willoughby, T. P. Stowers, Peter Kenney, J. E. Stewart, Patrick O'Driscoll, R. Green, L. Winslow, S. Taylor, 3d, C. Porter, T. H. Lord, J. S. Wheeler, John E. Tidd, G. C. Foster, J. H. Foster, Warren Wade, George E. Parkhurst.

Trust Officers.—E. J. Mann, E. Simonds, John E. Tidd.
Finance.—John E. Mann, Chief; A. A. Ferrin, Clerk; W. Cole T. Carter, L. Winslow.

Library Committee.—G. M. Chapman, J. G. Pollard, L. L. Whitney, Nathan Wyer, E. E. Thompson, L. Thompson Jr., John Cummings.

Regular Monthly Meetings.—First Monday evenings, at 8 o'clock.
Park and Cemetery.—Granville Parks.
Scatter.—M. S. Seelye.

Measures of Mason Work.—J. R. Carter, G. F. Hartshorn, L. L. Whitney, L. G. Richardson.

Public Weighers.—G. F. Jones, L. Emerson, C. Littlefield, A. V. Wood, M. Littlefield, A. S. Hayward, R. E. Simonds, G. D. Bancroft, H. H. Pollard, F. B. Woodward, T. F. Reed, M. Downs, B. C. Golding.

Meas. of Upper Leather.—Marcus Eaton, J. O. Cummings, G. G. O'Connell, S. A. Thompson, O. S. Bacon, P. L. Eaton, P. C. Parker, T. F. Page, A. B. Wyman, S. P. Cutler, W. Beggs, C. H. Taylor.

Meas. of Wood & Bark.—E. E. Thompson, W. R. Putnam, L. H. Allen, Ruel Carter, A. E. Thompson, L. G. Richardson, D. Macfarlane, Ruel Carter, L. H. Allen, John L. Munroe, D. Macfarlane, Ruel Carter, L. G. Richardson, A. E. Thompson, E. Thompson, W. R. Putnam, L. H. Allen, Ruel Carter, A. E. Thompson, L. G. Richardson, D. Macfarlane.

Surveyors of Lumber.—Alva S. Wood, M. Littlefield, C. H. Taylor, G. W. Kimball, S. K. Richardson.

Fire Officers.—J. McIntire, J. G. Pollard, W. B. Harris, A. Dearborn, J. Gilcrest, E. F. Poole.

Drive Drivers.—T. M. Parker, Peter Farley, J. Lough, A. G. Carter, S. Horton, G. Gilcrest.

Pound Keeper.—T. V. Sullivan.

St. Charles Total Abstinence and Mutual Relief Society.

At their semi-annual meeting, elected the following officers for the ensuing six months:—
President.—Rev. Edward L. McClure.
Vice President.—P. Maw.
Recording Secretary.—E. E. Lynch.
Financial Secretary.—F. McManus.
Treasurer.—William Bradley.

Investigating Committee.—John S. Hennessey, R. Lynch, M. Mahoney, James Nelson, J. Welsh, Thomas Doran, Anthony Doherty, N. Callaghan and Michael Hevey.

Delegates to the State Convention which will be held in Lowell June 1, 1875.
Peter Sexton, P. Maw, J. McManus.
The society has upwards of 100 good paying members on the roll book. The financial department is in a very healthy condition. There is a Cadet Corps of 73 boys attached to the society, which is at present in a favorable condition. There is also a Dramatic Club connected with the Society, which renders some minor plays it a very fair manner. Much credit is due to the Rev. J. O. Cummings for his zealous labors for the promotion of the cause of total abstinence. Long may he dwell among us.

THE FIFTH.—The officers of the Old Fifth Regiment held an adjourned meeting at York's Hotel, Wednesday evening, to perform the duty for the proposed reunion on the 17th of June. The three months, nine months and one hundred day commands of the regiment will meet in Watbury Hall, Charleston, and, as a result from the meeting, the committee have received it is anticipated that 500 or 600 men will turn out. Companies holding the same letter in the several terms of service will be consolidated, each choosing its own officers, and "G" Company of Concord and Woburn will be the color company. At the meeting, Colonel W. E. G. Worcester presided, and letters were read from General Lawrence, declining to command the regiment, from Colonel W. T. Grammer, declining to serve as major, and from General George H. Pierson. Captain B. F. Parker, Captain Swann and Captain Coffin were appointed a committee of three to appoint a band to fill the place of the band that was disbanded, and also created by these resignations, and they named General Pierson for colonel, Colonel Worcester for lieutenant-colonel, and Major George O. Brainerd for major. The committee on music and the Rallying Committee reported, and, after some discussion, the meeting adjourned. Tufts has been engaged as caterer for the Old Fifth.

COURT.—John McLaughlin, Hugh Rafferty, and William Manning have been fined this week \$3 and costs each, for single drinks.

Sudden Death.—About ten o'clock Thursday evening, Mr. William Manning died of apoplexy at his home in Boston. He was 50 years old, and respected by all who knew him.

Burlington.
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Winchester.

MURDER.—Plymouth had a sensation on Monday. Officer J. D. Baxter attempted to arrest Christopher Stoddard for drunkenness and disorderly conduct. Stoddard locked him self in an outhouse and shot the officer dead while the latter was looking through a key hole. The desperate fellow was finally taken to the lock up, but narrowly escaped lynching. Mr. Baxter was father of Mr. J. F. Baxter, the teacher of our Grammar School.

MAY PARTY.—A May Party was held in Lyceum Hall Tuesday evening, about thirty five couples being present. The ladies looked charming in their dresses of white, each having a bouquet of May flowers, received as favors in the German. The company separated about 1 o'clock, every one pleased that the last should be the best party of the season.

GOLDEN WEDDING.—Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin L. Locke of Winchester celebrated the 50th anniversary of their wedding Wednesday evening. A large number of relatives and friends were present, and some valuable presents were bestowed.

something to the cause of religion in a country once scourged by what is hereafter Phoenix like rise again in majesty, strength and beauty. The many token of affection which they have bestowed upon me, will be cherished and stored with the archives of reason in my library, each properly inscribed, that Jew or Gentile, monk or hermit, may alike feel the eye and delight the mind.

Now brethren allow me to exhort you to be steadfast in the spirit of freedom, that charity may abound and urge forward that happy time when there shall be but one church, one covenant in the unity of God.

To my political friends with whom I have fought the good fight as a chaplain of peace. I would say, seek no partisanship, let honesty triumph by selecting none but true and good men, introduce a millennium into your platform, for the discovery of an honest politician is something the great showman utterly failed to secure among his researches after natural curiosities, although he would have been pained with one half of his wealth for its acquisition to his great and wonderful cabinet of choice and rich curiosities. Hang your harp of a thousand strings upon the drooping willow of fate, and inscribe upon your banner, "Honesty of purpose, integrity of principle. The true man's guide."

The most painful duty now meets me, from which my sad heart shrinks, that of bidding you my beloved Sunday School, a goodbye. Many of you have cherished sentiments adverse to the spirit of my teachings, not from any wanton desire, but from the imputation of thoughts handed down from generation to generation, with which you or those before you have never given the power of thought, or tested by the research of reason until the present time, and it is a source of congratulation to see your young minds budding and putting forth the petals of independent thought, that you are divesting your minds of all prejudice, that instead of accepting my views and theories or those of others, that you go directly to the word of God for your covenant with faith, accepting no other dictation than that gathered from the spirit of truth, which will guide your understanding and keep your minds free from all guile, that you may see each other in manifest confidence of brotherly love, with the kind and true Christian greeting, "if I think he is right give me this hand." I now take leave of thee, admonishing you all as you go out into the world, to man your exertions in every sphere of action in life, however momentous or trivial, with stern integrity, with self-respect, and above all with truthfulness.

Let not temptation parley with your integrity or truthfulness, but scorn its presumptuous approach as you catch the first glimpse of its presence in your minds, hurl it back upon the attempted vile traitor of your virtue with all the indignation of your Christian manhood; let not impurity rest within your mind with its treacherous intrigues, for thou knowest not its guises and allurement with which intoxicating influences may obtain the mastery over your self-respect, thereby endangering and ruining your characters for a life of usefulness.

Farewell—grow in the Christian graces walk not in the paths of idleness, let your example be fruitful of good, that those who come after you may profit by your godly men and Christian life; and with the poet I will say

Farewell—For an adieu should in utterance die,
Only need a tear, only lead a sigh.

PAULARIAS.

The London Lancet says that the best method of easing a cough is to resist it with all the force of will possible, until the amount of phlegm becomes so great that there is something to cough against, when it will come up with comparatively little difficulty. A great deal of hacking, hemming, and coughing in invalids is purely nervous or from the force of habit. This is shown by the frequency when the thoughts are turned to the difficulty, and the comparative rarity when the attention is engaged in other directions.

The New York Independent, in speaking of the indebtedness of Massachusetts, says: "Territorially, among the smaller States of the Union, Massachusetts, in an economical light, holds rank among the first, if, indeed, she is not the first. Here is a most splendid example of what can be accomplished by education, industry and economy."

Dr. Hammond read an essay on "The Brain not the Sole Organ of the Mind," the other day before a learned society in New York. He contended that the spinal cord, as well as the brain, was a centre of perception and volition. If this is so, a good backbone is even more important to a man than has generally been supposed.

The following absurd paragraph is found in a Pittsburg paper: "In some parts of Louisiana, when a girl sets the marriage day she counts up her age day so as to have the ceremony come on the off day." This charge of calculation is repudiated. Let a girl once decide to marry, and the man willing, there is no age enough in the land to shake her determination.—N. O. Republican.

Twenty thousand alligator skins are tanned every year, and the business has become an important branch of industry at the South.

Kidney diseases, dropsy, and all diseases of the urinary organs can be cured by the use of Hunt's Kidney Pills. Thousands that have been given up by their physicians to die have been cured by Hunt's Kidney Pills. Try it.

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The Greatest COMBINATION Of the Age!

Something that everybody should have, something that any man cannot do without, except at a great sacrifice to himself and friends, viz:

Style, Grace, Elegance

AND A GOOD FIT,

Combined in a SUIT OF CLOTHES, which can be obtained ONLY at

A. GRANT'S, MERCHANT TAILOR,

No. 169 Main Street, Woburn.

P.S.—Shirt patterns cut, and Gent's White Shirts made to order. 165

REMOVAL.

Mrs. L. A. GILMAN

Has taken rooms on Pleasant street, second house from the Unitarian Church, where she will continue

DRESSMAKING.

SECOND-HAND FURNITURE

Bought and Sold by

WOBURN AUCTION CO.,

Store, 224 Main St., opp. 150 Main St., Woburn.

E. PRIOR, A. A. FISH.

AND NOW COMES THE SEASON FOR CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES,

(New Style Canopy Top.)

AFGHANS & MATS, CARTS, WAGONS, Wheelbarrows, HOOPS, MARBLES, BASE BALLS & BATS,

SELLING AT LOW PRICES!

HORTON'S BOOKSTORE,

No. 1095 AIN STREET, WOBURN, MASS.

The "MAGEE STANDARD" and "GUARANTEE" Ranges, The Best Ranges in the Market, at C. M. STROUTS, Stores Street for the Season. 102

CLARKE'S ORGAN VOLUNTARIES,

Clarke's Organ Voluntary, \$1.50
Clarke's Organ Voluntary, 2.50

CLARKE'S REED ORGAN COMPANION,

A valuable, useful, and brilliant collection of Exercises, Airs, Songs and Pieces for Reed Organs. Price, \$2.00.

Strauss Dance Music, Violin and Piano, \$1.00
Winner's Violin and Piano Duet, 1.00

CLARKE'S DOLLAR INSTRUCTORS

For Reed Organs. For Piano. For Violin. Useful, Cheap, Instructive Books with exercises and numerous attractive airs for practice. Sold by all the principal music dealers. Sent, post-paid, for retail price.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.
C. H. DITSON & CO., 711 Broadway, N. Y.

17th JUNE CENTENNIAL Celebration.

Plant lock guns and full equipments for Cavalry, Infantry or Artillery Companies. Historically correct uniforms.

BASE BALL OUTFITS, BOATING COSTUMES, KNT JERSEYS, FOOT BALL UNIFORMS.

Equipments for G. A. R. Posts for Memorial Day—Army Clothing in case lots, including Overcoats, Frockcoats, Blouses and Boots.

"OAK HALL,"

G. W. Simmons & Son, 132 and 28 North St., Boston.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

PROBATE COURT.

To the Heirs at Law, Next of Kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of HANNAH B. CRAGG, late of Woburn, do hereby give notice, that the will of said deceased, bearing date the 10th day of May, 1874, and which is on file in the Probate Court for the County of Middlesex, at Woburn, will be opened for probate on the 10th day of May, 1875, at 10 o'clock, A. M., at the Court House in Woburn, and that all persons claiming to be entitled to the same, or to any part thereof, must appear at said Court, on the 10th day of May, 1875, at 10 o'clock, A. M., to prove their claim.

Witness, George M. Brooks, Esq., Judge of said Court, this 4th day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-five.

J. H. TYLER, Register.

THE WOBBURN MUSICAL UNION,

Under the direction of

PROF. H. STRACHAUER,

Will give a public rehearsal in the vestry of the UNITARIAN CHURCH,

Monday Evening, May 10,

The selections will be from Haydn's "Seasons," Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream," and "The Morning Song," by F. Schumann, and other selections.

Wednesday Evening, May 12,

Assisted by

MISS MARY WYMAN.

A grand vocal and instrumental concert, comprising songs, trios, quartets, the cantata, and all the choirs above named.

Tickets admitting to both entertainments 25 Cents.

For sale at the door. No reserved seats. Doors open at 7 o'clock; performance commences 7:45.

The proceeds of the concert are for the support of this association.

JAMES MARTIN & SON,

Manufacturers of TENTS, FLAGS AND AWNINGS, Jobbers in all kinds of AWNING STOCK & FIXTURES.

500 New Tents for sale cheap.

JAMES MARTIN & SON,

No. 114 Commercial Street, Boston, Mass.

For sale by all druggists. \$1.00 per bottle.

LANCASTER TONIC RITERS

George C. Wholesale Agent, Boston.

NOTICE!

New Store!

The subscriber would respectfully announce to the inhabitants of Woburn and vicinity that he has commenced business at the store,

190 Main street

(Formerly occupied by H. F. Smith), where he will keep constantly on hand a large and fresh assortment of

BUTTER, CHEESE, Lard, Coffee, Tea, Eggs, Canned Fruits, Spices, &c., &c.

AT BOSTON PRICES.

And hopes by strict attention to business, and low prices to merit a liberal share of public patronage.

FRED H. CLARRIDGE,

No. 190 Main street, Woburn, Mass.

For Sale.

A very nice Chamber Set, solid Black Walnut, highly finished, all complete, wholesale price \$175, will be sold at a great bargain for cash or installments. At Woburn Mass Store, 6 Railroad St.

PIANO FOR SALE.

A PIANO GRAND. In every respect a superior instrument; nearly new; worth \$400, will be sold for \$250.

Address Box 205, Woburn, Mass.

BUGGY FOR SALE.

Made by William P. Sargent. Inquire of BENJ. OBEIL, Canal street, where the buggy can be seen, or of WEEKS, Union street, Woburn.

E. PRIOR, AUCTIONEER

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Two good tenements of six rooms each, in good condition, and both equipped with Hot and Cold Water. Inquire of E. F. WYER.

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Choice Teas, Pure Coffees and Pure Spices.

Thankful for past patronage I hope to merit a continuance of the same in the future.

A NEW LOT OF THOSE 50c TEAS.

Woburn Tea Store,

154 MAIN ST., opp. Common,

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

ESTABLISHED 1816.

R. MARSTON & Co.'s DINING ROOMS

For Ladies and Gentlemen,
23, 25 & 27 BRATTLE ST., BOSTON.

Neatly Furnished Rooms
To Let by the Day or Week.

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C. S. ADKINS.

Woburn, Mar. 22, 1875.

Woburn Fish Market.

No. 149 Main Street, Woburn.

I would inform the people of Woburn, that I keep on hand a good assortment of all kinds of Fresh Fish in their season, and will sell at the lowest living prices for cash.

J. L. SHAY.

REMOVAL.

Mrs. L. A. GILMAN

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SECOND-HAND FURNITURE

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AND NOW COMES THE SEASON FOR CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES,

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J. H. TYLER, Register.

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PROF. H. STRACHAUER,

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George C. Wholesale Agent, Boston.

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JUST MARRIED.—A funny looking old fellow, gray haired, wrinkled, and evidently about 60 years of age, entered the city hall recently with a girl of 18 hanging on his arm. He had on an old-fashioned black coat, with a double row of buttons up and down, a Greeley plug hat, new buckskin gloves, and a severe attempt had been made to get up a "shine" on his cowhide boots. The girl had gay ribbons on her hat, a blue shawl, green kids, and a white dress on, and the two attracted attention at once. No one had an idea they were husband and wife until the old man stopped a passing policeman and said:

"My wife, mister. Just got married Sunday, and we want to look around this court house a leetle."

She reached out and shook hands with the officer, and the old man looked pleased as he said:

"Didn't I tell you, Lucy, that folks in Detroit would all notice you? You didn't do so bad when you married the old man, eh?"

"So you have just entered the state of matrimony, have you?" asked the officer.

"I don't know anything about your matrimony," answered the old chap; "but I know we've just been married, and I'm the happiest old sunflower in the States,—eh, Lucy?"

"Married for love, I suppose?" queried the officer.

"Luv and nothing else," replied the old man. "I was struck with her,—she with me, and we were spliced. I'm a gittin' a leetle old, and I s'pose I'll make a baby of her, but Lucy is a good girl. She can put on style with any one, or she can flop a mop around as good as any woman in America. She feels a little shy, and I thought I'd introduce her to some of the big bugs. I'm bound she shall go in the best society or none."

The officer sent them down the hall to the mayor's office. The bride hung back, but the old man passed his arm around her and said:

"Come along, Lucy, you've got heaps of expensive duds on. You are handsome, and I'll risk you along with anybody in Detroit."

As they entered the mayor's office the clerk came forward and asked what was wanted, and being told that they would like to see his honor they were informed that the gentleman was out.

"Oh, well, it don't make any great difference," said the old man. "This is my wife, mister—just got married."

"Happy to congratulate you," said the clerk, as he shook hands.

"She's a little shy," continued the old man, pinching his wife's ear, "but that's the way with 'em all. Lucy's a mighty good girl, and she worked out at \$2 a week and bought all her wedding duds. Say to the mayor that we called. Wish he had been here."

They went out and wandered around for a while, the old man keeping his arm around her, and finally they entered the city clerk's office. A lawyer happened to be standing near the door, and walking up to him, the old man said:

"Mister, my wife. Looking around a little, and thought I'd drop in and introduce her."

The bride and the lawyer shook hands, the lawyer wondering what it all meant, and after a painful pause the old man said:

"She's a little shy, but she's just old lightning when she gets acquainted. I told her we might as well step in and make friends while we were here. If ever you come our way we'd like to have you stop."

"I shall be glad to," replied the lawyer, and they went out to drop in on the city attorney. He was out, but his clerk received them with a bland smile, which went right to the old man's heart.

"Folks all well?" inquired the husband, at he shook hands, and then turning and bowing, said:

"My wife, mister. You can see for yourself she's a little shy, but it'll wear off bimeby."

"Come to see the city hall?" inquired the clerk.

"We're on our wedding tower around," replied the old man.

"Married Sunday night, and I thought I'd take her around a leetle afore we settle down. Lucy's a powerful good girl, stranger, and she's cream and sugar on keeping house. You don't find no dirt in the corners, no cordwood under the bed. It's a case of luv from the start. I call her 'darling' and she calls me 'dear hubby,' and I'd lay my life down for her as quick as wink."

About four o'clock the same couple were seen at the Central depot waiting for a train. The bride sat

on one of the old man's knees, his arms around her, and he was heard to say,

"I don't care a gin what folks think—don't we, luv?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

A dried up old man, apparently of about sixty years, strolled into a billiard parlor in Binghampton, recently, and taking a seat watched the players with some interest. After he had remained in the place some time he was approached by a hanger-on, on the lookout for a greenhorn to play with and save the cost of playing.

"Hello, there, old man, do you ever swing the cue?" said he.

"Wal, stranger, I used to prance around a little on a three cornered table about fifteen years ago, but I don't suppose I could hit the first ball in this new fangled thing," said the old man.

"Well, I'm no player myself; you'll beat me easy enough; just take a stick," replied the accomplished beat.

"Well," said the innocent, "I'll play just one game to see if I can scratch," and they both banked for first shot.

The old man had singularly good luck, for he got the first shot and made a run of fifteen points. The other looked on in astonishment while the player of "fifteen years ago" was at work, and when he ceased the challenger muttered an oath, took off his coat and went to work in earnest. He made five points only, and the next time the old man ran out the game.

"I s'pose," he said, "I've had the all-firedest luck; will you try another?"

"No, not by a darned sight, you old fraud," said the sport, and he walked off to pay for the game, amid the roars of his companions, and a smile from the old man, who remarked:

"It is strange how I remembered to play it so well."

A TERRIBLE BOHEMIAN.—The correspondent of the *Temps* at the Spanish seat of war arrived at Puente la Reyna in sore need of rest, but found the house at which he put up quite full. The landlady assured him he could have nothing but a mattress to keep his bones from contact with the bare floor. Just then a friend appeared upon the scene in the form of an Alfont officer, who says to the lady, "Take care what you do; the caballero with the spurred boots and the curious cap is neither an officer, nor the King's cook, nor a chaplain; he is not even a Catholic." "Holy Virgin, what do you say?" The captain took the bewildered landlady aside and whispered in her ear, "He is a Cronista (journalist), a foreign Cronista—that is, a sort of idolater worse than a Jew. If he does not get what he wants he gets into a furious rage like a demon, and foams and spits and bewitches the folk. Treat him well, and when he is gone sprinkle the house with holy water." A quarter of an hour afterward the correspondent was in possession of a capital bed, with plenty of sheets and pillows, all of which were "doubtless," he adds, "washed in holy water after I had left."

How to BECOME HAPPY.—Many young persons are thinking over some new ways of adding to their pleasures. They always look for chances for more "fun," more joy. Once there was a wealthy and powerful king, full of care and very unhappy. He heard of a man famed for his wisdom and piety, and found him in a cave on the borders of the wilderness.

"Holy man," said the king, "I come to learn how I may be happy."

Without making a reply the wise man led the king over a rough path, till he brought him in front of a high rock, on the top of which an eagle had built her nest.

"Why has the eagle built her nest yonder?"

"Doubtless," answered the king, "that she may be out of danger."

"Then imitate the bird," said the wise man; "build thy home in heaven, and thou shalt then have peace and happiness."

"My son," said an American father, "how could you marry an Irish girl?"

"Why, father," said the son, "I'm not able to keep two women—if I'd married a Yankee girl I'd have had to hire an Irish girl to take care of her."

A few weeks since a Chicago drummer saw a young lady plowing a field in Macopin county, Ill. He stopped to ask, "when do you begin cradling?" "Not till heads are better filled than yours," was the sententious reply. The young man passed musingly on.

"Are rents lower?" is a puzzle propounded by the Arcadian. No; rents are "hire."

A Kansas woman broke her back while making a bed recently.

Labor is the duty of men.

HERDS GRASS, RED TOP, Lawn Grass,
Cheap for CASH, at
Ellis' Railroad Store, Woburn.

Chas. K. Conn & Co.
DEALERS IN
HARD and SOFT COAL, WOOD,
Lime and Cement.
We deliver Coal and Wood in any quantity desired, and at the Lowest CASH PRICES.
CUSTOMERS DESIRING IT, WE
SAW and SPLIT WOOD
READY FOR USE,
At a slight additional charge.
Office: 113 MAIN STREET
Ellis' Railroad Store Building, near depot.
CHAS. K. CONN. CHAS. H. POLLARD
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A Large Assortment
OF ALL KINDS OF
STEAM COAL
CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
Wood Sawing By Steam.
The subscriber has Circular Saw in operation
At his Wood and Coal Yard,
No. 93 Main Street.
With which he is prepared to
Furnish customers, and deliver it to them ready to use, at a slight advance upon the price of the wood. Customers are invited to call and examine the new improvement.
J. B. McDONALD,
93 Main St., Woburn.
Pro Bono Publico.
A. A. CLEMENT
Would announce to the citizens of Woburn Centre that he has secured
1000 TONS OF ICE,
which he will furnish at a fair price the coming season.
For further particulars leave address at C. S. Atkins, or at the residence of the subscriber, 131 Main street, A. A. CLEMENT,
Woburn, Feb. 1, 1875.
TO THE PUBLIC!
J. McGonigle & Bro.,
ARE SELLING
CLOTHING
AT REDUCED RATES.
A Large Assortment of Spring and Summer goods of American, English and French manufacture, just received. Also, the latest styles of
HATS and CAPS,
And Ladies' and Gents' Boots & Shoes.
J. McGONIGLE & Bro.,
192 Main Street, opp. Post Office, Woburn, Mass.
"BLACK FEARNAUGHT"
Will make the season for a limited number of Mares at
WINSHIP'S STOCK FARM,
WOBURN, MASS.
For Terms, Pedigree, &c., apply on the premises.
Board for Horses
At all seasons of the year.
F. O. LYMAN,
Piano-Fortes and Organs
TUNED and REPAIRED.
Orders left at the Boston Hat Store, 140 Main St., or sent to Box 802, Woburn, P. O., will be promptly attended to.

RED TOP, Lawn Grass,
Cheap for CASH,
At Ellis' Railroad Store.

C. W. NUTE & Co.
Mr. C. W. NUTE having associated with him in his business Mr. C. FRANK KELLEY, they propose to continue the
BOOT AND SHOE BUSINESS
—AT—
No. 209 MAIN STREET,
And will keep on hand a full line of
SERVICEABLE GOODS
to suit the requirements of our customers, and will sell them as
CHEAP FOR CASH
as they can be bought for anywhere in town.
We are now prepared to make
LADIES
AMERICAN and FRENCH KID
Buskins and Slippers
TO ORDER, and shall manufacture all that we offer for sale.
MEN'S TOILET SLIPPERS
also made to order, and
REPAIRING
promptly and neatly done.
We shall also keep on hand a full line of the manufacturers of
BURKE & MUNDY
—AND—
TYLER & SON.
Thanking the public for the patronage accorded in the past, we hope to receive our fair share in the future.
C. W. NUTE & Co.,
209 Main street, Woburn.
Wilson Packing Co. Compressed
Corned Beef,
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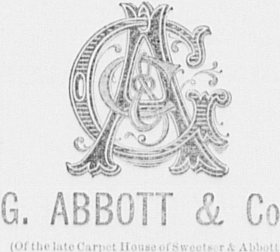
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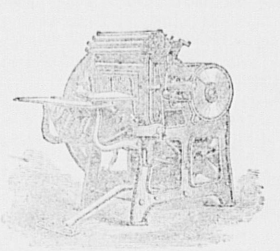
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Mattings, Oil Cloths, Grubbs Cloths &c., selected expressly for Spring trade. Having taken advantage of the market, and bought at low prices direct from manufacturers, they are prepared to sell the same at Wholesale or Retail at
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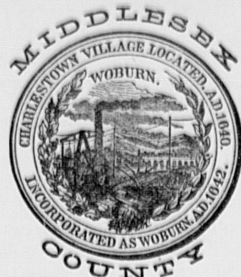
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Upright and Square Pianos-Fortes and Small American Organs. EP Pianos and Organs. Order book at Sprague's Station, 67
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Porcelains,
All sizes, at
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WOBURN JOURNAL.



VOL. XXIV.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1875.

NO. 35.

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CUT FLOWERS and Floral Designs
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Hardy Trees and Shrubs.
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We respectfully invite all amateurs and lovers of flowers to an inspection of our Conservatories.

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Poetry.

"NOTHING BUT LEAVES."
"Nothing but leaves"—the words came low,
In saddened tones, so full of woe;
My heart with anguish then was stirred,
While to my ears there came a word,—
Tobacco.

"Nothing but leaves"—yet many a slave,
Has early filled a drunkard's grave,
To raise a crop of gin and rum;
Dear friends, I think most every one,
Commences with—tobacco.

"Nothing but leaves," yet something more,
When once we see the dreadful power
It has upon the sons of men,
Who chew and spit, and chew again,
The filthy weed—tobacco.

A slave to just a few poor leaves;
No matter whose dear heart it grieves;
Whoever is a slave like this,
Can never find in endless bliss,
A place to spit—tobacco.

He'll look around every place,
And find these leaves a foe to grace;
And the Old One who sowed the seed
Will say "Come home, 'tis you I need."
To help me raise—tobacco.

Selected.

The Great Gold Secret.

I'm a gold-digger—that's about what I am. You wouldn't take me for an Englishman—would you now? No, nor yet any one else that knows me; but I am though. How old, about, should you take for? Fifty-five, eh? Well, they all guess somewhere near that; but I'm just thirty-seven last month. I dare say you don't believe it; and perhaps you wouldn't believe it either if I told you that all this wrinkling and turning gray was done in one week. Well, it was, and when I think it all over now, I think that here I am, alive after all, I can hardly believe it myself. Would you like to hear about it? Well, sit down and make yourself comfortable and I'll tell you.

It was nine years ago last Valentine's Day (I remember all the dates well enough, I warrant ye) that I was in "Frisco with a Yankee, name of Seth Hickman. We'd met down in Denver, and stood by each other in a row that happened there, and of course that drew us together a bit; and the end of it was, we agreed to go prospecting together, and "share and share alike."

Seth was a sharp fellow, and knew all the likeliest spots; I could do a day's work with any man in those days, though I ain't much to brag of now; and the end of it was, we made a pretty good haul.

When we got to "Frisco, I thought nothing but banking some of the stuff for a rainy day, and having a spree with the rest, and then starting off again; but Seth didn't seem to see it at all. I noticed that he looked serious-like as if he had something on his mind, for the first two days after we got into the town; and on the second evening, as we were sitting over our grog he spoke out.

"Jim, old hoss, I'm a-gwine to tell you something that nary soul in creation knows about but myself; for if yew hadn't been some smart with your Derringer when them three skunks went for me down in Denver, they might ha' wrote 'Gone up' over this child; and no man ever did Seth Hickman a good turn, or a bad turn neither, but what he got cocon-nut for yam (tit for tat) yew bet yure life on that!"

When I was in Arica last year, I went up country a bit with my rifle, and that I happened on an old Injun critter, as old as George Washington's nurse, livin' in a hut all by himself among the spurs o' the Andes, and I camped in this hut for the night.

Wal, the aguariente (whiskey) in my flask was a little tew strong for him, and he got regular slowed; and when his tongue got loosened by the licker, he kim out wi' sitch a yarn as whipped everything in Prescott to fits. He said that when the Peruvian chiefs stampeded from Cuzco a'ter Pizarro took it, a lot o' 'em got up among the mountains, carrying their gold with 'em till they kim out on the plateau of

Lake Titicaca; and thar, finding the Spaniards close on their trail, they chucked all the gold into the lake, and skeddaddled nobody knows where. And he said that if anybody took the trail from his hut, north and by east, till they hit the southern end of the lake, and then looked out for a big three-cornered rock like a pyramid upside down, they had just got to scoop in the mud of the lake where that rock's shadow fell on it at sunrise, and they'd find enough gold to buy up all Wall street. Now, we've got money enough to put that job through, and if yew feel like tryin' it, I'm in."

I said "done" at once, and we got our money together, and slipped down the coast to Arica, as fast as the Pacific steamer could carry us. The minute we got there, Seth went off into the hills to try and get hold of this old Indian for a guide, while I hunted about for workmen—for this was a job that needed more hands than our own. At last I got hold of two Spaniards—two sturdy fellows they were, and honest enough as Spaniards go, and then a Portegee and two niggers. We weren't long of buying our stores and tackle, and by the time Seth came back with his guide, all was ready and away we went.

Seth was much too knowing a bird to let on what his real game was, as long as we were within hail of the town, for if you say, "gold" there only in a whisper, those blessed Gambusinos (gold-finders) will hear it a hundred miles off. So all that we told our gang was, that we were going prospecting among the lower ranges, as lots of fellows did every day; but when we were past the old Indian's hut, and well up among the hills, so that our chaps couldn't easily turn back if they wanted, he ap and told them the whole story. They were rather taken aback, as they might be, for Lake Titicaca is a good many days' journey to the northeast, among some very awkward mountains, and a good thirteen thousand feet above the sea, if it's an inch. However, a Spaniard (or any other man for that matter) will go pretty nearly anywhere if he once gets on the scent of gold; so our fellows they spoke up stoutly enough and said they were ready to go up to the lake and down to the bottom of it into the bargain, after such a haul as that; and off we set again.

I've seen a good many wonders in my time, knocking about the world as I have done; but anything like the climb up the Andes I never saw yet. Rocks that seemed to go up to the very sky, straight as a plumbline; beds of moss three or four feet deep, and soft as a velvet cushion; trees two hundred feet high, all one blaze of flowers from top to bottom; leaves big enough to wrap you up like a blanket; tree-ferns big as a table-cloth, all glittering like the finest silver lace; humming-birds, monkeys, and parrots, and butterflies as big as the palm of your hand; waterfalls sheer down over great black precipices a thousand feet high; and, far away behind, the everlasting mountains, piled one above another, till they seemed to go right up to heaven. Among all these enormous things we eight men, big and strong as we were, seemed of no more account than a lot of ants crawling on a blade of grass; and I think I never felt so small in my life as I did then.

However, I hadn't much leisure to think about it at the time, for you can't expect a fellow to have much of an eye for scenery when he's hacking his way through a great cobweb of branches too thick for the light to get through, with his boots full of ants and his mouth full of gnats, and the damp vapor-bath heat of the woods melting him away bit by bit, fifty prickles going into him at once, a thornbush scalping him from above, and a creeper tripping him up, down below.

And so we hammered along, till at last we worked to the plateau, and saw the great lake spreading away before us, as far as ever we could see. We weren't long of making out the three-cornered crag, nor the shadow neither for it was just sunrise when we got there, as

if on purpose for us; and once we'd made it out, we hardly waited to take breath before we were at it tooth and nail.

The first day was a regular blank one till just towards sundown, and then the Portegee screeched out suddenly that he had got something heavy. I helped him to haul up the pan, and there, sure enough, was a bar of gold over a foot long, and pretty nigh as thick as my two fingers here. At that we all shouted at once, and went at it harder than ever; and I really think our chaps would have worked all night, but Seth stopped 'em. He told them the gold wouldn't run away, and that if they put on too much steam at first, they'd just break themselves up before they were half through; and that they'd better just light a fire and get dried, and have some supper, and fix up some kind of a shelter against the dew, and then start fair next morning. And so they did.

The next day, and the next, and the next after that, we kept bringing it up in handfuls—gold circles, and chains, and necklaces, and ingots without end. But on the fifth day I found the provisions getting so low that I was rather scared, for up here there was no game of any sort, there being no vegetation at that height for the game to live on. So we held a council of war. Our chaps had got the gold fever into them so by this time, that I verily believe they would have kept digging on till they died of hunger, but Seth and I, who were a little cooler, talked them over at last. We told 'em that we'd got enough already to make us as rich as Jews; that we must all starve if we didn't replenish our stock somehow; that ten to one the "find" was played out (and, indeed, none of us had taken a grain that morning); and that, in any case, the lake was always there, and they could come back and try again whenever they liked. So, bit by bit, we worked 'em round, and all started to go back together.

W'd hard work of it the first part of the way, for our loads were pretty heavy, and stumbling in and out of those great rocks was no joke, let alone that the five days' work had taken it out of us more than we had expected. One of the Spaniards got a bad fall, and not one of us but what had his bruises to show. But at last we got over the barren bit, and found ourselves fairly down among the woods again; and then I began to be jolly, thinking this was the end of it. But it wasn't—it was only the beginning.

One afternoon, when we'd got well down among the lower ranges we were just looking about for a place to camp (for the Spaniard who had got hurt was beginning to give up), when one of the niggers said suddenly:

"Senor, man watch us!"

I looked up, and there, sure enough, was a man (a savage looking fellow enough, but evidently no Indian) was watching us from the top of a ridge a little to the left. He kept looking after us a while, and then disappeared as if the earth had swallowed him.

"Don't like that," says Seth; "that critter's seen that we carry a heavy swag, and he's gone to tell some of his chums, you bet!"

"When one has found a pumpkin pie, He goes and tells the neighbors!"

"I feel like campin' in a strong place to-night, I do."

And so we did—with a deep canon [gorge] behind us, going sheer down nearly a hundred feet, and a thick clump of trees on our front, that made a splendid cover, while beyond it the ground was smooth and level for a good eighty yards, so that no living thing could come near us without being seen and fired at.

Just as we'd lit our fire, and were beginning to cook, we saw first one man, and then another, till we had counted in all, come zigzagging in and out of the bushes down to the face of the opposite ridge. They halted just at the edge of the thicket, and took a look at the smoke of our fire rising above the trees; and then two of them laid down their rifles, and were coming across the clearing to us, when old Seth shoved his head

through the leaves, and says in Spanish:

"Gentlemen, we're talking over a little business of our own, and wish to be private, so you will oblige us by keeping over your own side, and we'll keep ours; for we have a way of shooting things that come near to us, and we should be sorry to hit you by mistake."

Back the two beauties went, looking as silly as a ha'porth of treacle in a two-gallon jug; and Seth rubbed his hands and gave a chuckle.

"They'd got a bottle in each hand, then two," says he; "they war gwine to make us slewed, and then clean out our swag; but they don't fool this child now; now, yee see, they'll wait till dark, and then go for us with a rush—that's what the matter with them—but I guess we'll be 'not at home' when they call."

He whispered to me to cut down three or four of the longest creepers, and twist them into a rope; and I, guessing what he was up to, did it with a will. In a few minutes we had a rope that would have stood anything; and then I hitched one end round a tree, and let drop the other end down the ravine, the rest making a great shouting and singing meanwhile, by way of a blind. Then the old Indian (who was as nimble as a cat) slid down to the bottom, and we lowered our packs to him one by one.

"That's all right," says Seth; "and we'll just take it easy till dark, and then take passage by this new overland line of ours."

But one don't take it very easy when there's a gang of blood thirsty rascals, twice your strength and armed to the teeth every man Jack of 'em, sitting waiting barely eighty yards off to cut your throat; and I think I never found time yet go so slowly as those two last hours before sundown.

"Now," said Seth at last, when the darkness had fairly set in, "I guess we'll begin to leave."

But just then, as if this had been a signal, there came a flash and a bang from the other side of the clearing, and half a dozen bullets came peppering in among the trees. I felt something warm spurt over my hands, and the nigger who stood beside me fell all of a heap. Like lightning I up piece and let fly, and I heard somebody give a yelp that sounded as if that letter had gone to the right address. And then, for a few minutes, it was just flash, flash! bang, bang! like fireworks—Seth and I keeping 'em in play while the rest slid down one by one. And mighty ugly work it was too, I can tell you, blazing away in the dark with nothing to aim at, and hearing the bullets come rattling about you without ever seeing them. But the rope was soon clear, and then Seth stuck up the dead nigger against a tree, with his gun across the fork of it, that they might see the glint of the barrel, and think we were still on the watch. Then he slid down and I after him.

The first thing we did was to take the gold out of the poor old nigger's pack, and part it among us. The rest of the things we threw away, as we had thrown away our tools long before (for our only chance now was to march as light as possible), and then we set forward along the gully. For some time we could hear the rascals banging away overhead, but that died away by degrees and there was a silence as if the world had just been created, and no life come into it yet.

All that night we stumbled along the bottom of the ravine like men groping in a tunnel, sitting down every now and then to rest; but when day came, we saw the rocks getting lower and lower, and the great black pit spreading out broader and shallower, till at last, a little after sunrise, we came out into the forest. But just then the other nigger sat down, and put his hand to his side.

"No can go further, senor!"

I ran up to him, and blest if he hadn't got a big bullet wound in his side from last night's scrimmage and the brave fellow had actually dragged on all night without a word about it, lest he should keep us back! I sat down and took his head on my knees, and he died as

quietly as a child; and we covered him with leaves and left him lying there in the bright morning sunshine, and went forward on our weary tramp again.

It was harder than ever for us, for we had eight loads among six men; and already I could see one of the Spaniards beginning to stagger, and the old Indian to tremble like a leaf. Then a horrible kind of fear crept over me, that we should keep on dropping that way, man after man, till there was only one left; and then—then at that thought I threw up my arms and gave a sort of yell, like a man starting up from a bad dream. But Seth punched me in the ribs with his elbow, and whispered:

"Sh! don't frighten the rest."

And I set my teeth and choked it down.

It may have been an hour or two after this—I was beginning to lose all count of time now—that Seth, who had got a little ahead of the rest, suddenly sang out:

"Hurrah!"

We all looked up.

"Here's somethin' civilized at last, by hoe-ake," says he. "Guess we've struck the right track without knowin' it. Look here."

Just in front of us was a gully about forty feet deep, through which ran a small stream, and across it lay a bridge—not one of the rope bridges you see in Lower Peru, but good solid wood—two long beams from bank to bank, with cross pieces lashed to them, just like the sleepers on a railway.

Then we all shouted at once, and stepped out to cross it; but, all in a moment, the poor old Indian, who was one of the hindmost, lurched over the edge and went slap into the water, and the gold he carried just sank him like a stone. Whether he'd got hurt in the fight too, or whether he was just tired and dizzy like the rest of us, I can't say, but down he went. And we never saw him more. So now we were cut down to five, and had lost our guide into the bargain.

"That's a bad job," says Seth; "but never mind, boys, we must just steer by the light of nature now. What that's a bridge like that, thar oughter be a trail somewhere."

Sure enough there was a trail, and we tried to follow it, but we soon lost it again, and tramped on all day at hap-hazard, trying to stay by the sun.

Towards evening we halted to eat, and then pushed on again hot foot; for this was the last of our provisions.

Just as the moon rose we came upon a gully with a bridge across it; and there we all stopped dead and looked at each other—a look I shall never forget. It was the same bridge we had crossed twelve hours before.

That minute's one of the things I never like to think of. There we were, lost in a tropical forest, our guide gone, every man of us a child, and not a morsel of food left!

"Well, boys," says old Seth (who was our mainstay throughout, "we're in a kind o' fix, thar ain't no denyin' it. Now I calculate this bridge ain't bin long built by the looks of it; and so, instead o' goin' losin' ourselves out every-body's way, I guess we'll jest stick here till some party picks us up—it won't be long, I reckon. That's my idee; how does it strike yew?"

We all agreed at once; and, indeed, we were too far gone now for any more marching. So we sat down there for three days, bearing it as well as we could, and trying to shoot game between whiles. But our eyes were too dim, and our hands too shaky for that; and the birds and monkeys scurried past, chattering and screaming as if in mockery. And at last we couldn't keep it off any longer, and it came.

The Spaniards died first, and no wonder, poor fellow! for though some of them are as brave men as ever stepped, they haven't the pith and fibre of an Englishman. The Portegee held out longer, for he had the heart of a lion; but at last he went too, and old Seth and I were left alone.

"Seth," says I, "let's bury these poor fellows while we can; for if they're left lying here, and our

hunger gets worse, we might be driven to—you know!"

So we wrapped the poor fellows in their blankets, with a heavy stone in each, and rolled them over the edge of the ravine down into the water. We buried the gold, too, and marked the spot, in case anything should turn up to save us at the last; and then we lay down again, as if we had nothing left to do but die.

And after that everything seemed blurred and hazy, like an ugly dream. The trees, and the rocks, and the sky seemed to go round and round in a whirl; and old Seth stood up as tall as a steeple, and great black things came out of the bushes and made faces at me; and then I was sitting under the old tree in the churchyard at home, and heard my old mother's voice (who's been dead this five-and-twenty years) as plain as print; till all at once there were men's faces and men's voices all around us, and I felt somebody lifting my head and pouring something into my mouth, and then I fainted right off.

We had been picked up by a party coming back from the mines, and they carried us down with them to Arica; and when we got round again, we went back and dug up the gold, and gave a lumping lot of it to the wives and children of the poor fellows that had died for us.

But when I got back after the last week's work, my hair was quite gray—as gray as you see it now. And that's all the story.

DAMAGED MEN.—You can see any day, in the street of any city, men who look damaged. Men, too, of good original material, who started out in life with generous sentiments and some generous aspirations. Once it was said they looked happily into the faces of mothers, whose daily breath was a prayer for their purity and peace. Ah! what if some of them had vowed their souls away to confiding wives, who silently wonder what can be the meaning of this change—the cold, slow creeping shadow—that is coming over the home and heart. Going to the bad! The spell of evil companionship, the willingness to hold and use money not honestly gained; the stealthy seductive, plausible advance of the appetite for strong drink; the treacherous fascination of the gaming table; the gradual loss of interest in business and in things which build a man up; the rapid weakening of all noble purposes; the decay of manliness; the recklessness and blasphemy against fate; the sullen despair of ever breaking the chains of evil habit; what victories of shame and contempt, what harvests of hell have grown from such seeds as these. Sneer, if you will, like a fool, at the suggestion of reform, morals, religion; every man knows that all there is of true life is personal virtue and rectitude of character. Going to the bad! But there is hope. Earth and heaven are full of hands ever reaching to help the lost man back to the better way. All the good there is in the universe is full of sympathy with that little goodness which inwardly reproves and protests.

KILL YOUR FISH WHEN YOU CATCH 'EM.—Agassiz was accustomed to tell his pupils how to kill fish as soon as taken from the water, because the flesh of the fish that die as soon as taken from the water is much better than that of those that suffer before dying. Professor D. D. Slade, in a lecture before the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture, says, "Various modes of killing fish are practiced. The Dutch destroy life by making a slight longitudinal incision under the tail with a sharp instrument." "On the Rhine they kill salmon by thrusting a steel needle into their heads." "Fish may be easily killed by striking them a quick, sharp blow with a small stick on the back of the head, just behind the eyes." And the professor continues, "It has been observed that fish which are instantly killed on being taken from the water, are vastly superior in taste and solidity to those which are allowed to die." This information might be very properly and usefully circulated in our schools.

AN INCIDENT.—More than fifty years ago a boy some sixteen or seventeen years of age was at work one afternoon on the old "Hingham Station Packet," which will be remembered by some of our citizens as for many years occupying a berth at the head of the dock where State Street block now stands.

It was an afternoon when there was no school, and a girl somewhat younger than the boy alluded to was passing the half holiday in play near the store of her father. Venturing too near the edge of the dock she missed her footing and fell overboard, and it being high water at the time she disappeared, no one saw her fall, but by accident the lad noticed some bubbles in the water, and having just seen the little miss on the wharf, instantly took in the situation. Springing into the water he succeeded in bringing her to the surface, and calling for aid she was taken on shore and restored to her parents.

This act of heroism saved the life of one who has become the most distinguished American actress of the age—a lady as highly respected for her moral worth and irreproachable private character as she is renowned all over the world for her eminent histrionic achievement.—Her rescuer is to-day one of our most eminent citizens, and less than a year ago acquainted the lady with the circumstances of her deliverance from a watery grave through his instrumentality—a fact she well remembers, although till then ignorant of the name of her preserver. Cornelius Lovell had saved the life of Charlotte Cushman.—*East Boston Advocate.*

BROTHER R. AND HOW HE WOULD SING IN CHURCH.—Brother R. was a pretty big man in a certain old New England village. He would swear a little sometimes, but when he subscribed \$500 toward rebuilding and refitting the old church that special act of charity covered a multitude of sins. Brother R. had a big voice. There was no time or tune in it, but he bellowed as he pleased in church singing. When the new church was finished it was to be dedicated, and a choir was carefully trained to do the singing. Bro. R. was not of the choir, and the intention was to rule him out of the vocal exercises. The choir had carefully rehearsed a new dedicatory hymn, and every thing was ready for the interesting ceremonies. The church was crowded, and Bro. R. was in his place in a front pew, as large as life. The new piece commenced and Bro. R.'s voice rose loud above the organ. There was a pause. The organ and choir were mute, and the latter mad. The minister, looking at a fly on the ceiling, explained that it was a new piece which the choir alone had practiced, and requested the congregation not to join in the singing. The piece was recommenced and again the brother's big voice broke it up. The preacher then fixed his eyes on Bro. R. and requested him to keep silence during the performance of the new piece, which he not understood. Bro. R. looking at his beloved pastor with his big round eyes, replied in a big voice: "Look a here, most reverend sir, I paid \$500 towards repairing this old gospel box, and by thunder I will sing." The preacher gave it up and so did the choir.

NOT MUCH CHANGED.—A party had met at a public table, when the conversation turned on the subject of transmigration. Mr. K. was a firm believer in the doctrine, and was expatiating largely upon its points, when he was interrupted by a gentleman who was present with, "K., what do you suppose yourself to have been before you were L. K?" "I don't know," replied K.; "I might have been a hog, for aught I know." "Well," rejoined his friend, "you have not altered much—only got upon your hind legs."

A GENIUS thus defines the difference between men and women. "A man gives forty cents for a twenty-five cent thing he wants, and a woman gives twenty-five cents for a forty-cent thing she does not want."

STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.—I must now attempt to describe the effects on ourselves and the impressions on our senses, though I am conscious of difficulty in avoiding subjective matter here. Of the three, my wife only was "struck," and fell to the ground, my son and myself remaining erect, and all three retaining consciousness. For more than half an hour my wife lost the use of her lower limbs and left hand, both of which became rigid. From the feet to the knees she was splashed with rose-colored, tree-like marks, branching upwards, while a large tree-like mark, with six principal branches diverging from a common centre, thirteen inches in its largest diameter, and bright rose red, covered the body. None of us are certain of having seen the flash, and my wife is sure she saw nothing. As to the noise, my wife heard a "bellowing" sound and a "squish," recalling fireworks; my son also heard a "bellow," while I seemed conscious of a sharp explosion. My wife describes her feeling as that of "dying away gently into darkness," and being roused by a tremendous blow on the body, where the chief mark was afterwards found. My son and myself were conscious of a sudden and terrific general disturbance, and he affirms that he received a severe and distinctly electrical shock in both legs. My left arm, shoulder and throat especially suffered violent disturbance, but I did not think it was electrical. As I turned to help my wife, who was on the ground, I shouted, as I thought, that I was unhurt, and hoped they were also; but it seems I only uttered inarticulate sounds, and my son, in his first attempt to answer, did the same. This, however, was only momentary; in an instant we both spoke plainly.

Neither of us referred the occurrence immediately to its true cause, but the idea of being fired at was present to all our minds; my wife, indeed, remained of the opinion that she was shot through the body until she heard me speak of lightning. An infinitesimal lapse of time enabled my son and myself to recognize lightning; but I cannot say whether I did so before or after my first glimpse of the wreck on the ground. Neither of us heard or saw the mast fall, though it descended fifty feet, and fell on hard gravel close to us. My son and myself both experienced a momentary feeling of intense anger against some "person or persons unknown," further showing that we primarily referred the shock to some conscious agency. I ought, perhaps, to add that neither of us felt any sensation of fear at the time; and we were all very nervous for several days after.—*American Artisan for May.*

SCRAMBLING.—There is a man we know who prides himself on having the bump of sagacity very largely developed. And this is what he styles "my sensible way." If he is at the corner of Summer and Washington streets at midday, when everybody and his wife are scrambling in a confused heap on the sidewalks of the latter thoroughfare, and he wants to reach State street, he quietly turns down Summer, takes the first turn to the left, has a whole sidewalk to himself, and reaches his destination two minutes earlier than his friend Hopkins, who undertook to wend his way through the crowd. When he goes to the theatre and the curtain descends, he waits till everybody and his wife have rushed for the one central avenue of escape, and then quietly slips through a modest side door and gets outside quicker than half of them. If he wants to ride to South Boston and there are two cars within thirty feet of each other, the front one being crammed to suffocation and the latter full of empty seats, he tranquilly waits for the hindmost and gets a seat all the way. He says, reckoning the waste of muscular power which he would have made by standing up in the one ahead, the damage to his clothing by having Jones, Brown and Smith tread all over his boots and trousers and expectorate on the back of his coat, he is a positive gainer by getting home two minutes later.

This spelling school *furor* has been a great help at least to one Detroit. He had been courting a girl for three years past and hadn't the courage to speak his mind. As they were seated on the sofa the other night she referred to the spelling school excitement, and added: "Matrimony is an awful hard word to spell, isn't it?" He leaned over, grasped her hand, and the next morning he had an arrangement all made to be married on the Fourth of July.

How He Surprised Her.—A little while ago, says the Toledo (Ohio) Blade, a young lady and gentleman of our city determined to unite their fates in Hymen's rosy chains, and the intention was carried out a few weeks ago. In discussing their prospects, just before the wedding occurred, the young couple concluded that they could not go to housekeeping immediately, but must board for a year or so. There are few things which a young wife resigns with more reluctance than the hope of succeeding to a neat, cosy home of her own, but this young lady did so, and made up her mind to be as happy as possible in a boarding house. But just before the wedding the groom heard of an opportunity to purchase a charming little house, just such as his prospective wife pictured their home should be, and newly furnished precisely according to her taste. A bargain was offered in the whole affair, and the groom closed upon it, but resolved to keep the transaction a secret—for a surprise to his wife. This he did effectually. After the wedding the happy pair started upon the usual trip, and in due time returned to the city. The husband suggested to his wife that before going to the hotel they go up into the city to call upon a certain friend of theirs. She assented, the hackman was directed to drive to their house, and they were shortly deposited at the door of a neat dwelling on — street. The door bell was rung; the servant appeared and ushered them into a neatly furnished parlor; a bright fire was burning in the grate and everything was cosy and homelike. The wife sat down and the husband said he would step back into another room to look for the gentleman of the house. He returned shortly, alone, and the lady of the house was also not forthcoming. The young wife expressed surprise, and wondered what could be keeping the hostess so long. The time for the denouncement had come, and the young husband tenderly informed his bride that she was the sole mistress of the house and all contained.

Tableaux—Tears, kisses, &c., ad libitum.

How a Woman Buys Meat.—When a woman enters a butcher shop to select a piece of meat for dinner she has her mind made up take mutton roast. Therefore, when the butcher rubs his hands and asks her what she will have she promptly replies:

"I'll take some of that mutton."

She stops there. Her eyes have caught sight of a ham, and she suddenly decides to take him.

"Is that nice ham?" she inquires.

"Best ham I ever saw, Madame. How much?"

"Well you may give me three pounds. Well, I don't know either. My husband was saying he'd like some sausage. Have you any real nice sausage?"

"Plenty, Madame. Now, then how much sausage will you have?"

"It's pork sausage, is it?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, I suppose a pound would be enough for our small family, but—"

"Shall I weigh a pound, Madame?"

"I was just wondering if a veal pot-pie wouldn't suit him better," she answered. "You have veal I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, Madame. Here's a splendid bit of veal—as good a piece as I ever saw."

"Yes that does look like nice veal," she says lifting it up.

"And you'll take it?"

"Let's see," she muses. "Y—no, I guess not. I guess I had better take pork chops."

How to Eat an Orange.—Always, on a southern gentleman's table, the dessert of oranges is furnished with small silver fruit knives and spoons. The orange is held in the napkin—just as you hold an egg—and with the slender point of the knife a circular incision is made in the stem end of the orange, and the stem-core is nicely cut out, leaving an orifice large enough to admit the egg-spoon. The orange is held and eaten then, just as gourmands eat an egg in its own shell; and the skill and grace with which this is done, that is, without soiling the fingers or napkin, are, as in the same process with the egg, a test of good breeding. I have known the most expert persons to master the few difficulties in the way after two or three efforts; and their satisfaction was an infinitely pleasant sight. To hostesses who like to have their table preserve in some degree, at the close of an entertainment, the beauty which dazzles the guests upon entering, this method is most desirable. Servants—let me put in a plea for those silent ones whose interests are too seldom regarded—are spared the tedious duties of gathering up the fragments, and guests who look with dismay at this tempting apple of the Hesperides can thus enjoy it as they never did before. Only the delicious nectar of the fruit is eaten, with the more delicious pulp; the tough fibre—of which, indeed, there is very little plucked from the trees under its own skies—being left in the shell.

"Hair gettin' a little thin, sir," said the barber. "Young man," said John Henry, looking down upon him from a height of solemn experience; "young man, when you are married, you will never allude, in that thoughtless manner, to domestic afflictions. No; don't apologize. My feelings are blunted. But there are some mysterious unguent—some soft seductive compound—that makes the hair more slippery to the grasp?"

"How is this?" Julia Ward Howe says that "There is nothing so beneficial to a young man as the companionship of sisters." And to see young men meandering about on Sunday evening with other fellows sisters, you might infer that they fully coincide with Julia's remarks.

Yesterday a bootblack followed a man around for several minutes repeating the inquiry, "Have a shine?" and finally the man exclaimed, "Didn't I tell you five minutes ago that I didn't want my boots blacked?" "You did, mister," replied the boy, "but I thought you might be lying about it."

The other day a postmaster, on entering his office, had his olfactory nerves disagreeably assailed. On questioning a boy in the office as to the cause, the facetious youth replied: "I don't know, sir; but perhaps the smell comes from some of the dead letters."

Mrs. Everts said to Mr. Everts yesterday morning: "Get up and open the dampers, William;" and Mr. Everts said absently, turning over for another nap, "Your honor will please note my exception."

On a Spanish sun dial is written, "I mark only the bright hours." This is wise. There is more sunshine than shade, more bright than dark hours, to be remembered.

Now that there is no longer any occasion for secrecy, won't Mr. Spinner be kind enough to tell us what the two initials in his name really are?

An affected singer at a Dublin theatre was told by a wag in the gallery to "come out behind his nose, and sing his song like other people."

When a Detroit was asked the other day by a traveler if he had ever been in Brooklyn, he hastened to reply, "Do I look like one of that sort of men, sir?"

He is a happy man who hath a true friend at his need; but he is more truly happy that hath no need of his friend.

A musician and a sailor should always know how to sound the C.

The scale of good breeding—B natural.

Home stretch—the stretch across the maternal knee.

HERDS GRASS,

Cheap for CASH, at

Ellis' Railroad Store, Woburn.

Chas. K. Conn & Co.

DEALERS IN

HARD and SOFT

COAL, WOOD,

Lime & Cement.

We deliver Coal and Wood in any quantity desired, and at the Lowest CASH PRICES.

CUSTOMERS DESIRING IT, WE

SAW and SPLIT WOOD

READY FOR USE, 54

At a slight additional charge.

Office: 113 MAIN STREET

Ellis' Railroad Store Building, near depot.

CHAS. K. CONN. CHAS. H. POLLARD

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DEALER IN

Hard & Soft Coal,

WOOD, LIME AND CEMENT.

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A Large Assortment

OF ALL KINDS OF

STEAM COAL

CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Wood Sawing

By Steam.

The subscriber has a Circular Saw in operation

At his Wood and Coal Yard,

No. 93 Main Street.

With which he is prepared to

SAW WOOD,

For his customers, and deliver it to them ready to

the store, at a slight advance upon the price of the

wood. Customers are invited to call and examine

the new improvement. 55

J. B. McDONALD,

93 Main St., Woburn.

Pro Bono Publico.

A. A. CLEMENT

Would announce to the citizens of Woburn Centre

that he has secured

1000 TONS OF ICE,

which he will furnish at a fair price the coming

season. For further particulars leave address at C. S.

Adkins, or at the residence of the subscriber, 431

Main street. A. A. CLEMENT.

Woburn, Feb. 1, 1875. 57

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J. McGonigle & Bro.,

ARE SELLING

CLOTHING

AT REDUCED RATES.

A Large Assortment of Spring and Summer goods

of American, English and French manufacture

just received. Also, the latest styles of

HATS AND CAPS.

And Ladies & Gents Boots & Shoes.

Also Hosiery, Gloves, Trunks, Umbrellas, &c.

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192 Main Street, opp. Post Office, Woburn, Mass.

"BLACK FEARNAUGHT"

Will make the season for a limited number of

Marcs at

WINSHIP'S STOCK FARM,

WOBURN, MASS.

For Terms, Pedigree, &c., apply on the premises.

Board for Horses

At all seasons of the year. 47

F. O. LYMAN,

Piano-Fortes and Organs

TUNED and REPAIRED.

Orders left at the Boston Hat Store, 140 Main St.

Boiler Building, or sent to Box 902, Woburn, F. O.

will be promptly attended to. 49

RED TOP, Lawn Grass,

Cheap for CASH,

At Ellis' Railroad Store.

C. W. NUTE & Co.

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BUSINES

—AT—

No. 209 MAIN STREET,

And will keep on hand a full line of

SERVICEABLE GOODS

to suit the requirements of our customers, and will

sell them as

CHEAP FOR CASH

as they can be bought for anywhere in town.

We are now prepared to make

LADIES

AMERICAN and FRENCH KID

Buskins and Slippers

TO ORDER, and shall manufacture all that

we offer for sale.

MEN'S TOILET SLIPPERS

also made to order, and

REPAIRING

promptly and neatly done.

We shall also keep on hand a full line of the man-

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BURKE & MUNDY

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Thanking the public for the patronage accorded

in the past, we hope to receive our fair share in the

future. 49

C. W. NUTE & Co.,

209 Main street, Woburn.

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Corned Beef,

In 2, 4, and 6-pound Packages,

At Ellis' Railroad Store.

CENTRAL MARKET,

151 Main St., Woburn.

B. F. WYER

keeps constantly on hand a full and fresh

stock of

Beef, Pork & Mutton

AND ALL KINDS OF

SEASONABLE VEGETABLES,

and everything usually found in a

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GENEALOGIST

Office at Residence, corner of East and Carter Sts.

(Genealogies traced and compiled, Family Regis-

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Office Hours 1 to 5 P. M.

Instruction given in Penmanship and Book-

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for Penmanship, \$3.00 for Book-keeping. 62

MRS. J. M. RICHARDS,

Hygienic Physician and Midwife.

Mrs. Richards comes to us a stranger, but with the

best of references, which, with her past success

in Midwifery, should recommend her to the people

of Woburn. 45

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C. R. CAGE & Co.,

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Rent Low. Inquire of E. F. WYER. 15

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Cheap for CASH,

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Eastern, Western and Canada lumber of all

kinds. 81

SHINGLES,

Clapboards,

Laths, Pickets,

Conductors,

Caps and Irons,

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for inside and outside finish.

TANNERS' and CURRIERS'

Yard & Hanging Sticks,

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all lengths.

LEHIGH, LACKAWANNA

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Hard and Soft

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HOUSE,

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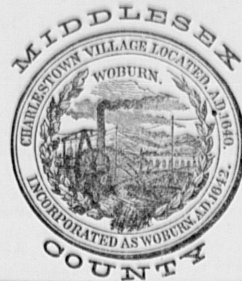
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NO. 36.

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42 Cents.
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Poetry.

ONLY A TRESS OF HAIR.

BY J. W. C.

Only a lock of a woman's hair,
Yet sacred to me, and treasured with care;
'Twas golden once, and bright as the sun
As it shines on the hills, when the day is done.

Years have faded the golden tress,
But I look on it now with tenderness;
For memory carries me back to night,
To the walk we took in the pale moonlight.

When I kissed her cheek and called her
My bride,
In the shady nook by the river side,
How we gaily talked of our hopes for life,
Thinking little of care, or strife.

Hopes alas like an April day,
Or a fleeting dream, that fades away
Just as we grasp at the pearls of prize,
For clouds o'ershadowed the blue of our skies.

Her eyes grew bright as the stars above,
When I took her hand and told my love,
And Heaven seemed near with all its bliss,
As I stole from her rosy lips a kiss.

Never again will that joy be mine,
Nor will her hand on my breast recline;
In my dreams I see her yet,
With the same fair face that I never forget.

'Tis only a tress of hair I know,
Yet my heart beats fast as the tears o'er flow,
For it carries me back to the days of yore,
To the rosy lips I greet mine no more.

Selected.

THE MIDSUMMER MASK.

It was none of Jack Cheselden's fault that he went to sea once to often, and so circumvented a pair of schemers or more. He was one of those gay, gallant good-for-nothing fellows, who, when the ladies doted upon, and whom nobody could find it in their hearts to blame seriously when his handsome face was present, but one who would never come to anything better than marrying a fortune. Unstable as water, taking up law at one moment, to lay it down in favor of physic the next; who had dived chemistry aside to dabble in oil and water-colors, and had tried almost every thing but theology. One day he took it into his head to try the ocean, but after the first rough voyage his enthusiasm had died a natural death; but Grandfather Cheselden simply put his foot down—albeit a gouty one—as folks thought he ought to have done earlier, and insisted that Jack should stand by his last choice of a profession.

"I won't leave you a red cent, not a red cent, Sir, unless you put your own shoulder to the wheel," he assured his grandson.

"In other words," said Jack lightly, as was his wont, "unless I paddle my own canoe. But I'm going to marry a fortune you know," shrugging his fine shoulders.

"And prey on her coffer?" A pretty how-do-you-do for a Cheselden!

Now Grandfather Cheselden had nobody but himself to thank for this affair of Jack's with Emily Belgravia. He had done all in his power to bring it about; he had condescended to lend himself to the wiles of match-making. Jack had been as indolent and indifferent a lover as ever the sun shone on. Heaven knows, wavering in love, thought his grandfather, as in everything else; but he had talked to Jack roundly; his great-aunt had demonstrated that his honor was concerned; that he had flirted with Miss Belgravia till flirtation was no longer a virtue; the family had courted him; Emilia herself seemed nothing loth; and the poor fellow had been absolutely worried into an engagement, but revenged himself by wearing his chains loosely enough. The Cheseldens were a family who had come in with the flood, so to speak, while the Belgravias of a few generations back had cobbled shoes; but to equalize things, they had cobbled to such purpose that their coffers were now overflowing, while the Cheseldens' financial credit was on the decline. The Cheseldens wanted money—the Belgravias hankered after family. They played into each other's hand, and Jack was the tool, who simply wanted to be let alone. As for Emilia—well, she shared the family ambition, doubtless, and if she were in love with Jack and mind, I haven't committed her—she was

not the first girl who loved him without a cause. So the affair was arranged. Emilia was a beauty in her way—not the way Jack would have chosen, perhaps, but he liked well enough to dance with her; to hold her fan; how better could a sailor spend his holiday than in flirting? what more natural? But he felt a sort of hateful pride, he it said, when strangers turned to look after her leaning on his arm. Then the Belgravias was a home in which to wile away one's time, since nothing more fascinating offered—since Grandfather Cheselden's gout had made him testy, and his failing fortunes had made him stingy.

Perhaps he would have been more eager to rivet his chains, and would have loved them better, had it not happened that the *Æolus* had brought home a passenger on her last voyage—the voyage that Jack had wished to escape, that Grandfather Cheselden had insisted on his taking! The passenger was a pale girl, with none of Emilia's vivid colors, shining amidst no pomp of circumstance like Emilia: a girl who was coming home to fill a governess's place in America, and who fell ill on the trip, and called Jack's snatching of medicine into use. Physician and patient could not long remain strangers, and Jack soon found it fatally pleasant to arrange her deck-chair, to bring her work, to listen to her simple confidences; then there were long twilights spent together, when she sang snatches of sea-songs, when they seemed to forget that only a little while ago they had not known of each other's existence. Grandfather Cheselden had not counted upon any such experiences as these among the dangers of the deep.

"O, I wish I could have staid in the Old World longer!" she said, one day, when they had been talking about cathedral and pictures.

"And pray, why didn't you?" asked Jack, in his headlong way.

"Oh, a hundred reasons," Mrs. Nitre didn't want my services any longer. You know, I went out as governess to Mrs. Nitre's children. I thought it was such an opportunity! And here I am coming home after six months—only I'm going to somebody else's home! But I'm not sorry, on the whole," with a little sigh.

"Neither am I. I could almost bless Mrs. Nitre. But tell me, have her children learned all you knew in six months' time?"

"It wouldn't take long, I'm afraid if they were apt scholars," laughed Dawn; "but I didn't please Mrs. Nitre on closer acquaintance."

"Didn't please Mrs. Nitre! She must be the hardest woman in the world to please."

"So Mr. Hughes said." A slip of the tongue.

"Mr. Hughes? Who was he, may I ask?"

"Nobody but Mrs. Nitre's brother," blushing.

"Nobody but her brother? Ah, you pleased him too well, I see. Subtle Mrs. Nitre. That's the answer to the riddle, eh?"

"He was very good to me, but—"

Little blushes chasing each other over her face and hiding the dimples.

"But you weren't in love with him?" Mrs. Nitre was more scared than hurt?

"No, I was never in love. But she was very good, on the whole. She secured me the place I'm going to. It wasn't her fault if she thought I couldn't resist the temptation, being only a poor governess."

"And what did Mr. Hughes say?"

"He did not know her plans. He was away, shooting on a gentleman's place somewhere."

"The shooter shot! Poor fellow! He will be sure to follow after you."

"No, indeed. He wouldn't know where to find me; and he knows it would be—"

"Love's labor lost? Well, I'm obliged to Mrs. Nitre myself," said Jack.

"And I don't owe her a grudge," returned Dawn Cabot. Undoubtedly Jack, with nothing ahead in the world, and slim prospects, with no profession in hand, with the intention of throwing up a sea-faring life at the first chance; no sort of

right to say pretty things and neat little compliments to this wail, Dawn Cabot, to look too long into her soft shadowy eyes, to take her hand in his and forget to drop it; to repeat in her ear the love lore of the poets with tender emphasis and eloquent silence; but perhaps the opportunity was too inviting for youth to resist; perhaps this was only one among his numerous flirtations; and perhaps he counted the cost, and voluntarily relinquished love as too great a luxury for one like himself. Be this as it may, it was hardly necessary, at the last moment, in the cross-lighted pandemonium of the city depot, whether he had driven to see her safely on the train—it was hardly necessary, Grandfather Cheselden would have said, for him not only to retain the hand she proffered to say good-by, but by a sudden inspiration of daring to take her into his arms and kiss the pale reproving face on lip and brow and cheek, unless he meant more than was spoken. Perhaps he felt that actions spoke louder than words. He meant, it is true, to write to her, he meant to go and see her often, he meant a thousand things always, with which something else was to interfere. Other affairs absorbed him, slipped in to prevent his designs, till the impression Dawn had created retired into the background, and when he found it convenient, at length, to seek her, she was no longer to be found; her employers had moved away, and she had gone, no one knew whither.

To do him justice, he did, indeed, write to Mrs. Nitre, thinking she must know the address of people with whom she had been intimate enough to recommend a governess, but that lady vouchsafed no reply. It may be that this accounted, in a degree, for Jack's final capture by the host of the Belgravias; if he had given two women cause to expect something more than pretty attentions from him, let him, by all means, make amends to one, since in the mind of the other he must always remain something akin to a villain. If less worthy motives weighed with him, he did not know it, though there could hardly fail to be much that was attractive to a susceptible mind in the elegance and luxury of the Belgravias' surroundings; and youth is impatient to know, and believes the happiness that loiters will never overtake it.

Well, Jack honored his grandfather for the nonce, and went to sea the third time. It was the *Æolus* still, and when the wind sighed among her shrouds it seemed as if he heard Dawn's gentle singing; in fact, the ship was haunted by her sweet presence, and he was glad when the voyage ended, and he could escape his upbraiding thoughts in the whirl of society and life at the Belgravias', though he had found his vocation at last. But he had arrived at the decision that he was not dealing quite fairly with Emilia herself, and he meant to be honest, and tell her that his heart had not been his own to give, but if she could overlook that slight omission on his part, he should hope some day, with her aid, to get the better of this disability, and so give her the chance to take or leave him, with all his imperfections on his head. Who knows but he secretly hoped she would leave him? The day was warm, and sweet with June roses, as he rang the bell at Belgravia Palace.

"Miss Emilia is in the garden," said the servant. He would call her; but Mr. Jack preferred to follow her there; perhaps the fragrance of the flowers might sweeten what he had to say. "Just the way with courting folks," thought the old servant; "they mostly take to gardening and that sort of trash." Dawn through the blooming alleys Jack strode, blossoms waving at every step, blue sky and sunshine shimmering overhead in a net-work of leaves, the silver fretting of the fountain half lost amidst the chirrup of birds calling among the boughs, and gold-dusted bees humming in the flower cups, till he reached the second terrace, where Emilia's gown of white seeded muslin be-

trayed her, reading a novel in the summer-house.

Half an hour later a pale woman went aimlessly wandering down the same garden path—a woman who idly dipped her hands into the fountain, and broke a spray of roses here to drop further on, as if they failed to give her the consolation she craved—a woman with a sad, far-away look in her soft eyes, with a weary manner, as if life had lost its flavor, but must still be lived out faithfully all the same. On she stepped, noiselessly brushing the box with her sombre gown, with eyes upon the ground, and her thoughts a great way off, when, suddenly looking up, she saw some one walking by Emilia side on the terrace below—some one who paused presently and bent to her cheek with a lover's caress. What was there familiar in the scene to the silent spectator except the eternal sameness in all lovemaking? Just so had Jack Cheselden embraced herself, in the bewildering dusk of the city depot, only a year ago? Was this one way of love? She did not faint or cry out, as a heroine ought to have done; she only stood still one bitter moment, regarding them, accepting the situation, trying to find excuses for him in her own heart; then she turned away, and passed out of the garden as slowly as she had entered.

As might be guessed, Emilia had playfully chided Jack for his sins, received his confession, and granted absolution gracefully; and Jack had groaned in spirit, but had borne his part in the grand tableau with tolerable effect, as we have seen. It so happened that the home in which Dawn had found shelter was neighboring to the domain of the Belgravias; the garden led into each other in friendly wise, and each household was at liberty to make itself at home in either grounds; but Dawn never walked in the Belgravias' garden again after that morning's yet as from her own, as well as the school-room where she taught the young Deuceacres to "put a girdle round the earth," looked out broadly upon the embowered paths, she must often have seen the two walking there in the tender dusk and starlight; she must often have leaned out from her window, longing to catch the strains of Jack's flute or the sound of his voice.

One night there was a midsummer's mask at Belgravias', and the air resounded with jocund mirth and music. Peas-blossom and Moon-shine flattered among the shrubbery as much at home as their namesakes; the grounds, illuminated with colored lights, made fairy scene fit for whatever enchantments. There was dancing in the house and Jack, as Oberon, left Titania tripping on the fantastic toe in the arms of Starveling, and walked forth by himself, with eyes dim with self-distrust and dissatisfaction; but not heeding whether he went, involved in his own thoughts, he left the gay groups behind him, and only stayed his footsteps when he was suddenly confronted by a wan, wistful face that leaned from a window of the Deuceacres' darkened mansion, half concealed and half revealed, like a spirit face looking out of a cloud. But Jack was not the man to entertain ghostly fancies. If that was Dawn's face, growing and brightening above him, she herself must be there too. In a moment he forgot his part and place, the time that had elapsed, forgot that Colweb was entangling Thistle in a flirtation just across the hedge, that Lysander and Helena were love-making under cover of the fountain's treble—forgot everything but Dawn and his love.

"Dawn! Dawn!" he cried, stretching his arms towards her; "have the heavens fallen? Is it you, yourself? Come down, come down to me, darling!" he pleaded, in a breath.

"I can not go down to Miss Belgravia's lover," sighed Dawn drearily. "In the play, you know, it is not Oberon who is inconsistent."

"Oh, Dawn, if you have any pity in your gentle heart, come down and let me speak; let me make my poor excuse, and then call me inconsistent if you can. Come, while they are all intent on

their own little schemes; don't let us waste our words apart—there's a whole lifetime for that awaiting us."

"Hush! somebody will hear you!"

"Then come, and let me speak in whispers."

"I dare not. I have no mask. If we should meet your sweetheart—"

"I have no sweetheart but you, Dawn. Thank Heaven that you need wear no mask? Come down quickly, or I swear I will come to you."

And through the glimmering dusk over the abandoned vine-entangled staircase that led from the balconied window to the dewy garden below, stole Dawn to meet him.

"I will just stay to hear what he has to say," she pleaded with herself; "that will be only fair; and it will be such a comfort to know that after all he did not mean to forget me!" And wandering with Jack through the dim garden mazes, where the pale flowers hung their heads as she brushed by, lost in the happiness that would end presently and forever, she did not heed the light footsteps of time, till some far-off clock tolled out the hour, and as it ceased, two other voices—was it the echo of their own—took up the strain; two voices strangely familiar to Jack, standing there in the shadow of the lindens, whose tones gave him a great thrill of enlightenment, as Titania and Starveling, tired of dance and mask, paced up and down the sweet secluded trust and opened their hearts.

"Emilia," Starveling was saying whom Jack had recognized earlier as the handsome cousin of his fiancée, "are you still bent on feeding your pride and starving your heart? Isn't love better than noble birth, older than the oldest families?"

"I don't know," answered Emilia, lightly. "We know what love is like, you and I, Franz; but the trouble is, we can't climb this family tree of ours far without coming upon a hornets' nest. If our great grandfather had traded in the Indies and lost every cent, instead of sitting on his bench and pegging shoes and laying up treasure, why, in that case, my dear Franz, I should prefer you to all the Jack Cheseldens ever breathed."

"Your pride is yet no made for mine. Too proud to care from whence I came," quoted the love-sick youth, as they passed on through the treacherous shadows. The hand that Jack was about to relinquish was pressed closer, as the tuncful voices died away in whispers; the farewell he had been about to utter faded on his lips; there was no reason under heavens why he should marry Emilia, since she did not love him. He drew Dawn toward his heart; the adagio of flutes and violins drifted down to them as if blown from some other world.

"Puck has been playing pranks with all of us; but the spell is broken," said he. "We belong to each other."

And so the midsummer night's mask ended.

"Miss Cabot," said Mrs. Deuceacres, next morning, "I understand that you were seen walking in the shrubbery last night with Mr. Jack Cheselden. If this is true, permit me to say that your services will be no longer needed in my house."

"It is all quite true," said Dawn. "I am going to marry Mr. Jack Cheselden."

Pleasant faced people are generally the most welcome, but the auctioneer is always pleased to see a man whose countenance is fit for bidding.

A printer, hard of hearing, at a spelling match the other evening, asked the Captain to "Write the darned thing down so that a fellow can tell what 'tis."

A baby in Milwaukee, Wis., has been christened "Zero," in honor of the cold Sunday upon which he was born.

A dressmakers apprentice speaks of her cross-eyed lover as the fellow whose looks are cut bias.

A close observer says that the words which ladies are fondest of are the first and last words.

THE SPARE BED.—When I go to the country to visit my relatives, writes M. Quad, the spare bed rises up before my imagination days before I start, and I shiver as I remember how cold and grave-like the sheets are. I put off the visit as long as possible, solely on account of that spare bed. I don't like to tell them that I had rather sleep on a picket fence than to enter that spare room and creep into that spare bed, and so they know nothing of my sufferings.

The spare bed is always as near a mile and a half from the rest of the beds as it can be located. It's either up stairs at the head of the hall, or off in the parlor. The parlor curtains have not been raised for weeks; everything is as prim as an old maid's bonnet, and the bed is as square and true as if it had been made up to a carpenter's rule.

No matter whether it be summer or winter, the bed is like ice, and it sinks down in a way to make one shiver. The sheets are slippery clean, the pillow slips rustle like shrouds, and one dare not stretch his leg down for fear of kicking against a tomb-stone.

One sinks down until he is lost in the hollow, and foot by foot the prim bed-posts vanish from sight. He is worn out and sleepy, but he knows that the rest of the family are so far away that no one could hear him if he should shout for an hour, and this makes him nervous. He wonders if any one ever died in that room, and straightway he sees faces of dead persons, hears strange noises, and presently feel a chill galloping up and down his back.

Did any one ever pass a comfortable night in a spare bed? No matter how many quilts and spreads covered him he could not get warm, and if he accidentally fell asleep it was to awake with a start, under the impression that a dead man was pulling his nose. It will be days and weeks before he recovers from the impression, and yet he must suffer in silence, because the spare bed was assigned him in token of esteem and affection.

A gentleman visiting a German theatre took an effective plan to clear an obstruction between him and the stage. A lady sat in front of him with towering braids and a high, plumed hat. He stooped over and asked her several times to be kind enough to remove her hat. She sat bolt upright, not even condescending to look around at the speaker, and there was a still higher elevation of towering mass of velvet and plumes. The gentleman quietly took out from beneath his seat his own "cylinder" and placed it upon his head. In an instant there were several cries of "hats off," while the lady, supposing they were intended for her, hastily untied her hat and laid it in her lap, to the great amusement of those who witnessed the gentleman's ruse. Happy thought; book it.

How SUCCESS WAS ACHIEVED.—Mr. Judd of the American Agriculturist, now a wealthy man, once sent a clerk out to collect some money to the extent of \$100, out of which he was to pay for a two-line "ad." in a daily paper. "Two" a lucky stroke of stupidity, the clerk left the "ad." and the \$100 at the newspaper office, and said it was to be inserted to that extent. Imagine the frugal seedsman's horror on finding that the money which was to have carried him through several weeks, had all been spent in one advertisement. For the length of two columns the morning paper repeated the lines "The American Agriculturist, out today." The consequence was that the edition was exhausted early, and the subscriptions came pouring in. From that day Mr. Judd and his paper became established success, and now he owns a stylish team and about half of Flushing, they say.

"Augustus, dear," said she, tenderly pushing him from her as the moonlight flooded the bay-window where they were standing, "I think you had better try some other hair dye; your mustache tastes like turpentine."

A good idea of the change for the better made by emigrants from Scotland to this country is obtained by the details of a case between master and servant recently tried at Forres, Scotland. Some farm servants contended against the constant dietary infliction of "kail-brose" which they had to undergo because their employer, named Paul, had some time before added five calves to her stock, and consequently could not allow her help as much milk as would serve them each night to take their porridge with. The servants agreed to be satisfied with porridge and milk, but even this concession the Judge would not insist upon, claiming that the food supplied them was as good as that usually provided in the country. The "kail-brose" is a very inexpensive dish, made of the sprouts of a certain vegetable boiled, and oatmeal added. Where the laborers in that section board themselves, nothing but "brose" and milk three times a day from year's end to year's end is used, and butler's meat once in two days is the luxury of fortunate servants. The character of the laborer's diet in this country shows the poor man's sovereignty in his food as well as his vote. The laborer in America lives as well as the wealthy farmer in Great Britain as a rule. Meat at least twice and sometimes thrice a day is but a small portion of his table comforts, and "kail-brose," even with milk, he would use to fatten his pork instead of himself. And yet there are poor people across the water that are made to believe they cannot better their condition by coming to this country.

JUST WHAT HE SAYS.—A writer in the St. Paul Press tells a new story of Horace Greeley. Horace wrote a note to a brother editor in New York, whose writing was equally illegible with his own. The recipient of the note not being able to read it, sent it back by the same messenger to Mr. Greeley for elucidation. Supposing it to be the answer to his own note, Mr. Greeley looked over it, but likewise was unable to read it, and said to the boy: "Go take it back. What does the d—d fool mean?" "Yes, sir," said the boy, "that is just what he says."

A Detroit gentleman walking behind two school children the other day, heard the boy inquire, "Will you be at the party to-night?" "I shall be there," answered the miss, "but I may as well tell you now that your love is hopeless. Mamma is determined, father is set, and it isn't right for me to encourage your attention. I can be a sister to you, but nothing more. Therefore you needn't buy me any valentine or give me any more gum."

A Williamstown boy became a man in this way: While hoeing corn one afternoon he turned to his father who was working with him, and said: "What time is it, father?" "Half past two," replied the senior farmer. Throwing down his hoe, the son graduated from his farmer life with this remark: "Twenty-one years ago, father, at half past two in the afternoon, I was born; you can do your own hoeing after this!"—North Adams Transcript.

The Colonel D. K. Anthony, editor of the Leavenworth Times, who was recently fatally shot by another editor, was a brother of Susan B. Anthony. The Washington Star thinks it a little singular that editors should indulge in shooting one another when they are the targets of so many unreasonable people outside of their profession. That's a fact.

The grand, overwhelming evidence in favor of a religious life is this; that there is not a case on record of the many millions who have endeavored to follow Jesus throughout life, that regretted it at the hour of death.

The second meeting house in Boston erected in 1640, stood on the present site of the Joy Building, Washington street.

Some of our young ladies should try to "spell" their mothers at the wash-tub.

SENSIBLE VIEW OF BOYS.—Anxious mothers, who cherish the idea that their noisy, apparently reckless boys, are liable at any time to be brought home dead, killed by some accident carelessly incurred, give themselves a great deal of unnecessary trouble. Boys are by no means so venturesome as is supposed, and not fools, by any manner of means. A boy will run out in the street and stand as if he would be run over. But notice, before he stands he will catch the driver's eye, and he fears no danger. He climbs a roof, a tree, or he walks a rafter, but he is sure-footed, and seldom places himself in real danger of his life. He takes his chances on a slight injury or a fall, the same as we all do. In the winter boys are unusually timid, and where one is drowned it is rarely from his own fault or venturesomeness. It is more often the result of unforeseen contingencies. They throw big stones at each other, but they take care that the stones will fall short of the mark. They jump on wagons, but always from behind. In coasting, the accident is not often the fault of the lad or the sled. It is often the fault of the heedless driver of a team. When a runaway comes, a boy never tries to step the team—no, he breaks for shelter. Boys rarely take risks at fires, and a boy run over by an engine is almost unheard of. The boy who is run over in the street, is not the street Arab, but the boy with the expensive clothes on; the boy just fresh from a careful mother's admonitions to be careful; the boy always held in restraint; who has had "accident" dimmed into his ears so continually that when he encounters one he falls a victim to lack of presence of mind, and, may be, the fear of a father's or mother's wrath. So long as boys are boys they are liable to danger from various causes; but a hair-breadth escape is not calamity. A boy's life becomes safer from the moment he is badly frightened by the danger of losing it.

THE USE OF THE NOVEL.—Where are we to look, if not to novels, for the truest and most highly finished pictures of life? What could make up to us for the loss of such writers as Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot, and Sir Walter Scott? How often do we hear a worse sermon than that which Parson Dale delivered in his village congregation, as we read in the pages of My Novel? And how usefully do we often find a knowledge of novels comes to our help in society! In the course of nineteenth century life we meet with seasons when various persons more or less known to each other, meet together for the purpose of celebrating certain social rites, and when it is absolutely necessary, if the ceremonies in question are to be successfully conducted, that the celebrants should engage in what is sometimes called "conversation" or more familiarly "talk." Let us suppose two people, who are unacquainted with each other, placed together at a dinner party. They have got to sit side by side for the next two hours, and probably would find it (at any rate we may suppose one of the two would) rather dull to keep silence at that time. But what are they to talk about? Art, pictures and music, traveling, dancing, croquet, archery, all have been tried and found wanting; when, by some lucky chance, a novel has been mentioned and then at last a subject has been found mutually interesting to both parties. And surely it is more harmless, if not quite so delightful, to pass this time in criticising some fictitious character than in making remarks upon living friends, or satirical comments upon our next door neighbors.

DECEIVED BY ORNAMENT.—We have heard much of veterans—of men who fought, bled and died for their country—and have gazed with musing thoughts upon the wearers of old, service-worn, weather-beaten blue army overcoats. But the experience here given is new. The story is told that a gentleman went to the wood market the other day to buy wood. He saw the old blue army overcoat worn by a woodman.

"One of the nation's defenders," thought he. "May have upheld the flag at Gettysburg; been with little Phil in his terrible ride; with Sherman in his terrible march to the sea; his trusty rifle may have unhorsed the dreaded Stonewall, or turned the tide of battle in the gory Wilderness."

The load of wood was bought. What was a dollar more to an old veteran, whose eye, he imagined, kindled with its ancient fire, in re-

membrance of the deadly breach, the hair-breadth escapes, etc. The march behind the green, knotty, scraggy wood was taken up with pride, as the hero moved his load and team up the street. The wood was thrown off. The gentleman's heart warmed with this blessed deed of charity toward the brave soldier, and he thus addressed him:

"Comrade, tell us in what department you served your country during the late unholy rebellion?"

The woodman's eye brightened; the flame lit up his countenance; a patriotic halo seemed to brighten the heart of the wagoner where he stood, whip in hand, about to tickle the off mule's ear, and thus he replied:

"Rebellion h—! I went to Canada before the first draft. I gave a bottle of whiskey to a veteran, who had lost both an leg and an arm, for his overcoat. G'lang Beecher! Get up, Liz!"

And our benefactor was left on the ragged edge of a knotty log, bellying the town to be full of swindlers, jugglers, mountebanks and men of sin.

HOW TO BE POLITE.—Do not try to be too polite. Never overwhelm your friends by begging them to make themselves at home, or they will soon wish they were. Show by your actions rather than by your words that you are glad to see them. Have enough regard for yourself to treat your greatest enemy with politeness. All petty slights are merely meanness, and hurt yourself more than any one else.

Do not talk about yourself or family to the exclusion of other topics. What if they are clever, and a little more so than any other people, it may not be that other folks will think so, whatever they ought to do. It may be interesting to you to talk over your ailments, but very tiresome for others to listen to.

Make people think you consider them pleasant and agreeable, and they will be pretty apt to have a pleasant impression of yourself.

Treat people just as you would have them treat you.

It is much easier to lose the good opinion of other people than to retain it; and when any one does not care for the good opinion of others, he is not worthy of respect.

Do not excuse the house, furniture, or table you set before your guests. It is fair to suppose that their visits are to you, not to your surroundings.

The whole machinery of social intercourse is very intricate, and it is our business to keep all places of possible friction well supplied with the oil of politeness.

SOME OF LINCOLN'S STORIES.—Mr. Lincoln usually accompanied his gay little wife to parties, but seldom remained where the largest portion of the company were, but would slip off to some side room, or perhaps sit upon the stairs, where friends would soon gather about him, begging him for a story. They often named the tale they wished him to tell; for instance, saying, "Oh, Mr. Lincoln, do tell us the 'camp-meeting story,' or the 'Baker story,' etc., etc. I was so much amused by the camp-meeting story that at one time when Mr. L. was stopping at our own home I got him to relate it, and even to tell me how to spell the ridiculous names of 'Noah's sons,' so that I think I can repeat it just as he told it; but it needs his peculiar voice to give it effect. Here it is:

"There had been a great camp-meeting going on for nearly a week in the beech woods in Ohio, and on the last day a fine speaker preached the closing sermon. He was a large, powerful man, with a strong voice, and his hearers were deeply affected. He was a very sensible man, and seeing clouds gathering in the west, he shortened his sermon, telling the crowd they would not have much time to collect their effects and take up their beds and walk, as a storm was coming on. In less time than it takes to tell it tents were pulled down, beds, tables, chairs, and children were loaded into wagons, and all was noise and confusion on the camp ground. In the midst of all this bustle a little wizened-faced man ascended the log steps of the pulpit, and, clapping his small hands, and rolling his weak eyes upward, squealed out, 'Brethren and sisters!' He was such a striking contrast to the last speaker that some did pause in their work to look with wonder upon him. Thus encouraged, the little man began again: 'Brethren and sisters!'" (I wish you could have

heard Mr. Lincoln imitate that squeaking voice). "I rise to nominate to you on the subject of the baptismal—yes, the baptismal! Ahem. There was Noah, he had three sons—ahem—namely, Shadamarak, Meshisiek, and Belltezer! They all went in to Daniel's den, and likewise with them was a lion! Ahem! Here the crowd either renewed their work of loading up wagons or laughed and turned away. So the speaker, after repeating the above, and yet gaining no attention, closed abruptly in the following manner: 'Dear perishing friends, if you will not hear on to me on this great subject, I will only say this, that Square Nobbs has recently lost a little bay mare with a flaxy mane and tail amen!'"

The last sentence, without a pause, was very ludicrous.

Here is another short story of Mr. Lincoln's:

"After the Wednesday-night services at a country meeting-house the minister urged the members present to subscribe liberally towards erecting a lightning-rod on their new church building, saying: 'Surely you are willing to lend to the Lord. Is He not the owner of the cattle on a thousand hills? Will He not repay?' etc. When a rich old farmer got up, and, speaking slowly through his nose, said: 'You say the Lord is owner of the cattle on a thousand hills, do ye? Well, then, why can't He sell his cattle and buy a lightning-rod, eh?'—EDITOR'S DRAWER, in Harper's Magazine for June.

HARD HEARTED CHAPS.—A good story comes from New York about Rev. Dr. Tyng the younger. At one of a series of meetings held in the church, he asked all who could give themselves to God to rise. The whole congregation got up, save four or five young men who sat in the rear of the church. Dr. Tyng saw them, and paced up and down the aisle, remarking that there were four or five young men present who did not give their testimony. He would not wound their feelings by pointing them out, but he could not let the opportunity pass of admonishing and inviting them to come forward. He alluded to them as being in the vigor of manhood and strong in mind and body; and, therefore, he exhorted them fervently and pathetically not to wait until gray hairs crowned their heads before declaring themselves on God's side. Still the hard hearted sinners sat firm, the Doctor meanwhile pacing to and fro, in anxiety of spirit. At last he exclaimed: "Let us pray for these hesitant young men." And thereupon, the whole congregation kneeling, he made an earnest supplication in their behalf—one which ought to have moved a heart of stone. And still they sat and nothing was left but to dismiss the penitent many, and the impatient half-dozen with the benediction. It only remains to add that, when the clergyman who sent us this account passed out, he was somewhat surprised to see that all the stony-hearted young men were students in the General Theological Seminary.

PRIVACY AT FUNERALS.—In some sections of Massachusetts, a practice has been adopted in regard to funerals which may commend itself to the favorable consideration of our citizens, and which was carried out a week or two since at a funeral in this city, of an aged lady. In this case all friends were invited to the public religious services at the house in the usual form, after which the relatives of the deceased were left alone with their dead. Having spent together several hours around the body, reposing in the coffin as in a pleasant sleep, carriages with the undertaker came to the house, and the body was accompanied by sons, daughters, sisters, and other connections, to its resting place in the Cemetery.—*Newton Journal.*

Charles Britton, of Pennsylvania, shot himself because he had the dyspepsia. What would he have done to himself if he had had the toothache, or a boil on the back of his neck, or a hole in the elbow of his coat, or a button out of his shirt, or any other great affliction.

A Chicago deputy sheriff was refused free admission to a Chicago theatre. By way of revenge he impaled the manager on a petit jury.

Cheap drapery—the curtains of the night.

A depraved punster says he shall smoke if he chews to.

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Cheap for CASH, at
Ellis' Railroad Store, Woburn.

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COAL, WOOD,**

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Ellis' Railroad Store Building, near depot.

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DEALER IN

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OF ALL KINDS OF

STEAM COAL

CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Wood Sawing

By Steam.

The subscriber has Circular Saw in operation

At his Wood and Coal Yard,

No. 93 Main Street.

With which he is prepared to

SAW WOOD,

For his customers, and deliver to them ready to

the store, at a slight advance upon the price of the

wood. Customers are invited to call and examine

the new improvement. 55

J. B. McDONALD.

93 Main St., Woburn.

Pro Bono Publico.

A. A. CLEMENT

Would announce to the citizens of Woburn Centre that he has secured

1000 TONS OF ICE,

which he will furnish at a fair price the coming season.

For further particulars leave address at C. S. Atkins, or at the residence of the subscriber, 111 Main Street, Woburn, Feb. 1, 1875. 57

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And Ladies & Gents Boots & Shoes. Also Hosiery, Gloves, Trunks, Umbrellas, &c.

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"BLACK FEARNAUGHT"

Will make the season for a limited number of Marches

WINSHIP'S STOCK FARM,

WOBURN, MASS.

For Terms, Pedigree, &c., apply on the premises.

Board for Horses

At all seasons of the year. 47

F. O. LYMAN,

Piano-Fortes and Organs

TUNED AND REPAIRED.

Orders left at the Boston Hat Store, 140 Main St., Boston, or sent to Box 802, Woburn, P. O., will be promptly attended to. 52

RED TOP, Lawn Grass,
Cheap for CASH, at
At Ellis' Railroad Store.

C. W. NUTE & Co.

Mr. C. W. NUTE having associated with him in his business Mr. C. FRANK KELLEY, they propose to continue the

BOOT AND SHOE

BUSINESS

—AT—

No. 209 MAIN STREET,

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SERVICEABLE GOODS

to suit the requirements of our customers, and will sell them as

CHEAP FOR CASH

as they can be bought for anywhere in town.

We are now prepared to make

LADIES

AMERICAN AND FRENCH KID

Buskins and Slippers

TO ORDER, and shall manufacture all that we offer for sale.

MEN'S TOILET SLIPPERS

also made to order, and

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promptly and neatly done.

We shall also keep on hand a full line of the manufactures of

BURKE & MUNDY

—AND—

TYLER & SON.

Thanking the public for the patronage accorded in the past, we hope to receive our fair share in the future. 49

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In 2, 4, and 6-pound Packages.

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AND ALL KINDS OF

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and everything usually found in a

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Mrs. Richards comes to us a stranger, but with the best of references, which, with her past success in Midwifery, should recommend her to the people of Woburn.

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Eastern, Western and Canada lumber of all kinds.

SHINGLES,

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for inside and outside finish.

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Yard and Hanging Sticks,

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on hand and supplied to order at short notice.

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all lengths.

LEHIGH, LACKAWANNA

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Franklin Coal,

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The best assortment of Oil Carpets we ever had on hand for sale at the old stand, 72

OPPOSITE THE COMMON.

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Sublime Luca Oil.

Spanish Olives,

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Jobbing and Expressing of all kinds done in a satisfactory manner and guaranteed. Particular attention given to moving Household Furniture, Pianos, &c. Order boxes can be found at J. J. & B. Brown's Grocery Store, M. Grover & Son, Iron Foundry, and at Ellis' Railroad Store, 113 Main Street, near Depot.

Orders received for Cakes. 71

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Would inform his friends and the public that he has ready and willing to attend to the wants of all those who will give him a call, at his New Store

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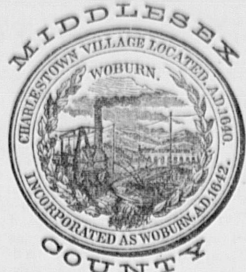
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WOBURN JOURNAL.



VOL. XXIV.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1875.

NO. 37.

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CUT FLOWERS and
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We respectfully invite all amateurs and lovers of
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\$5 to \$20 Per Day at 10c. Fare free. Ad-
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Poetry.

Cling to Those Who Cling to You.

Cling to those who cling to you;
More than half our sorrow is made
When we are ourselves untrue
To the light of friendship's aid;
But how sweet it is to own
Some kind heart to thine beat true,
After many years had flown—
Cling to those who cling to you!

Cling to those who cling to you;
Think how those who live apart,
The sweet solace never know
Friendship sheds around the heart;
Who is there who hath not longed
Once to find some friend prove true?
That your friendship be prolonged—
Cling to those who cling to you.

Cling to those who cling to you;
Every link of friendship's chain,
If the heart be only true,
Will forever bright remain;
Never be the first to break
In the chain the link that's true,
Never trust and then forsake—
Cling to those who cling to you!

Selected.

The Cavalry Charge.

The horses of our battalion had
been hopped all night, and their
riders had lain at their heads in
their rubber blankets. The bugles
were silent; we were known to be
in the vicinity of the enemy, and
the camp circles had been suspended
more than a week. At three o'clock
I was awakened by the sergeant-
major with the words:

"Wake up the men, captain; let
them get their coffee, and feed and
water the horses. It is to be done
as quickly as possible."

It was done in less than an hour.
Always prompt and quick when
there was any indication of a for-
ward movement, the men now
worked rapidly, and had saddled
and bridled and put on their own
accoutrements within five minutes
after the order to do so.

Lieutenant Marks and I sat by
the smothered fire chewing our
hard bread and drinking our hot
coffee.

"This looks a little curious, eh,
Marks?" I said.

"In my humble opinion we're in
for it to-day," he replied. "Here
have these two great armies been
moving together on parallel lines
for days, and not half a day's march
apart. We have been getting
nearer together every day. There
was a heavy skirmish between the
advance cavalry yesterday. A
great battle may be brought on by
either side in two hours' time. I
believe you'll see it to-day."

I thought so too; but before I
could say it the sergeant-major
again appeared, with the order to
mount and form column. This was
done, and then came the order to
march. In the misty darkness of
early morning our battalion fol-
lowed the one that preceded it, and
the long column of our brigade
moved at a walk through the
woods. The hour was still and
solemn; nothing broke the deep
silence but the muffled sound of
hoofs, and now and then the jing-
ling of a sabre.

For half an hour we moved on
in this way, and then there were
four or five carbine shots from the
front.

"We've waked up their pickets,
if fancy," said I. "And hark!—
hear that?"

A heavy boom, two miles away,
shook the sluggish air; a pause,
and then another, and still another.
Some of the cavalry, probably the
other brigade, was evidently far in
advance, and was feeling closely of
the enemy's position. Daylight
came in half an hour more; and as
we passed a turn in the road we
saw the smoldering embers of a
picket fire, and stretched at full
length by it, still in death, the body
of one of the videttes. A dark
hole in the very centre of his fore-
head showed the track of the fatal
ball.

Emerging from the woods as the
new risen sun poured a flood of
light over the landscape, we halted
on the summit of a high ridge, and
waited for two full hours. An aide
galloped up to our general with an
order, and was instantly away again
and soon we had an order to dis-
mount and stand at ease.

"That means to keep the horses
fresh," said Marks. "Call me a
liar if they don't have sharp work
before night."

I happened to have two cigars;
we lit them, and sat on a log

looked down upon the plain be-
neath us, dotted with farm houses,
groves, and cultivated fields, where
the stirring drama of war was now
unfolding itself. A mile or more
away thin lines of smoke rose above
the trees from the invisible encamp-
ments of the enemy, where their
magnificent army was preparing
its morning coffee; and as we
looked a sulphurous white cloud
suddenly rose through an opening
much nearer us, followed by the
thunder of a large field piece. Our
advance had been discovered, and
a battery was put forward to shell
the roads by which we must reach
their position. And now we wit-
nessed a most magnificent specta-
cle. With tossing banners and
arms gleaming in the sun, the
heavy masses of our infantry
poured up the road we had just
traversed, and filling off into the
fields below, began to form a long
line of battle. On, on they came,
regiment after regiment, division
after division, marching quick step,
deploying as fast as they came up,
until we could see the long, glitter-
ing line extending more than a
mile in front of us through hollows
and over hills, through patches of
timber, and sometimes in the deep
grass, above which we could see
only the heads and shoulders and
bayonets of the files. Then, with
a dull rumble, came battery after
battery of artillery, which took
their places at a gallop in the in-
tervals of the divisions, and all this
time those two or three hostile
guns were lifting up their voices in
defiant thunder, sending their shells
at times clear over the heads of
our army, to burst harmlessly on
the ground at the foot of the slope
where we were stationed. Another
aide dashed up to our general, and
in a few moments our colonel gather-
ed his officers about him.

"The infantry attack at ten," he
said. "Hold your men in hand,
gentlemen; there will be hard work
for us."

The hours passed on. I could
see with my glass through rifts
in the trees far away to the front,
the movement of large bodies of men,
and several times horsemen, single
or in squads, came quite close to
our position to reconnoitre. At
irregular intervals the boom of a
gun and the shriek of a shell were
heard, but no answer had yet been
made from our batteries. Here
they lay, facing each other, in
watchful defiance, two large armies,
and every moment brought the col-
lision nearer.

Suddenly a single bugle note was
heard, and in an instant the long
line stood to arms. Another—and
it moved straight forward, infantry
and artillery, while our eyes anx-
iously followed it. The woods
swallowed it in places, the growing
corn and the fences obscured it in
others; but we could distinctly
trace its advance for half a mile,
until it was entirely hidden from
view. The loud roar of a whole
battery now broke the stillness;
another joined; a sharp, rattling
sound of musketry—then a volley,
as if a whole brigade; and from
that moment for two hours there
was one prolonged, continuous
roar, now louder, now lower, and
sometimes deepening into a terri-
fic din as twenty or thirty
pieces of artillery united in one dis-
charge. The smoke floated through
the tree tops, and through the trees
we could sometimes see the flashes
of the guns. Back and forth the
artillery wagons and ambulances
sped, while crowds of panic struck
stragglers were skulking in the
rear, and stretchers and ambulances
emptying their ghastly loads. A
farm house just in front of our po-
sition had been seized by the med-
ical director and turned into a hos-
pital, and the yellow flag floated
from the roof, while surgeons and
their assistants, with bared heads
and dripping arms, went from one
crowded room to another on their
dreadful mission.

Around our brigade commander
a large number of regimental offi-
cers had gathered, all sharing in
the deep excitement of the scene.
Another aide cantered up, and
touching his hat said:

"The general gives you notice
that the cavalry will be wanted in
half an hour. The enemy's infan-
try outnumber ours; they have
driven our centre in; it is only our
superior artillery that holds them

in check. You will hear from him
again soon."

"But the other cavalry brigade
—where is it?" our general asked.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you," the
aide replied. "It was sent out on
the left at daybreak to feel the po-
sition there, and has been fighting
the enemy's cavalry ever since. The
general has sent repeated or-
ders to keep them engaged, so that
they can make no attack on our in-
fantry or artillery. So you see,
general," and the aide laughed—
"your brigade is to have all the
glory of the charge."

"Yes, and the ruin of it, I fear,"
muttered the general, as the aide
rode away. "Charge a whole army
with twenty-five hundred cavalry,
indeed! But let the old man say
the word, and I'm off. Mount,
gentlemen, mount!"

Our bugles rang out the call, and
every man in his saddle, and
every eye was bent painfully to the
front. The tide of fugitives had
visibly increased within the last
half hour; the wounded were
brought back in such numbers that
a field hospital was established in a
grove up toward the front, and
the sound of the battle drawing
nearer plainly told us that the en-
emy were pressing their advantages
by a general advance. Another
aide broke from the woods, and
rode, bareheaded, straight to our
general.

"The time has come," he said,
almost out of breath. "Just a
few words first. There is reason
to believe that the enemy think all
our cavalry engaged on their right
—our left. Gain a position on the
flank of that wood near our right,
without being discovered—stay, I
will guide you myself. You are
then within easy distance of his
left, and there the blow must fall."

"By fours, right—march!"
Through hollows and along the
skirts of the wood we went at a
sharp trot, and in half an hour the
aide paused, and pointed to the
general's ground on which we
were to deploy. It was, as he had
said, on the flank of a wood; we
could hear the tremendous noise of
the battle at our left, but it was all
hidden from our sight. We formed
in line of regimental columns by
company, and in this compact or-
der we sat and breathlessly waited
the word. The general drew his
sabre and rode to the front, his
gray hair blowing in the breeze.
The fire of battle was in his eye,
and his voice rang like a trumpet
as he spoke.

"Men," he cried, "you never
failed me yet when there was stern
work to do, and you will not to-
day. The order is for us to re-
trieve the fortunes of this day; and
by the gods we'll do it. Open or-
der—march!"

The ranks opened. There would
have been a cheer but for his strict
command of silence.

"Now one caution—only one.
Keep together; don't scatter. Let
us give them our whole weight with
a shock that will drive them from
the field. And no carbines—no
pistols—mind that! The sabre
alone to-day. Draw—sabre."

Twenty-five hundred good blades
were in hand at the word.

"Trot—march."

At a brisk pace we broke from
the cover of the woods, and went
across an open plain which was
perfectly unobstructed. The sight
that met our eyes was filled with
excitement. Long lines of smoke,
continually rent by the discharge
of cannon and small arms, alone
marked the positions of the armies.
They stretched away from us in
long perspective, and a hasty glance
at the field assured me that not only
the enemy's centre was projected
upon ours, but that his left, toward
which we were marching, had
swung round so as almost to over-
lap our right, and was pouring in
a terrible cross fire of large and
small arms. It was plain that our
advance was unseen and unexpec-
ted, for the enemy's flank was now
not more than two hundred yards
away, and yet not a shot greeted us.

"Gallop—march!"
The pace was changed, and we
bore down rapidly towards the
goal. Suddenly from our very
front, and not more than one hun-
dred yards off, the flaming mouths
of four field-pieces belched forth
upon us, and grape, canister, and

shell tore through our ranks, pros-
trating at least one hundred men
and horses, and throwing one of
the battalions into momentary con-
fusion.

"Charge!—Charge!" yelled the
general, shaking his sabre over his
head; and words flew from com-
pany to company, as with a tre-
mendous cheer we put spur to our
horses and burst like a thunderbolt
upon the enemy. There was no
time for them to reload their can-
non, but a thick hail of rifle
bullets flew among us, striking
down men and horses here and
there. One of them snapped off
my sabre close to the guard, and
another struck down my lieutenant
as he rode by my side. But over
the dead and the dying horses and
men we rode,—we burst through
the clouds of smoke, trampling
down the gunners and the front
rank of the infantry, cutting and
slashing and yelling all the time
like madmen. The line before us
fell to pieces—the infantry
died, and we rode, straight down
the flank of the enemy. It was a
bewildering, an exciting, a mad-
dening moment! I shook the poor
fragment of my sabre and shouted
in the inspiration of victory, until
my horse, pierced through with a
bayonet, fell and threw me to the
ground. A heavy hoof struck my
head, and my senses passed from
me.

Two days after, I was sitting up
in bed at the farmhouse hospital,
with a wet cloth around my head,
and my broken arm in a splint,
while the surgeons told me of the
victory.

"I suppose it was gloriously
done," he said, "and the general
order gives the highest praise to
our cavalry brigade. That charge
doubled their left back on the
centre, and they actually had to
change front to check it. At that
moment our infantry charged bay-
onet, while every piece of our
artillery thundered at their centre,
and the result was almost a rout.
It is thought the campaign is over."

"But Marks?"

"Poor Marks! he was only one
of the gallant fellows—hundreds
of them—that we lost that bloody
and glorious day. He was instan-
taneously killed by a bullet."

When I was able to mount a
horse again I had the gold leaves
of a major on my shoulders.

PROFANITY.—We are emphatically
in the age of profanity, and it
seems to us that we are on the
topmost current. One cannot go
on the streets anywhere without
having his ears offended with the
vilest words, and his reverence
shocked by the most profane use
of sacred names. Nor does it
come from the old or middle-aged
alone, for it is a fact, as alarming
as true, that the younger portion
of the community are most pro-
ficient in degrading language.
Boys have an idea it is smart to
swear; that it makes them manly;
but there never was a greater mis-
take in the world. Men, even
those who swear themselves, are
disgusted with profanity in a young
man, because they know how of
all bad habits, this clings the most
closely and increases with years.
It is the most insidious of habits,
growing on so invisibly that almost
before one is aware he becomes an
accomplished curser.

TIME.—Time is life's tree, from
which some gather precious fruit,
while others lie down under its
shadow and perish with hunger.
Time is life's ladder, whereby some
raise themselves up to honor, and
renown, and glory; some let them-
selves down into the depths of
shame, degradation and ignominy.
Time will be to us what, by our
use of the treasure, we make it—a
good or an evil, a blessing or a
curse.

The Worcester Press says that
the average American female
doesn't wish to be an angel until
she sees this Beecher business
straightened out."

This conundrum is respect-
fully submitted to the best spell-
er: If S-i-g-n-a spells sun, and e-y-e
eye, and s-i-g-n-a spells side, why
doesn't s-i-o-u-x-e-y-e-s-i-g-h-ed
spell suicide?

THE NATIONAL CENTENNIAL.

When the managers of the Phila-
delphia centennial accepted the
plan for the exposition which they
are now trying to carry out, it was
seen at once that they had a big
job on their hands, and, while some
were ready to assist, there were
many others who were more dis-
posed to criticize, and who openly
questioned the possibility of suc-
cessfully carrying out so expensive
and so extended an exposition.

Thus far, however, these croakers
have found little to encourage
them. The work has gone steadily
on, though the support in some
quarters has been far from what it
ought to have been. The national
government declined to aid it all.

Philadelphia and the state of Pen-
sylvania, however, came to the
rescue nobly, and the state appro-
priation of two and a half million
dollars warranted the commence-
ment of the work upon a scale
worthy of the occasion.

The whole sum required is es-
timated at eight and one-half million
dollars. Of this sum about five
million have been subscribed.
Meanwhile the work at Philadel-
phia is being rapidly pushed. The
main exhibition building covering
more than twenty acres, is ad-
vanced by the laying of its founda-
tions, and the material for the
superstructure is now being rapidly
prepared and brought to the
ground. The permanent memorial
building is well under way, and no
doubt is expressed of having both
of these structures completed by
the end of this year. Machinery
hall, with fourteen acres of floor
space, is to be finished October 1,
and the horticultural building is to
be delivered in September. The
agricultural building, covering ten
acres, is the only one not yet
begun. The main building is to
cost by contract \$1,420,000 and
Memorial hall, which is to be used
as an art gallery, is to cost \$1,199,-
273. Great care has been taken
by the directors to make the ar-
rangements for transportation as
possible, and the two railroads
which pass by the site of the ex-
hibition buildings connect with the
wharves, and with the entire rail-
way system of the country. Thirty-
one foreign governments have al-
ready signified their intention of
joining in the exhibition.

If the expected number of visi-
tors shall be present at the expo-
sition the directors feel sure that
every dollar invested by the hold-
ers of centennial stock can be paid
back. But whether this is done or
not it is evident that the managers
are doing all in their power to
make the centennial exposition one
of which the nation may well be
proud, and a national interest
should be felt in it. The directors
are confident that the remaining
funds will be forthcoming, and in
this work the credit of the state,
as well as every patriotic impulse,
demands that Massachusetts shall
do her full share.—*Lowell Journal.*

HOW TO PREVENT RUSTING.

Boiled linseed oil will keep pol-
ished tools from rusting if it is
allowed to dry on them. Common
sperm oil will prevent from rusting
for a short period. A coat of
copal is frequently applied to pol-
ished tools exposed to the weather.
Woollen materials are the best for
wrappers for metals. Iron and
steel goods, of all descriptions, are
kept free from rust by the follow-
ing: Dissolve half an ounce of
camphor in one pound of hog's
lard, take off the scum and mix as
much blacklead as will give the
mixture an iron color. Iron and
steel, and machinery of all kinds,
rubbed over with this mixture,
and left with it on for twenty-four
hours, and then rubbed with a
linen cloth, will keep clean for
months.

A writer deserves the re-
spectful sympathy of all gentlemen
who give out their washing. He
says: "It is awful annoying to
have some other fellow's clothes
left in one's room by the washer-
woman. Saturday we put on
another fellow's shirt, but couldn't
wear it. Although it was ruffled
around the bottom, the sleeves
were too short to button cuffs on
and there was no place for a col-
lar."

IRON MANUFACTURE.

The history of the growth of the iron man-
ufacture in the United States with-
in the last fifty years exhibits a re-
markable progress. From a pro-
duction of 54,000 tons in 1810, it
had become 165,000 tons in 1830,
347,000 tons in 1840, and 600,000
tons in 1850, as near as can be es-
timated. In 1860 it had reached
919,870; in 1870, 1,865,000; and
in 1872, 2,880,070 tons; while the
diminished production of 1873,
2,695,434 tons, shows already the
effect of the depression under which
the iron interest of the country still
suffers. Of the production of
1873, very nearly one-half was
made in Pennsylvania, and not less
than 1,249,673 tons withanthracite,
while the total amount of charcoal
made pig iron, was only 524,127
tons, to which are to be added 50,-
000 tons of malleable iron made by
the direct process in bloomeries.
The importation of foreign iron and
steel for 1872 was 795,655 tons;
for 1873, 371,164 tons; and for
1874, less than 200,000 tons.
From the figures for 1872 and 1873
we may conclude that the consump-
tion in the United States was then
equal to about 3,500,000 tons of
iron yearly.—*Harper's Magazine*
for June.

Many a man is rich without
money. Thousands of men with
nothing in their pockets are rich.
A man born with a good stom-
ach, a good heart, good limbs, and
a pretty good head-piece, is rich.
Good bones are better than gold;
tough muscles better than silver;
and nerves that flash fire and carry
energy to every function are better
than houses or lands. It is better
than landed estates to have the
right kind of father or mother.
Good breeds and bad breeds exist
among men as really as among
herds and horses. Education may
do much to check bad tendencies
or to develop good ones, but it is
a greater thing to inherit the right
proportion of faculties to start
with.

He left the spelling bee at
ten o'clock, and stopped in a saloon
on his way home. Here he met
several friends who "set 'em up"
divers times, and he reached home
about midnight with a confused
brain and a very demoralized pair
of legs. Then he swore that some-
body had stolen the keyhole, but
his wife, with a fearful scowl on
her brow and a lamp in her hand,
admitted him. "Drunk!" she ex-
claimed. "D-r-u-n-k (hic) drunk,
Thaz easy nuff." "Brute!" "B-r-u-t-
(hic) give us harder one." "Idiot!"
Thurs harder (hic) but I kin
spellum. I-d-i-g—l-d-i-g—l-d-i-g—
idiot. Now give us a stunner
(hic)." She picked up a poker
and gave him a "stunner," and the
pelling then adjourned sine die.

AN UNDERGROUND CHURCH.

A curious structure is rapidly rising,
or rather sinking, in England. It
is a church designed to accommo-
date the fishing population in one
quarter of the city. Land being
difficult to procure, it was deter-
mined to build a church under the
street. The floor of this under-
ground edifice lies thirty feet below
the surface of the road, and is
reached by descending a flight of
stone steps. In form, the church
is a long parallelogram, 132 feet
by 50 feet. The altar is at the
north end, opposite the base of the
stairs. The structure is to have
an organ in the west aisle, which is
divided from the nave by columns
of Bath stone. Attached to the
church is a vestry room, also sub-
terranean. The cost of the whole
building, £8000, is borne by a
clergyman of Brighton.

"Captain," said a son of
Erin, as the ship was nearing the
coast in inclement weather, "have
ye an almanic on board?" "No, I
haven't." "Then, bejabbers, we
shall have to take the weather as it
comes."

Forty per cent. of the school
girls in Indiana are named Maria;
half of them call themselves Ma-
riar, and the other half Mari.

Two things in this world
should not be trifled with—a wom-
an's opinion and the business end
of a wasp.

A STORY OF THE FRENCH ZOU- AVES.

We recommend the follow-
ing authentic story to the attention
of the innumerable admirers of the
French Zouaves, who have won
such a conspicuous place in mili-
tary history. The Arabs of the
Beni-Snassen tribe are great ama-
teurs of gunpowder, and never
neglect an opportunity of prowling
about the French camp, and offer-
ing the soldiers large sums of
money for the coveted article.
They pretend to be Arabs of the
neighborhood, friendly to the
French, and say they want powder
for hunting.

One day it was discovered that
the Zouaves had been selling their
powder. To paint the fury of the
officer in command of the Arab bu-
reau is an impossible thing, but he
resolved to discover the culprits
and punish them severely. An
Arab in the service of the bureau
went in a mysterious way in quest
of powder. An old Zouave brought
him four cartridges, and asked him
twenty francs for them. The bar-
gain was struck, but the spy im-
mediately disclosed his official
character, and brought the car-
tridge vender before the comman-
der.

"It is you, then," cried the offi-
cer, "coward and knave, you would
have your comrades assassinated
by the Beni-Snassens?"

"Yes, Commandant, I did it."

"You have committed a base
action."

"I admit it, Commandant, but
with this same powder that I sold,
I am going to blow my brains out.
That will save the trouble of a
court-martial, and the Zouaves will
not be dishonored by a public
sentence."

With these words the Zouave
took a cartridge, loaded pistol with
it, dropped a round ball in the
barrel, and with superb coolness
put the muzzle to his head and
pulled the trigger. The weapon
missed fire, and the Zouave burst
into a hoarse laugh.

"The Judge has acquitted me,"
said he.

"How so?" said the Command-
ant.

"Why, you see, Commandant,
that the powder I sold to the Beni-
Snassens is only ground charcoal;
the balls are made of clay, the
whole done up in genuine cart-
ridges. You have just had a proof
of it."

It was true. The Zouave had
cheated his customer, and he ad-
ded, with an air of triumph.

"The first time the Beni-Snas-
sens come into action, all their
pieces will miss fire, and you will
gain the battle."

"Then you have sold a good deal
of powder?"

"Rather." And the Zouave ex-
hibited a formidable pipe set with



THE MIDNIGHT TRAIN.

"But Uncle Royal, I am certain he will reform," said Hero Lewis. "He has promised me."

Uncle Lewis looked down with a sort of mild, sublime pity from the height of his six feet two, upon his pretty niece, as he stroked her silky hair softly.

"My poor Hero," said he, "what is the word of a drunkard worth?"

"Oh, uncle, don't use that cruel word. Don't call him a drunkard!" cried the girl, shrinking back as if from a blow.

"I hardly know what other word is applicable to him, Hero. No he will never reform. And child, I'd rather see you in your grave than married to a man who drinks."

"He has promised," pleaded the girl, her eyes shining like blue wistful stars. "Uncle, ought I not to give him another chance?"

He shook his head.

"My common sense, Hero, says No."

"I hate common sense," flashed out Hero.

"People always talk about common sense when they mean to be cold, and hard and cruel. I love Harry Rivers, and I mean to marry him in spite of the carping, sneering world."

And Hero went away through the golden waving of the ears of ripening rye, her blue ribbons fluttering like penons in the breeze.

Uncle Royal looked after her with a countenance of misgiving.

"Like all other girls," he said, "she wants her own way. Well, if she will wreck herself, I can't help it."

"Do you expect Harry to-night?"

Miss Erminia Lewis was what the world irreverently terms an old maid, but she was quite young enough at heart to sympathize in the love affairs of the sister, fifteen years her junior, to whom she had always stood in the place of a mother, and she too, had a soft spot in her heart for handsome, dissipated Harry Rivers. She spoke from the window, while Hero was leaning over the gate, a light scarlet shawl thrown over her shoulders.

"He said he would come," was the half hesitating answer.

"It is getting late and cold," said Erminia. "Better come in to the fire. You know as well as I do that your throat isn't strong."

"I'll come in a minute," said Hero.

"They were telling me down at the Corners this afternoon," said Erminia, speaking with an effort, "that the railroad company are going to discharge him from their employ."

Hero turned sharply around. "To discharge him? what for?"

"For habitual intoxication. They say it is not a safe thing to employ a man who—who is not always himself."

"It is a slander," cried out Hero, hotly. "It is the work of some base villain who wants the post himself."

"Very probably," said Erminia, sadly. "Only Hero—don't be vexed with me darling—but they say Harry has fallen in with that set of men from the mines, and is getting into worse habits than ever."

Hero turned her face away.

"Have you only evil tidings to tell me, Erminia?"

"I would that they were good, for your sake, sister. But the air is growing chill, and we shall have rain. Had you not better come in?"

"By and by. Don't tease me, Erminia."

And Erminia, comprehending that at times solitude is the best medicine for a mind diseased, said nothing more, and closing the casement, sat down to her needle work by the light of a lamp.

At eleven o'clock, punctually, she went to bed, after having ascertained by a peep through the window that Hero was still leaning on the gate, all alone in the darkness, with red leaves raining down around her, and the melancholy cry of an owl in the distant woods lending an additional tinge of mournfulness to the night and the stillness.

"She'll come in when she is ready," thought Erminia. "I don't like to assert my authority over her when she is in one of these moods."

No sooner did Hero perceive by the disappearance of the light from her sister's window that Erminia had sought her pillow, than, softly gliding through the gate, she hurried down the road with the scarlet shawl drawn tightly over her head.

"I will not be deceived and put off," she murmured to herself. "I will find out for myself whether he is to be trusted or not."

The Miner's Arms, at the corner of three roads, was all alight as

she approached it, and from the wide open casement she could hear the uproarious chorus of a song, the clink of drinking glasses and the harsh sound of besotted laughter. And lifting a trail of scarlet, leaved woodbines which formed a natural curtain to one of the windows, Hero Lewis peeped in.

With a sinking heart and a chilled sensation of despair she saw Harry Rivers rise, staggering to his feet with a brimming glass in his hand, and propose some hiccoughed toast which was received with noisy applause by the riotous assemblage. Hero did not wait to hear more. Dropping the woodbines once more, she hurried away with a white, set face.

"God help me! God be merciful to me!" she murmured. "For the idol whom I worshipped has fallen to the ground!"

Just at that moment the far-off whistle of a train smote through the silence of the night—a sudden, ghastly possibility took possession of Hero's heart.

"The midnight express!" she muttered to herself. "And he dead drunk in that bar-room!"

Hurrying down a steep ravine, heedless of scratching briars and cruelly piercing thorns that rent her dress and drew blood from her tender skin, she sprang like a wild deer down the declivity, scarcely pausing for breath until she had reached the iron track in the valley below, where a side rail marked the intersecting course of a little freight road that led away toward the north. At six every morning and evening freight trains passed over the road bed, and it was among Harry Rivers' most important duties to turn the switch that connected this branch with the main track, after the freight train had gone by.

Had he remembered to do so to-night? Or was the long, heavily-laden express from the west even now sweeping onward to destruction?

Hero knelt to feel of the track. Her deadly doubt had too much foundation in fact—the switch had not been altered since the freight train came up at six o'clock.

A chill dew beaded over her forehead, a sinking sensation struck to her heart. What was she to do? Were she gifted with the flying footsteps of Mercury's self she could not get to Miner's Arm in time to avert the impending catastrophe. And even supposing that she could, was Harry Rivers in a condition to comprehend what was said to him? And with a bitter groan, rising up from the depths of her heart, she realized all the horrors which have their beginning and end in the cup.

Suddenly a gleam of hope shot athwart her brain. She knew where the switch key was kept—she remembered having once seen Harry slip it under a projecting ledge of rock upon a sort of natural shelf, secure from dew, rain or tempest, just beyond where she stood. Snatching the key from its resting place, she stooped in the faint starlight now beginning to glimmer through the breaking clouds, and strove with every force of her weak woman's strength to move the iron rails.

God be thanked! they stirred—they grated in their socket—and, even at the moment in which the fiery-red eye of the approaching express train blazed in the foggy distance, Hero dragged the switch into its proper place.

Yet even then she could scarcely believe that it was right, as with the key dangling by her side, she leaned panting against the rocks, until, with a shriek like that of some fire-throated demon of Avernus, the train swept by, a dizzy succession of lighted windows, and darkness and silence again settled down over her.

As she climbed the hillside a few minutes later, she met Harry Rivers staggering down the road. She stopped him peremptorily.

"Harry, where are you going?"

"Don't get in my way, lass, for Heaven's sake," he cried, in a thick, uncertain voice. "It's midnight express I—I ain't quite sure about the switch."

"The midnight express train passed by fifteen or twenty minutes ago," said Hero firmly; "I heard the whistle!"

"Are you sure?"

"Quite sure."

"Then God have mercy on my soul!" cried Rivers, fairly sobered at last by the shock.

"You need have no fears," said Hero coldly. "I was there. I turned the switch!"

"You?"

"Yes, I. I had seen you do it, I knew where the key was kept."

"Hero!" cried Rivers, with a strong throb in his throat, "you are

my guardian angel. Hero, you are a woman among a thousand. Kiss me, my darling."

"Never again, Harry Rivers," she answered shrinking from him. "This night has opened my eyes. Hereafter we are the merest strangers to one another."

So she left him, scarcely believing the evidence of his own senses. The next day his formal dismissal from the service of the railroad company came and he accepted it without a protest. He knew how dark a record would have lain against his name had Hero chosen to speak, and he dared not hazard a remonstrance.

As for Hero herself, she never saw him again.

"My girl," said Uncle Royal, "you are worthy of your name. And believe me, you never could have respected Harry Rivers as a wife should respect her husband."

"I know it, uncle," she said softly. But always within the depth of her own soul she kept the secret of the Midnight Express Train.

HALF A CENTURY DIFFERENCE.

—A correspondence of the Salem Gazette, compares the celebration at Charlestown fifty years ago with that to take place next month, and the difference is no trifling one. But then the times "trifling" now as they used to be "considerable." The writer says:

"The 17th proximo threatens to be the biggest bore of all time. Already the State and city have contracted for one hundred carriages, and societies are announcing that they shall join the procession in carriages. At the half century celebration and laying of the corner stone, in 1825, the procession was on foot, except the heroes and veterans, who were aged men. Hon. Daniel Webster, the orator of the day, walked in his place in the procession, *solus*, alone, from Boston Common to the rostrum on Breed's Hill, with a musketeer on either side, about four feet from his person. The hideous round pebble pavement of fifty years ago, sunken in many places, tested the pedestrianism and uprightness of the great statesman, then forty-three years old. But showed no sign of exhaustion in uttering his very long oration, with much muscular activity, which was delivered from a covered platform about half way down the slope of Breed's Hill, the audience being seated before him in the open air on benches rising one above another to near the top of the hill. If Daniel Webster could walk the route, what orator or what blockhead of the present day is too great or too good to go on his ten toes? Lafayette rode bareheaded in an open barouche, bowing and smiling to right and left, alongside of a bolt upright specimen of one of Bonaparte's exiled generals, with a close clipped gray head, which he neither moved to one side or the other. The Bunker Hill heroes, and the Cincinnati, composed largely of Revolutionary officers, all aged men, rode, and here was about the extent of all the charioting of 1825."

COULDN'T SPARE THE BABY.—In Washington, not long since, a lady went to pay her respects to one of the latest arrivals of babyhood, when the following colloquy took place between her and the little four-year-old sister of the new comer: "I have come for that baby now, said the lady. You can't have it, was the reply. But I must; I come over on purpose, urged the visitor. We can't spare it at all, persisted the child, but I'll get a piece of paper and you can cut a pattern."

—A prominent citizen on Nelson street, who is the proud possessor of a handsome daughter, went home to tea the other evening and said to his wife: "Mother, I have finally succeeded in my petition for a street lamp on our street, and it's going to be set directly in front of our gate." A sudden scream and a heavy fall sounded from the next room, and the affrighted parents rushed in there. Their daughter lay prostrate on the floor. She had fainted.

—They were seated at a late dinner, when the door bell rang and the servant handed a card to Lavender's wife. "Why, good gracious, it's our minister, and I have been eating onions," she exclaimed. "Never mind," said Lavender, "You need not kiss him to-day."

—A chemist's wife attempted to move him by her tears. "Ah!" said he, "tears are useless. I have analyzed them. They contain a little phosphate of lime, some chloride of sodium, and water."

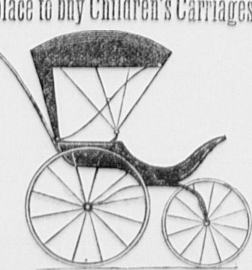
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For his customers, and deliver it to them ready to store, at a slight advance upon the price of the wood. Customers are invited to call and examine the new improvement.
J. B. McDONALD,
93 Main St., Woburn.

Pro Bono Publico.
A. A. CLEMENT
Would announce to the citizens of Woburn, Centre that he has secured
1000 TONS OF ICE,
which he will furnish at a fair price the coming season.
For further particulars leave address at C. S. Atkins, or at the residence of the subscriber, 411 Main street, A. A. CLEMENT,
Woburn, Feb. 1, 1875.

"BLACK FEARNAUGHT"
Will make the season for a limited number of Mares at
WINSHIP'S STOCK FARM,
WOBURN, MASS.
For Terms, Pedigree, &c., apply on the premises.
Board for Horses
At all seasons of the year.

The place to buy Children's Carriages

S. H. KIMBALL,
Manufacturer of
CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES,
Wholesale and Retail.
Salesroom, 57 Washington street, Woburn, Mass.
Manufactory, 25 Union St., Boston, Mass.
All carriages warranted as represented.

RED TOP,
Cheap for CASH,
At Ellis' Railroad Store.

C. W. NUTE & Co.
Mr. C. W. NUTE having associated with him in his business Mr. C. FRANK KELLEY, they propose to continue the
**BOOT AND SHOE
BUSINESS**
—AT—
No. 209 MAIN STREET,
And will keep on hand a full line of
SERVICEABLE GOODS
to suit the requirements of our customers, and will sell them as
CHEAP FOR CASH
as they can be bought for anywhere in town.
We are now prepared to make
**LADIES
AMERICAN and FRENCH KID
Buskins and Slippers**
TO ORDER, and shall manufacture all that we offer for sale.
MEN'S TOILET SLIPPERS
also made to order, and
REPAIRING
promptly and neatly done.
We shall also keep on hand a full line of the manufactures of
BURKE & MUNDY
—AND—
TYLER & SON.
Thinking the public for the patronage accorded in the past, we hope to receive our fair share in the future.
C. W. NUTE & Co.,
209 Main street, Woburn.
Wilson Packing Co. Compressed
Corned Beef,
In 2, 4, and 6-pound Packages,
At Ellis' Railroad Store.

CENTRAL MARKET,
151 Main St., Woburn.
B. F. WYER
keeps constantly on hand a full and fresh stock of
Beef, Pork & Mutton
AND ALL KINDS OF
SEASONABLE VEGETABLES,
and everything usually found in a
Meat and Vegetable Market.
JOHN A. BOUTELLE,
GENEALOGIST
Office at Residence, corner of East and Carter Sts.
Genealogy traced and compiled, Family Registers compiled, Diplomas filled out, Marriage Certificates written, &c.
Office Hours 1 to 5 P. M.
Instruction given in Penmanship and Book-keeping. Terms for 12 lessons in advance, \$2.00 or Penmanship, \$3.00 for Book-keeping.

MRS. J. M. RICHARDS,
Hygienic Physician and Midwife.
Mrs. Richards comes to us a stranger, but with the best of reference, which, with her past success in Midwifery, should recommend her to the people of Woburn.
Winn Street, corner Rag Rock Avenue.

G. R. CAGE & Co.,
**MERCHANT
TAILORS**
And Dealers in
Gents' Furnishing Goods,
171 Main Street,
Woburn.

PHOTOGRAPHS
ALL SIZES, at 30 STROUTS.
B. R. HARMON, M. D.,
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,
AND SURGEON,
Winn Street, opp. Rag Rock Avenue,
WOBURN, MASS.
Particular attention paid to Surgery.

Lawn Grass,
Cheap for CASH,
At Ellis' Railroad Store.

J. E. Littlefield & Sons
DEALERS IN
Lumber!
Coal and Wood,
Eastern, Western and Canada Lumber of all kinds.
SHINGLES,
Clapboards,
Laths, Pickets,
Conductors,
Caps and Irons,
Mouldings
for inside and outside finish.
TANNERS' and CURRIERS'
Yard & Hanging Sticks,
Doors, Windows and Blinds,
on hand and supplied to order at short notice.
RED and WHITE CEDAR POSTS
all lengths.
LEHIGH, LACKAWANNA
AND
Franklin Coal,
**Hard and Soft
WOOD.**
All of which will be sold at the LOWEST CASH prices, at
96 Main Street.


**A FINE ASSORTMENT OF
Spring and Summer Styles
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS, UMBRELLAS, &c**
AT
J. W. HAMMOND'S.
Oil Carpets.
The best assortment of Oil Carpets we ever had on hand for sale at the old stand,
OPPOSITE THE COMMON.
W. WOODBERRY.
Crosse & Blackwell's Pickles,
Day & Martin's Blacking,
Sublime Luca Oil,
Spanish Olives,
Cheap for CASH,
At Ellis' Railroad Store.
R. S. SPAULDING,
(Successor to Warren Cutler.)
Express and Job Wagon.
Stand at Woburn Center Depot.
Jobbing and Expressing of all kinds done in a satisfactory manner and guaranteed. Particular attention given to moving Household Furniture, Pianos, &c. Order boxes can be found at John S. Brown's, Green Street, M. Gove & Son, Horn Pond Station, and at Chas. K. Conn & Co's Coal office, 113 Main Street, near Depot.
Orders received for Cakes.

Soles' Market.
E. O. Soles,
Cor. MAIN & RAILROAD STS.
where will be found a general assortment of Provisions, Foreign and Domestic Fruits, &c., &c.
E. O. SOLES,
Cor. Main and Railroad Streets.
**BATH ROOM
AND
BARBER SHOP.**
5 Railroad St., three doors from Main WOBURN.
WILLIAM LEATHE, Proprietor.
Hot and Cold Baths, 25 cents.
F. O. LYMAN,
Piano-Fortes and Organs
TUNED and REPAIRED.
Orders left at the Boston Hat Store, 140 Main St. Soles' Building, or sent to Box 802, Woburn, P. O., will be promptly attended to.

E. PRIOR,
AUCTIONEER
—AND—
Real Estate Broker,
Office, 159 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

CLOVER SEED,
Cheap for CASH, at
Ellis' Railroad Store, Woburn.

Tin and Sheet Iron Work,
made to order, or repaired, at
No. 131 MAIN STREET, WOBURN
L. THOMPSON, JR. 78

A. B. COFFIN
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
TO No. 4 NILES BLOCK, BOSTON. 79
Entrance from Court Square and 35 School St.

WOOLEN CARPETS
As low as they can be bought anywhere, at
WM. WOODBERRY'S,
Opposite Common, Woburn

James Buel & Co.,
MACHINISTS,
Manufacturers of and Dealers in
STEAM ENGINES,
Boilers, Shafting, Pulleys, Gearing,
and all kinds of Machine work.
130 MAIN STREET.
J. BUEL. 81 J. B. BUEL

Table and Pocket Cutlery
KNIVES, TACKS, SCREWS, AXES, HAMMERS, and all kinds of Hardware, at 131 Main Street, Buel's Block,
L. THOMPSON, Jr.

Chas. A. Smith,
DRY GOODS.
177 MAIN STREET, WOBURN, MASS.


Morris & Ireland,
**64
Sudbury Street,**
Boston, Mass.
Safes!
IN THE
Champion Record
84
Great Boston Fire.
W. H. FOSTER,
Has removed to his residence on
Salem, opposite Bow St.
where he will continue to
Make, Repair & Upholster Furniture
IN ALL STYLES.
New Furniture furnished, if desired, at lowest cash prices.
Order Boxes at G. H. Mann's, 213 Main Street and Porter's Cigar Store, 120 Main Street.

S. W. TWOMBLY & SONS,
FLOURISTS,
At the Seed Store of Dr. T. Curtis & Co.,
161 TREMONT STREET,
BOSTON. 2 - MASS.

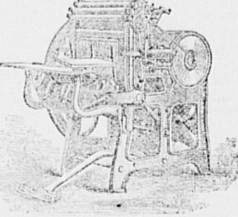
CHARLES BOUTWELL,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
Residence, Bedford St.,
WOBURN, - - - MASS.
Sale of Personal and Real Estate promptly attended to.

DON'T YOU FORGET IT.
LARGEST
Variety of
**New and Pretty
House Paper,**
Borders & Corners,
EVER SEEN IN WOBURN,
ON FREE EXHIBITION
AND SELLING
At LESS than Boston Prices.
—AT—
WOBURN BOOKSTORE,
195 Main Street, - - - Woburn.

Vegetable Seeds,
ALL KINDS,
At Ellis' Railroad Store.

L. H. ALLEN,

**FUNERAL and FURNISHING
UNDERTAKER**
COFFIN WAREHOUSE,
Railroad st., near corner of Main WOBURN.
CASKETS and COFFINS of various Styles and prices. RICHES' latest variety. Also, CATHOLIC HABITS, and every article necessary for the burial of the dead furnished at short notice.
The attention of the public of this and the neighboring towns is called to the fact that this is the only Coffin Manufacturer in the vicinity, and goods are furnished here at less than Boston prices, and delivered free of charge within ten miles.
He likewise offers the new invention for preserving the bodies by cold air, without direct application of ice. When preserved by the cold air process, a glass reveals at any moment the features of the deceased, and the corpse will keep much longer than in the old way. I have a sufficient number of these preservers for Woburn and the neighboring towns.
Hearse with one or two horses, and Carriage furnished.
Residence, East Street, near Green.

Ask for Victoria Flour
Best Flour made for the money. For sale ONLY
At Ellis' Railroad Store.

Superior Printing
AT THE

JOURNAL OFFICE
For some of the BEST KINDS of COOKING and TABLE STOVES, or any kind of gas or oil pipe, 112 and Hollow Ware, at LOW PRICES, at No. 131 MAIN STREET, WOBURN
L. THOMPSON, Jr.

LUMBER!
EASTERN, WESTERN
—AND—
NORTHERN LUMBER,
—AND—
BUILDING MATERIALS
of all widths, dimensions and qualities, constantly on hand and delivered, at short notice, at the Lowest Cash Prices.
Shingles, Clapboards, Laths, Cedar and Chestnut Posts,
Pickets, Mouldings, &c., in large quantities.
Lumber Yard, Prospect St., opp. Railroad Freight Yard.
J. C. WHITECHER
Carpenter and Builder,
WOBURN, MASS.
Lay and House corner St. Pleasant and Prospect streets.

E. K. Willoughby,
HOUSE & JOB CARPENTER
Walnut St., Woburn.
Orders for Jobbing of all kinds promptly attended to, and satisfaction guaranteed, as heretofore.

EMPIRE WRINGER,
Price \$8. Satisfaction Guaranteed
Keep constantly on hand and for sale, at retail only,
L. THOMPSON, JR.
Dealer in Builders' Hardware, &c., No. 131 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

A. BUCKMAN,
DEALER IN
Boots, Shoes and Rubbers.
160 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
Eggs, Grammer Bros. Boots and shoes constantly on hand.

Preparatory Scientific School.
Warren Academy, Woburn, Mass.
NOW OPEN TO STUDENTS OF BOTH SEXES.
L. ALLEN and apply furnished Chemical and Physical Laboratories and Drawing Rooms, afford the best facilities for thorough and practical Scientific work. Geology, Botany, and Natural History are taught by the aid of large and carefully arranged collections of the classes in Mechanical and Technological. Special attention given to fitting students to enter the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. A large class from the Academy has just been admitted to the Institute, several of them to advanced standing. For circulars and further information, address
L. S. BURBANK, Principal.

Frames & Mats
For Motions. Call and examine them before purchasing elsewhere.
at STROUTS.

JAMES LITTLE,
FUNERAL UNDERTAKER.
ROBES, CASKETS, and COFFINS
Furnished at the lowest cash price.
Lots furnished in the East Woburn Cemetery
All orders promptly attended to.
242 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

Pianos and Organs
W. J. CLEMENT, Agent for Weber.
Repairs Upright and Square Pianos-Fortes and South American Organs. EEP Pianos and Organs tuned. Order books at Spaulding Hardware.
RESIDENCE, - - - LOWELL STREET.
WILLIAM WINN,
Auctioneer,
Burlington, - - - Mass.
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms. Orders left at the JOURNAL Office, Woburn, promptly attended to.

T. V. Sullivan,
Gas Fitter and Plumber,
BASEMENT OF NEW POST OFFICE,
Corner of Walnut and Main Street
WOBURN, MASS. 85

Porcelains,
All sizes, at 50 STROUTS.

NO 39.

I wish she would stay away entirely.

Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY
At 204 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

Subscription \$2.00 a year, payable in advance.
Single copies 5 cents.

SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1875.

Reading notices 25 cents a line. Special notices 15 cents a line. Religious notices 10 cents a line. Ordinary notices 10 cents a line.

The figures printed with the subscribers' names on this paper show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

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BEACON FIRES.—The suggestion has been made that beacon fires be lighted on the principal hills throughout the state on the night of the 16th, next Wednesday. By this means the entire State could be lighted up, and the centennial celebrated at a small expense in every town. To see Massachusetts all aglow with the "fires of liberty" would be a sight worthy the occasion and which all would enjoy. Gloucester, Worcester, Chelsea, Milton, Somerville, Cambridge, Malden and Lynn are moving in this matter. In Lynn they will keep a fire burning on High Rock, and there is to be a public demonstration at the time of lighting the fire. A bonfire will be made on the summit of Blue Hill, which is partly in Milton and partly in Canton. During the war of 1812 a beacon was constantly maintained on this hill. When the news of peace was received in Boston a beacon was lighted on the top of Blue Hill. Prominent places on Prospect, Central and Winter Hills, in Somerville, will be lighted on the night of the 16th, the Aldermen having instructed the Committee on Street Lights to purchase tar barrels for the purpose. Why may not our citizens light up Woburn. Horn Pond Mountain, Mount Pleasant, Rag Rock, and Meeting-house Hill furnish fine sites for bonfires, and tar barrels burning on any or all of them would send out a light for many miles, and show that Woburn is alive to the joyful occasion. The expense would be trifling. Who will start in the matter?

TEMPEST IN A WATER CART.—It was a great shock to our feelings last Monday to see the water cart come out with an advertisement for Cote on one side and for Wheelock on the other, painted in great white letters that stared at us like a rich relation. We were pained to think that the idea had not occurred to us, and that there were two men who had been lucky enough to think of it and smart enough to get their cards painted on the cart we all had subscribed to keep running. A water cart is proverbially cool, but here was a cooler. And then how cheeky it was for them to do so. The rest of us wouldn't do such a thing. We went down to the town stables and looked the cart over. "Who put that on?" we'd like to know. No one could tell; but the teamster seemed to enjoy it somehow. We couldn't shake off a feeling of depression all that day, but next morning when James reported that the cart was re-painted, we were glad to notice that our blues had gone as the blue had come to the cart, and all was well. Not that we cared anything about it, but then how it would have looked, and there wasn't room to get our card on. Of course we couldn't countenance anything like that.

THE SEVENTEENTH.—The celebration of the Bunker Hill Centennial promises to be a magnificent affair. The entire militia of the State, and as many more from other States, with the trades, etc., will make the procession, which will be about seven miles long, a spectacle worth seeing. There is room enough in Boston to see the procession, and the railroad men, taking a lesson from the 19th of April, will make ample provision for the crowds, and as Boston has the reputation of being the best place in the country to feed strangers, none need go away hungry. Woburn takes no official notice of the celebration, but doubtless the citizens will represent the town in large numbers on the day which our forefathers made historic.

MOVING.—The Baptist Church has been lifted from the foundations, and was started from its old place about ten o'clock Friday morning.

THE MASS. PRESS EXCURSION.

The press excursion as arranged for this year is truly a beautiful trip. The party will start from Boston at half past eight Wednesday morning, the 23d inst. Lunching in the cars they will reach Albany about three in the afternoon, and go on to Syracuse where they will spend the night at the Vanderbilt House. On Thursday morning they will proceed to Cayuga, at the northern extremity of the lake of that name, and take a steamboat down the lake to Ithaca. Cayuga Lake is 38 miles long and from one to three miles wide; its surface is 377 feet above the sea. At Ithaca from 9 till 7 will be the day of the Fair, and about Cornell University. From thence the line leads to Elmira, a beautiful city on the Chemung river, and the junction of several important railroads. At this point they will take the N. Y. Central for Watkins, at the southern extremity of Seneca Lake, and spend the night and Friday at the Glen Mountain House. Here they will visit one of the most remarkable natural wonders in the country, known as Watkins' Glen. It is but recently that it has been accessible to visitors; ten years ago it was almost unknown; now it is a famous summer resort, claiming a place among the most noted of American scenery, and visited annually by thousands of people, not only of our own, but many from foreign countries.

Saturday morning they will take steamboat up the lake to Geneva. Seneca Lake is one of the most beautiful bodies of water in the world, varying in width from two to six miles, and about forty miles long; it is 441 feet above the Atlantic, 630 feet deep, and never but once was known to freeze over. From Geneva they go to Rochester, and dine at the Brackett House. Leaving Rochester they arrive at Niagara Falls at 5 o'clock, and quarter at the International Hotel. The next day they will spend about the Falls. Monday morning they will start on their return home, dining at Syracuse, and spending the night in Albany at Stanwix Hall. They will leave Albany Tuesday morning, dine at Springfield, and reach Boston at 5 o'clock. The distance traveled will be about 1100 miles by rail, and 75 by steamboat, through a beautiful section of country, and visiting some of the grandest works of nature to be seen in the world.

"OFFENCE'S GILDED HAND," &c. &c. We learn from the *Malden Mirror* that the case of John Best, for larceny of money from the estate of Aaron Hill, of Stoneham, came up for examination last week, when the counsel for defendant moved that the complaint be *not pressed*, adding that consultation having been held upon the matter between the government counsel, the officers, detectives, and other parties concerned, it had been agreed that the government would suffer no injury by such a disposition of the case. Mr. Stevens, who appeared for the government, said the government acknowledged satisfaction, and assented to the motion, with the provision that the defendant should pay the costs. The decision was rendered accordingly, and the defendant was discharged. We didn't think District Attorney Stevens was that kind of a man. When a little boy enters a store and steals a few pieces of scrip from the money drawer, he is sent to the Reform School if his mother is poor. Now comes John Best, who has served one term in the Reform School, is caught stealing, and is let off because having paid Mr. Hill, and the court expenses, the "government would suffer no injury." But how about society, which government is formed to protect, and how about compounding a felony, which Mr. Stevens well knows ought not to be countenanced? This case establishes the fact that there is no punishment for the rich.

"CHARMING BIRDIE MINE."—This is the title of a charming piece of music written by Dr. C. T. Lang. The poetry, as well as the music, is the doctor's, and both are good. The music is written in waltz time, and well adapted for a flexible soprano voice. Every one who hears it is charmed, and we predict for it a good sale. We copy the words in full:—

Charming little bird, how sweetly you sing,
Cheering all our hearts with your glad songs of Spring.
Gladly do we greet you from that sunny glade,
From the sweet magnolia grove, charming birdie mine.

Through the dreary winter with its chilling breeze,
We have sadly missed you 'neath the leafless trees,
Where you sang your morning song in summer time,
Near our cottage window, charming birdie mine.

Near our cottage window, charming birdie mine,
Near our cottage window, charming birdie mine,
Near our cottage window, charming birdie mine,
Near our cottage window, charming birdie mine.

Off, when in our dreams, when twilight's spell is gone,
And the darkness shade of winter's night is on,
Then we seem to hear as in your home of Spring,
Your sweet carols that we love, charming birdie mine.

As the cold morn'g breaks we find 'tis but a dream,
Slightly we think him of your home of Spring,
Among the orange blossoms in the bright sun,
May he ever guard you, charming birdie mine.

May he ever guard you, charming birdie mine,
May he ever guard you, charming birdie mine,
May he ever guard you, charming birdie mine,
May he ever guard you, charming birdie mine.

Gaily the flowers bloom; again the balmy breeze,
Laden with perfume is wafted through the trees,
Through our cottage window shaded by the vine,
Sound your sweetest melody, charming birdie mine.

When the summer's over and the cold winds blow,
Blowing all the flowers with chilling frost and snow,
We will say good-bye, though only for a time,
Come again, come early, charming birdie mine.

Come again, come early, charming birdie mine,
Come again, come early, charming birdie mine,
Come again, come early, charming birdie mine,
Come again, come early, charming birdie mine.

THE OLD RELIABLE BOAT and shoe house "at Mansfield," 14 Tremont Row, now ready for the Spring trade of 1875. Large purchases from first hands at extremely low prices enables them to give patrons the benefit of their well-selected stock of men's, boys', women's, children's and youths' boots and shoes, at prices which in many instances, are lower than the present cost of manufacture. The special advantages possessed by his house for obtaining the best goods, and their motto,—"large sales and small profits," enables them to offer extra inducements and those in want of boots and shoes will do well to call at "Mansfield's" old stand, 14 Tremont Row, Boston.

CONFLAGRATION ALMOST.—Sunday night Mr. T. V. Sullivan was awakened by a dense smoke in his room, and discovered that a kerosene lamp, which had been left burning when he retired, had exploded and set fire to the carpet. He immediately got up, and with the bed clothes put out the fire. It was a lucky escape, for had the fire got headway, the center of the town would have been in danger of another great conflagration.

Horton sells Harper's for June, which is a most excellent number.

POEM.—The following poem, written by Miss Mead, was read at the 60th anniversary of the Ladies' Charitable Reading Society held last week:—

One sweet, fair day of June ten years ago, I went,
Was our half century jubilee, you may have seen;
Not now, of that event do we propose to sing,
For could we add one charm to such a perfect thing?

The day with all its quiet joys was then enrolled,
And many long those pleasant things will truly hold;
By hand more able far than ours, by artist true,
Those scenes were kindly sketched, and grandly brought to view.

Ten years, to us, of added life and work since then;
Work for the master 'mong the needy sons of men;
Into the statue we have glided safe to-day,
And wait for light divine to guide our future way.

Ah, who can tell us now of all these thirty years?
The love that made them golden and best them with tears,
The good and noble women who gave to us our name,
Themselves most truly loyal yet never known to fame.

They walked in the sunshine, were hidden in the cloud;
Those patient burden bearers now lying in their shroud;
Esteeming it their glory woman's work to do,
And not to ever seeking greater things and new.

Keep to the quiet ways of those who went before,
Their humble faith in God, 'twill help you more and more;
Bew not to idol Fashion, she's a foolish guide;
Who follows her shall wander very far and wide.

How will it count, my sisters! work that ye have done,
When in the eternal years your life has begun?
Oh, give the thought a lodgment in your hearts to-day,
'Twill make you ever careful what you do or say.

Survivors, now, of years long gone—how small the band!
Alas! they are trading close upon the border land;
If present here to-day, we warmly greet you now;
And write the name of honest builder on your brow.

Heaven bless you, aged mothers! bless the daughters,
Who now hold up our ancient standard, women true;
Ye bear life's burdens while so many wear the crown;
Work, for the night doth hasten when ye shall lay them down.

*Mrs. A. C. Carter. See "Proceedings of the Semi-Centennial of the Society," 1867.

"IF I HAD A COW," &c. &c.—"I want a quart of milk," said a little girl last week as she stepped into a grocery store. The grocer poured out the lactical fluid and handed the pail to the girl. She looked in the pail and exclaimed, "Isn't this what I wanted?" "But you asked for milk," said the grocer, "what did you expect?" "Well, you get whiskey when we say 'milk,'" "Oh, you don't want where do you think this is?" "Why, ain't this—store?" and on being assured of her mistake she ran out to find—'s, where they sell 'milk,' even though they have no license.

NEW TRAINS.—By the new time table we have an additional train in the morning at 8:20, and the sixth train goes at 10:15. The second train out is at 7:45. These are great accommodations, especially the 10:15. By it we may go to Winchester and take the 10 o'clock train Boston to Lowell, and passengers for Woburn by that train do not have so long to wait by ten minutes as formerly. The 8:20 joins the Lawrence train.

GRASSHOPPERS.—Dr. Wolgamott received through the mail a few days ago from Kansas City, Mo., an invoice of grasshoppers. The postmaster is said to have a spite against such packages, and this one was pretty well smashed. Eight of the little varmints, however, were alive, and on receiving a blade of grass fell on it like hungry dogs. They were kept in a bottle for a few days, and then they all died.

EXAMINATIONS.—In another column the school examinations are announced. Beginning with next Tuesday they will close on the Thursday following the High School exhibition which occurs on Wednesday the 23d. June 17 will be observed as a holiday. The graduating class of the High School this year number 26.

CONCERT.—The Harry Bloodgood Troupe on their seventh annual tour, take Woburn in their way, and open at Lyceum Hall, this Saturday evening for one night only. Their list of performers is very strong, and their programme one which will afford those who attend a rare entertainment.

SILVER WEDDING.—Last Monday evening the parishioners of Rev. Edward Mills, assembled at his home on Win street, to congratulate him on the 25th anniversary of his marriage. They left numerous beautiful and valuable tokens of their regard in articles of silver ware.

NEW RAILROAD.—Frequent inquiries are made for the railroad committee which was chosen last January, and their report is anticipated with some curiosity. A correspondent in another column has a word to say on the subject of a new railroad.

DRAIN.—The brick drain which has taken Main Street water through the Wade estate to the Baptist lot, has been cut on Park street, and an addition is being built to carry the water down the street and empty it into the brook near Center street.

FIRE.—The fire in Winchester Tuesday night took the Steamer, Hose 1 and 5, and the Hook and Ladders, down to the line. Hose 1 and the Steamer were taken to the fire, and the rest sent home by the engineers.

HEAVY RAIN.—We have had showers all the week, and Wednesday night a very heavy one. Nature looks better with her face washed.

GOOD.—The inspection returns of the 5th M. V. M., show that Co. G stood first in rank, which is good news to the friends of the Phalanx.

THE COMMERCIAL BULLETIN has been playing billiards "wearing off the green." Cue-risus, isn't it?

THE TRAVELER'S OFFICIAL GUIDE for June is out, and will be found useful for summer tourists.

Read the regulations of the Board of Health as printed in another column.

Woburn furnishes Boston with ten of her school teachers.

SUITS AGAINST THE TOWN.—The suit of Ballard vs. Town of Woburn, was commenced in the Supreme Judicial Court at Cambridge on Thursday. It is to recover for injuries alleged to have been received by Mrs. Ballard two years ago, while the water pipes were being put into Main Pleasant street. Mr. Ballard and his wife were in a carriage drawn by two horses, and in the evening they drove over the barrier put up to keep persons from falling into the newly filled trench. Plaintiff claims that there were no lights on the barrier, and it being a dark night the accident was caused through his fault, and Mrs. Ballard was seriously injured. Mr. and Mrs. Ballard, Mr. and Mrs. Harris Johnson, John Backman, G. H. and C. K. Conn, Mrs. Reddy, Doctors Wolgamott, Lovjoy and Winsor and others were examined on Thursday. It was continued Friday, and as we go to press the case is still on. Somerby, Mason & McIntire for plaintiff, and Sweetser & Gardner for the town.

COMMONWEALTH.—This elegant new barge, belonging to G. F. Jones, is nearly ready to make its appearance, and all who have seen it pronounce it the handsomest, as it is the largest, pleasure wagon in this vicinity. It is beautifully painted, ornamented, and upholstered, with the State arms painted on the sides of the box. The body is dark green, striped with carmine and adorned with gold scroll work. The running gear is carmine. Mr. Jones has procured three sets of double harnesses expressly for his team of six horses which will draw the barge. He will make his first appearance with it next Saturday, when he will take the band of the Knight Templars from Boston to Waltham. The barge was built by C. P. Pollard, and is one of the best barges ever turned out of his establishment.

ACCIDENTS.—Last Saturday, Frank J. Perkins, while sawing back without a Parker's saw mill, had a silver of the best several inches in length forced into his hand, coming out at the wrist.

On Wednesday, Thomas Martin while fishing, caught his hand with the hook.

On Thursday a man in the employ of John Maxwell, cut his wrist badly, severing an artery.

HORSES.—Mr. Hunt, of the firm of Hunt, Holt & Knott, of Waverly, Iowa, will be at the Central Horse Stables, the last of next week with 17 horses. These gentlemen have sold a large number of horses here within the last year and a half, which have given good satisfaction.

POLICE COURT.—5th, Florence N. Mason, a minor, for not attending school and wandering about the streets, placed on probation. 7th, Joseph Prescott, single drunk, \$3 and costs. Thomas Salmon, liquor keeping, fine of \$100 and costs, appealed.

The Methodist Strawberry festival was a success in spite of the rain.

Last Woburn.

PLEASANT.—Monday last week was the occasion of a pleasant evening and social gathering at the home of our townsman, the Hon. B. E. Whittemore. It being the birthday of his youngest daughter, Grace, and about the time of his expected arrival home from South Carolina. It was made the opportunity for a performance of the "Opera of Laila," or "The Wanderer," which was produced in a truly happy manner under the immediate superintendence of Miss Belle Whittemore, the elder daughter of the house. Miss Helen Samson presided at the piano and added much to the pleasure of the occasion. It was quite wonderful to note the readiness of the chorus, and the correctness of the solo singers, some of the music being quite difficult for such juvenile artists. Mr. Whittemore's drawing room was well filled with invited friends and neighbors, of whom about sixty were present. "All went merrily as a marriage bell" and joyousness was the key note of the evening.

New Publications.

Williams' Lecture Bureau Magazine for next season is just out. The list contains some very eminent names—among them we notice our own distinguished statesman, Carl Schurz, and a new lecture, Charles Bradlaugh, of London, with lectures on "An Englishman's View of American Politics," and "Five Dead Men I have Known;" Professor Richard A. Proctor, of London, the eminent astronomer, on "The Transit of Venus and Celestial Measurements;" "The Infinitesimals of Us;" Daniel Dougherty and Henry Armit Brown, orators of whom Philadelphia is always proud; Wendell Phillips, Boston's great orator; Rev. Dr. Tiffany on "The First Great American;" Rev. Dr. Chapin, one of the great pulp orators of America; Prof. W. H. Niles with a new lecture on "Holland and its People," illustrated, DeCordova with his admirable fun; Dr. Lorimer on the "Lost Virtues;" and "What I know about Boys;" and "What I know about the girls of Rome," illustrated with stereopticon; Dr. Villiers, with his lecture on "Penny People we Meet," with many north provoking illustrations, and many others. Among the editorial staff we notice the name of W. A. Hovey, editor of the *Boston Transcript*. Among readers, Prof. Churchill, Prof. Brown, Miss Cayvan and Wyzeman Marshall are prominent. The Opera of *Laila* for Lyceums is furnished, together with a great variety of musical talent for Lyceums. By addressing simply Williams' Lecture Bureau, Boston, the Magazine will be sent to any address gratuitously.

THE ALDINE for June (No. 18 of the current series) has come to hand, and it may be called one of the most substantial numbers of the publication which has yet appeared, appealing throughout, to the most refined and elevated sentiments. This fact is especially notable in several of the illustrations, "Mother's Darling," the first, being a perfect apotheosis of affection conveyed by the mother while in two companion-pictures, "The Helping Hand," and "Saved and Lost," the story of man's spiritual peril and his only abiding refuge is told most strikingly. The fine pictures open the promised series of "Picturesque Europe," in "A Waterfall in the Pyrenees," a gem of Albert Bier, the original of which formed one of the leading art attractions

at Vienna in 1873—and two charming ovals, "Sunset on the Bzura," and "The Heron's Rock," both from picturesque Auvergne. The other full page picture of the number is a graphic portrait of a beautiful woman, the heroine of the series, which commenced three months ago, and a handsome illustration of Scott, the "Drinking Stag," three noble views of Darham Cathedral, and a portrait of Hon. Luther B. Wymann, of Brooklyn, a native of Woburn, make up the art contents of the number.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.—The July number is already on our table, and is one of those rare triumphs which have won for this "queen of the ladies' book" its vast circulation, larger, we believe, than that of any other in the world. The principal story plate, "A Modern Water-Nymph," illustrates a sparkling little sketch, in which a conceited town exquisite comes to deserved grief at the hands of a pretty country belle. The double-sized colored steel fashion-plate, a wonder of beauty, the style is the latest; and it is not only a fashion plate, it is a picture. As to the literary contents, they are, as always, first-class. We have rarely read such powerful stories as those by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Mrs. F. M. Burnett, Frank Lee Benedict, and the author of "The Second Life," in this number; in fact, no other lady's book has such contributors as "Peterson." It is also the cheapest of all the really good magazines. Every woman, married or single, ought to take it. The price is but two dollars a year, postage pre-paid by the publisher. To clubs, the rates are lower yet, postage also pre-paid by the publisher; and a choice of splendid premiums is given to persons getting up clubs, one of them being an extra copy of the Magazine. Specimens are also sent, gratis, to persons desiring to get up clubs. Address: Chas. J. Peterson, No. 300 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Harpers for July has arrived, and is fully up to the centennial season. Newburyport and its neighborhood opens the number. Another installment of caricatures of the Revolutionary period is given, an illustrated paper on Bunker Hill, and articles on Brittany and the Island of Lewis. The reading matter is exceptionally fine. Bay Harbor of Horton.

WOBURN, June 10, 1875.

MR. EDITOR:—The present condition of our town in regard to its business prospects demands the serious attention of every one who has its interests at heart. I do not believe that as a town we have by any means, reached the climax of prosperity, although we are at present (in common with all the communities throughout the entire country) under a temporary cloud. And every one who croaks and talks as if the leather business and other interests was dead, exerts an influence to continue the present depression of business.

The present condition of affairs is not the most encouraging, no man will deny, but to lay it bare and do nothing is certainly the height of folly. Now let us see what can be done to improve the condition of affairs in our town, and in the front rank of effort I will place the subject of another Railroad to Boston.

Which Railroad, in my opinion, should start from Medford Centre, connecting with and being a continuation of the Medford Branch, following the line which was proposed for the old Stoneham Branch to Winchester, and from Winchester up the valley east of the Woburn Branch through the centre of Woburn, to cross Main street near the foot of Salem street, with a depot near the last named point; thence up to North Woburn, following on near the line of the old canal; thence through Wilmington to connect with the Boston and Maine Railroad in Wilmington. I need not state that the freight and passenger traffic on this road would be far more than if the line was built upon the route proposed by the Committee, which were chosen by the citizens meeting some months ago, which Committee ought, by courtesy to report to the people by whom they were chosen. But I don't propose to criticise the said Committee.

The line which I have indicated certainly has many advantages as a paying route over the westerly route, viz: The line will be some miles shorter. It will pass near several manufacturing establishments which will obviate the necessity of moving freight by teams which must be done if the westerly route is taken. Now the easterly route is subject to neither of the above objections, on the contrary the route is one which must meet with the approval of the public and which no other route can receive.

At North Woburn there is a Spring which affords medicinal qualities, equal, if not superior to the waters of Saratoga. A hotel at that point would be a paying institution and a benefit to our town. The freight traffic of our place has been, in the past and will no doubt be in the future, a matter of large amount, and every dollar saved in transportation is of so much advantage to our manufacturers and traders. Now, freight coming from Maine to this town must pass through Boston, and over the second railroad, but which would come direct from the East over the proposed line. The importance and demand for a second railroad line has been felt by the merchants of this town in the years past on account of the impossibility of getting freight from Boston without the delay of from three to six months in the forwarding of freight from Boston after it was landed at the wharves of the Boston and Lowell Railroad, to say nothing of demurrage of 50 cents per ton on freight, which expense has been paid by merchants of Woburn when business was good.

In view of all the above facts it seems to me that all which is required to increase the prosperity of our town is for the young and active men to take hold of this enterprise and others of like nature, and push them to a successful completion.

C.

IN THE WHOLE MEDICAL PHARMACOPOEIA there is no medicine so well adapted for the suppression and eradication of Bright's disease, dropsy, kidney, bladder and glandular complaints, mental and physical debility, errors of youth or mature age, excessive impotence, gravel, diabetes, pain in the back and joints, leucorrhoea, and many other diseases, as this medicine, never fails to

SALARIES ON THE BOSTON PRESS.
—We do not see why the Boston newspapers and their editors, reporters, and writers should not be advertised gratuitously as well as those in New York, and we call upon our contemporaries of the New York papers to copy the following figures of the salaries of some of the most distinguished editors on the Boston press, and reciprocate the favor done to the Munchausen who writes to the Chicago papers, and whose romances with regard to salaries paid to New York editors have been very generally and generously copied by the New England press.

The figures given below may be considered as accurate as those which have been going the rounds about Reid, Nordhoff, J. Russell Young, and others.

The veteran of the Boston press is Hon. Charles G. Greene of the Boston Post. His salary is one thousand dollars a day, paid in hourly instalments of one hundred dollars each. Mr. Nathaniel G. Greene receives \$500 a day, paid weekly, and George M. Towle, the well-known historical writer, draws but \$1000 per week; but then he realizes about a million per annum by writing for the magazines.—Hon. C. C. Haswell, the well-known and able historical editor of the Traveller, gets \$20,000 a week and his car fares. On days when he writes the "Review of the Week" he is allowed \$1,000 extra for gloves to handle certain subjects gently. Mr. Crook, managing editor of the Traveller's staff, receives \$36,000 a week and his boot blacking free; and Nat. Childs, dramatic critic, gets but \$1,000 per week and his toothpicks; but then he is young, and content with moderate returns.

On the Journal, Col. William W. Clapp, and S. N. Stockwell have but \$12,479.87 per day to divide between them, and have engaged the arithmetic man of the N. Y. World to decide the question of the fraction in the division which is continually arising.

W. A. Hovey became so much fatigued in investing his salary at the Bulletin of three thousand dollars a day in gold, that, for convenience sake, he accepted the position of editor-in-chief of the Transcript, which pays the same amount, but in United States 5-20s every afternoon, after the third edition is issued. Mr. Hovey has been engaged to lecture by the Boston Lecture Bureau for next season, for three times the gross receipts of each house. Spalding of the News receives four gold bricks of ten pounds each per day, and his soda-water, and Taylor and Bacon of the Globe, each receive an evenly filled peck measure of silver trade dollars, every eight hours, with their crackers and cheese thrown in.

Goddard of the Advertiser stands high in the eye of the public, and receives \$50,000 a week for nothing approval at good, and shaking his head at bad articles written for the paper. He does not write any for his own paper, but is the Boston correspondent for the London Punch at a salary of £100 per joke. Ross, on the same paper, bags \$8,000 and never writes anything after breakfast.

But the Boston Herald, however, leads the van in enterprise. No salaries are paid in this establishment, but, by an arrangement with the United States Government, a printing press in the establishment is kept constantly running off greenbacks of the denomination of \$100; and the reportorial staff help themselves to a bundle or ream as their necessities require. The principal editors have bins of twenty dollar gold pieces kept constantly on tap for their convenience.

Some idea of the eagerness to obtain a position on the staff of this paper, may be had from the fact that the elder Bennett was refused, and W. C. Bryant, of the Evening Post, put in his application for a position at eighteen years of age, and, as each letter of the alphabet is opened in turn, his has not come yet, the proprietors, owing to the number of applications, not having yet reached B. Accordingly, as may be inferred, the members of their force are all A No. 1.

The above statements may be relied on by any one who takes the trouble.—Commercial Bulletin.

THE EFFECT OF PRESENCE OF MIND.—What coolness may do in such cases was once well illustrated by the German actor, Emile Devrient. The Grand Theatre at Vienna was crowded. The Emperor Francis, with several members of his family, was in the imperial box. The play Schiller's

"Robbers" had reached its third act, when the cry arose that the stage was on fire. Devrient signed at once to the prompter, who lowered the curtain, the actor stepped out in front of it ere it wholly fell. In his clear, clarion voice he said:—"There is no fire. The Emperor has been despoiled of an aigrette of diamonds on entering the theatre. No honest man will object to being searched. You will pass out one by one at each several entrance and be searched by the police stationed at the several doors. Any man attempting to go out of order will be arrested." The crowd, deceived by the coolness and the charge, poured out. As each reached the door he was simply told to hurry on; and just as the last rows, in the upper gallery were filing out the flames burst through the curtain, enveloped the auditorium, but not a life was lost, though in less than half an hour after the great building was in ruins.—Brooklyn Eagle.

HOW MARBLES ARE MADE.—The chief place of the manufacture of marbles—those little pieces of stone which contribute so largely to the enjoyment of boys—is at Oberstein, on the Nahe, in Germany, where there are large agate mills and quarries, the refuse of which is turned to good paying account by being made into small balls employed by experts to knockle with, and are mostly sent to the American market. The substance used in Saxony is a hard, calcareous stone, which is first broken into blocks, nearly square, by blows with a hammer. These are thrown by the hundred or two into a small sort of mill, which is formed of a flat, stationary slab of stone, with a number of eccentric furrows upon its face. A block of oak, or other hard wood, of the diameter size is placed over the stones and partly resting upon them. The small block of wood is kept revolving, while water flows upon the stone slab. In about fifteen minutes the stones are turned into spheres, and then being fit for sale, are henceforth called marbles. One establishment, with but three mills, turns out sixty thousand marbles each week.

TO THE YOUNG MEN OF THIS PLACE.—A woman's reputation is soiled; a thoughtless woman—an ill-timed jest—spoken in the billiard hall or club room has been magnified by malicious minds until the cloud has become dark enough to overshadow her whole existence. Then, young men, never use a lady's name in an improper place, at no improper time, nor in mixed company. Never make any assertions about her that you think are untrue, or allusions that you feel she herself would blush to hear. Ever respect the name of a woman, for your mother and sisters are women, and as you would have their name untarnished, and their lives unblemished by the slanderer's biting tongue, heed the ill that your own words may bring upon the mother, the sister, or the wife of some fellow-creature.

TOY BALLOONS.—Fully half the toy balloons in New York are made by a Frenchman in Sullivan street, in a dingy little second-story front room about twelve feet square. "Make two, three hundred a day, sometime four hundred." He shows a red wooden chest full of the little rubber pouches. "Come from Paris; blow him up, you see." And he takes a pair of bellows and inflates the limp and dingy little sack into a glassy scarlet sphere, ties the mouth with a cotton thread, and lets it go. "Fall on ground, you see. Must put gas in him." Water, sulphuric acid and strips of zinc are the materials used to make the gas. A long thread is wound round the neck of each and securely fastened. A thin coat of liquid glass is applied with a brush to keep the gas from slowly escaping, and when this dries the balloons are ready for the street.

ADVERTISING.—There is a class of persons who imagine they are doing very judiciously by advertising through the medium of circulars. They scatter a few thousand through the country announcing their business, and await the result, fully convinced that in so doing they have taken all necessary preliminaries to success. Various circulars are almost daily to be found on our door steps and entry ways of respectable houses. Their fate is generally, that they are either thrown into the street by the indignant servant girl, or summarily pitched aside by the man of the house, who finds them when he returns home, and who desires no

suggestions of new methods of lightening his purse. The use of circulars may, in certain limited cases, answer every purpose; but the vast majority of those who have made money by advertising have found that the columns of a newspaper are the best and surest, and in the end the cheapest medium of communication between the business world and the public.—Milwaukee Union.

CENSUS.—The Boston Post says:—The people of Massachusetts will be doing themselves the most lasting service by answering the printed questions of the census-takers in an intelligent and candid spirit, and divested of any baseless suspicion of a design to ferret out their private affairs. The object is something entirely different. The census-takers have a laborious task, even when every individual in the community freely co-operates with them, and we therefore invoke for them all the ready assistance which it is possible to give. There is a prevalent indifference to such matters which time is required to correct, besides a laxity of understanding when the case is once fairly presented. But, inasmuch as both fullness and precision are essential to a census which deserves to be called reliable, the inhabitants of every town and city cannot be too prompt in complying with what is so simply requested of them in black and white. It has nothing to do with taxation or military drafts, but is intended to form, when duly compiled into a general tabular statement, a complete survey of the population, industries, progress and general condition of the Commonwealth. Surely no citizen ought to remain chargeable with indifference to a matter in which his individual interest is equal to that of every other one. Whatever relics of ignorance or prejudice may still be lingering in the popular mind on this subject it is time to dispel altogether. The simple object being to obtain an accurate and full portrayal of the people, products, wealth, social condition and industries of the State, it becomes imperative that the task be performed with the willing assistance of every person to whom it belongs to impart the necessary information.

A SERVANT.—Ashamed of being a servant? No, indeed. Let no honest woman be ashamed of that. If she is able to earn her living and be squarely independent as cook or chambermaid, or nurse girl, let her take that path in life, and hold up her head with any one.—that is, if she is a good servant, honest, faithful, and respecting herself too much to be disrespectful to her employers.

Many and many a painted beauty, who would have scorned domestic service in her girlhood, wishes to-day that she had the rough, honest hands and comfortable conscience of a respectable domestic. I have no doubt her life is much happier than that of the veriest drudge in the kitchen.

Many an idle though reputable woman, who folds her hands while a bent old father earns her living, would show a proper spirit if she went cheerfully into some one's kitchen and brought home all she could spare of the wages domestics now command.

Of course, education, talent, and peculiar opportunities render it better that some working women should take other walks in life, but there is always a good opportunity for any one with common strength and common sense to become independent as a household servant. Stores, work-rooms and factories overflow. Did any one ever hear of a good cook, who was a sober woman, coming to the almshouse. No woman who has been brought up to housework dislikes it. It is only the name of servant from which she shrinks, and what folly it is, since we are all servants. No man who is unselfish, no woman who does her duty, but is at service all his or her life for some one or something. A clergyman, a lawyer, a physician, a soldier, a sailor, each acknowledge the name. Surely a wife must serve her husband and children, and a child its parents; and a hired servant who gives good value for value received, can hold up her head with any lady in the land.—Mary Kyle Dallas.

HERDS GRASS,
Cheap for CASH, at

Ellis' Railroad Store, Woburn.

Chas. K. Conn & Co.

DEALERS IN

**HARD and SOFT
COAL, WOOD,
Lime & Cement.**

We deliver Coal and Wood in any quantity desired, and at the Lowest CASH PRICES.

CUSTOMERS DESIRING IT, WE

SAW and SPLIT WOOD

READY FOR USE, at

At a slight additional charge.

Office: 113 MAIN STREET

Ellis' Railroad Store Building, near depot.

CHAS. K. CONN. CHAS. H. POLLARD

Pro Bono Publico.

A. A. CLEMENT

Would announce to the citizens of Woburn Centre that he has secured

1000 TONS OF ICE,

which he will furnish at a fair price the coming season.

For further particulars leave address at C. S. Atkins, or at the residence of the subscriber, 431 Main street.

A. A. CLEMENT.

Woburn, Feb. 1, 1875.

"BLACK FEARNAUGHT"

Will make the season for a limited number of Mares at

WINSHIP'S STOCK FARM,

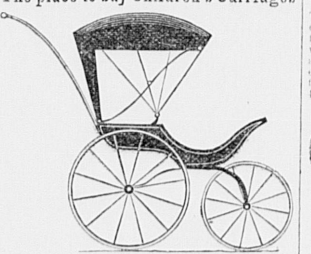
WOBURN, MASS.

For Terms, Pedigree, &c., apply on the premises.

Board for Horses

At all seasons of the year.

The place to buy Children's Carriages



S. H. KIMBALL,

Manufacturer of

CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES,

Wholesale and retail.

Salesroom, 57 Washington cor. Hanover Street.

Manufacture, 25 Union St., Boston, Mass.

All carriages warranted as represented.

Association, 1874.

GEORGE H. CONN

Insurance

AGENT,

No. 174 MAIN St.,

WOBURN.

PATENT

Asphalt Paving.

Awarded a Medal at the 12th Exhibition of the Mass. Charitable Mechanics Association, 1874.

Persons desiring to have concrete walks or drives laid, will do well to send for our circular before they make any contract. Our concrete has none of the objectionable features of the ordinary work, such as offensive colors, softening by the sun, cracking, etc. Address

ASPHALT PAVING CO.

55 Kildy Street,

J. H. BRADDOCK, JR., Box 71, Woburn.

RED TOP, Lawn Grass,

Cheap for CASH,

At Ellis' Railroad Store.

C. W. NUTE & Co.

Mr. C. W. NUTE having associated with him in his business Mr. C. FRANK KELLEY, they propose to continue the

BOOT AND SHOE BUSINESS

—AT—

No. 209 MAIN STREET,

And will keep on hand a full line of

SERVICEABLE GOODS

to suit the requirements of our customers, and will sell them as

CHEAP FOR CASH

as they can be bought for anywhere in town.

We are now prepared to make

LADIES

AMERICAN and FRENCH KID

Buskins and Slippers

TO ORDER, and shall manufacture all that we offer for sale.

MEN'S TOILET SLIPPERS

also made to order, and

REPAIRING

promptly and neatly done.

We shall also keep on hand a full line of the manufactures of

BURKE & MUNDY

—AND—

TYLER & SON.

Thanking the public for the patronage accorded in the past, we hope to receive our fair share in the future.

C. W. NUTE & Co.,

209 Main street, Woburn,

A PAYING BUSINESS

On an energetic reliable man, we will give the exclusive right for his city or town to sell our Franchise for Sewing Machines, &c. &c., paying him a very large commission on sales. Can be applied to any machine new in use, and by any person, how ever unskilled. Capital needed, \$1 to \$20. For full particulars, address HALL TREADLE CO., 88 Washington St., Boston.

CENTRAL MARKET,

151 Main St., Woburn.

B. F. WYER

keeps constantly on hand a full and fresh stock of

Beef, Pork & Mutton

AND ALL KINDS OF

SEASONABLE VEGETABLES.

and everything usually found in a

Meat and Vegetable Market.

JOHN A. BOUTELLE,

GENEALOGIST

Office at Residence, corner of East and Carter Streets.

Genealogies traced and compiled, Family Registers prepared, Diplomas filled out, Marriage Certificates written, &c.

Office Hours 1 to 5 P. M.

Instruction given in Penmanship and Book-keeping. Terms for 12 lessons in advance, \$2.00 for Penmanship, \$3.00 for Book-keeping.

Dow's Green Mountain BEER

Nos. 41, 42 and 43 Washington Sq., BOSTON.

MRS. J. M. RICHARDS,

Hygienic Physician and Midwife.

Mrs. Richards comes to you a stranger, but with the best of reference, which, with few past success in Midwifery, should recommend her to the people of Woburn.

Winn Street, corner Bag Rock Avenue.

G. R. CAGE & Co.,

MERCHANT

TAILORS

And Dealers in

Gents' Furnishing Goods,

171 Main Street,

Woburn.

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ALL SIZES, at

STROUT'S.

HERDS GRASS,

Cheap for CASH,

At Ellis' Railroad Store.

J. O. GOODWIN

Civil Engineer

—AND—

Surveyor.

Estates divided and laid out to the best advantage. Levels taken for

WATERWORKS, SEWERAGE & DRAINAGE, Streets surveyed and graded.

All work guaranteed to be accurate.

Office,—Richardson's Block,

Winchester,

Office hours from 7 to 9 P. M., Tuesdays and Thursdays, and every day when not at work outside. All orders left on the slate will be promptly attended to.

The Greatest

COMBINATION

Of the Age!

Something that everybody should have, something that any man cannot do without, except at a great sacrifice to himself and friends, viz:

Style,

Grace,

Elegance

AND A GOOD FIT,

Combined in a SUIT OF CLOTHES, which can be obtained ONLY at

A. GRANT'S,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

No. 169 Main Street, Woburn.

P.S.—Shirt patterns cut, and Gent's White Shirts made to order.

165

Hammond's CLOTHING HOUSE,

131 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF

Spring and Summer Styles

FURNISHING GOODS,

HATS, CAPS, UMBRELLAS, &c

AT

J. W. HAMMOND'S.

Oil Carpets.

The best assortment of Oil Carpets we ever had for sale at the oilstand.

OPPOSITE THE COMMON.

W. WOODBERRY.

For some of the BEST KINDS OF COOKING or PARLOR STOVES, or repair pieces, stove pipe 112 and Hollow Ware, at LOW PRICES, at

No. 131 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

L. THOMPSON, Jr.

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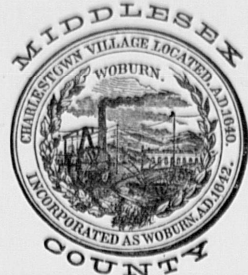
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WOBURN JOURNAL.



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NO 40.

MYSTIC CONSERVATORIES!

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WINCHESTER, MASS.

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CUT FLOWERS and
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At immediate notice.

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\$5 to \$20 Per Day at Home. Turns free. As
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Poetry.

AN OLD SONG.

A friend has written out for us, the fol-
lowing verses, which used to be sung six
ty years ago, at the close of the war. Al-
though not of the highest type there is a
jolly ring to them, which must have
pleased the boys of 1815.

THE LIBERTY OF NEW ENGLAND.

When our fathers of yore hove in sight of
the shore,
And the sailors were first heard to sing
"Land!"

From the cabin so hampered on deck they
all scampered,
And took the first peep of New England.
The rough rugged shores of New England,
The wild woods and rocks of New Eng-
land;

So pleased with the view, they directly
hove to,
And they scampered ashore in New Eng-
land.

They tore up the soil with abundance of
toll,
And soon made a beautiful land,
And they planted a tree that they called
Liberty.

In the beautiful soil of New England,
It flourished and grew in New England,
And its branches spread over New Eng-
land.

And under its shadow our fathers have
had, O,
The richest of joys in New England.

But Mr. John Bull, who was lorded in full,
Came out in a rage from Old England,
And swore that the tree no longer should
be.

Found growing so high in New England,
That it never belonged in New England,
Though it already bloomed in New Eng-
land.

So we soon came to blows, with a high
bloody nose
He was glad to pack off from New Eng-
land.

Next came Monsieur Frank, all so nimble
and crank,
Who thought all the world he could swing
hand.

From rattle and robbery to kick up a bob-
bery,
Among the peaceable folks of New Eng-
land.

To sow his wild oats in New England,
To sap the fair tree of New England,
To our right little navy he soon cried
"percey."

And he capered away from New England.

Now we have peace all around and with
joy abound,
Our rights are secure in this free land,
We are all now united and highly de-
lighted.

With the manners and men of New Eng-
land,
With the clams and fish of New England,
With the rivers and brooks of New Eng-
land.

And our army and navy will send to Old
Davy
And foes to the rights of New England.

Selected.

THE TWO MOTTOES.

Two young men were standing
in the diligence office at Cernay,
where they had come to engage
places for Kaysersberg. Both were
about twenty-four years old, but
their faces were a contrast. The
shortest was dark haired and pale,
quick in his motions, and with an
impatience which betrayed his
Southern origin at a glance. The
other, on the contrary, tall, fair-
haired and ruddy, was the complete
type of the mixed race of the Al-
sace, in which French expansion
and German good humor are blend-
ed. Each had, at his feet, a small
runk. Upon one address was
written, "Henry Fortin, Marcellus,"
and on the seals which fastened it
at the four corners, "My right,"
upon the other, "Joseph Mulzen,
Strasbourg," while the motto on
these seals was "Charity."

The office keeper had just writ-
ten their names on the register,
with the important addition, "and
two trunks," when Henry asked
him to weigh them. The official
told him that this would be done at
Kaysersberg, but the young man
urged the inconvenience of such a
formality at the moment of arrival,
adding that he had the right to
make him perform his duty imme-
diately. The official, thus pressed
was obstinate in his turn. Joseph,
wishing to make peace, observed
that they had scarcely time for din-
ner; but Henry, by virtue of his
motto, never yielded anything
when he thought himself in the
right, and he always did think so.

The discussion was prolonged until
the official, tired out, left the scene
and went home. Henry then
wished to argue his point with the
porter, but happily the latter spoke
only German. He had to resign
himself to following his companion
to the Inn, upon whom he vented
his ill humor.

"You are enough to provoke a
saint!" he cried, when the two were
alone. "Why didn't you take my

part against that stubborn fellow?"

"It seemed to me," replied Jo-
seph, smiling, "that it was he who
needed some one to take his part;
you heaped up arguments as if you
were on trial for something which
compromised your fortune or your
honor."

"It is better, then, in your opin-
ion, not to defend your rights?"
"When my rights are not worth
the trouble of defending."

"I see!" Henry interrupted with
heat. "You are always ready to
give up. One would have to thro-
tle you before you would think of
defending yourself. Instead of
thinking the world a battle field,
you believe it to be a drawing
room, where one shows off one's
good breeding."

"No," said Joseph, "but a great
ship, where all the passengers owe
each other friendship and mutual
tolerance. Every man is my friend
until he declares himself to be my
enemy."

"And I think every one is my
enemy until he says he's my friend,"
said Henry. "It is a piece of pru-
dence which has always succeeded,
and I mean to try it at Kaysers-
berg. We shall meet our uncle's
other heirs there, who will try to
get as much of the property as
they can; for my part I have de-
cided to make no concessions to
them."

The two cousins had now arrived
at the Inn of the "White Horse."
They entered the dining-room and
found it empty; but a long table
was set at one end, and the land-
lady was putting on three knives
and forks. Henry ordered her to
add two more for Joseph and him-
self.

"Excuse me, sir," said the wo-
man. "You cannot have your din-
ner here."

"Why not?" demanded the
young man.

"Because the people for whom
we have set the table wish to eat
by themselves."

"They can eat in their room,
then," said Henry, sharply. "This
is the public dining-room; any
traveler has the right to eat his
dinner here."

"What difference does it make
whether we dine in this room or
another?" asked Joseph.

"What difference can our being
here make to these people?" re-
turned Henry.

"They came before you did,"
objected the landlady.

"Then, 'first come first served'
is the law of your Inn," said Henry.

"Besides, we know the people."

"So you favor them more than
you do us?"

"You don't understand, sir, that
they are old patrons."

"So the other travelers have to
submit to their caprices?"

"You can have your dinner in
another room."

"From the scraps left by your
three privileged guests, I suppose."

The landlady looked hurt.

"If you are afraid of getting a
poor dinner at the 'White Horse,'
there are other inns in Cernay,"
said she.

"So I thought!" Henry said
quickly, taking up his hat. And
without listening to Joseph, who
tried to make him stay, he walked
off rapidly and disappeared.

Mulzen knew by experience that
on such occasions it was best to
leave his cousin to his freaks, since
any effort to restrain him increased
his combative disposition. He de-
cided to let him seek his fortune
elsewhere, and to have his own
dinner without delay, in a neigh-
boring apartment. Just as he was
leaving the room, however, the
three expected persons entered.

They were an old lady, with her
niece, and a man about fifty years
old, who seemed to be their escort.
The landlady, who was telling
them what had just passed, sud-
denly stopped at the sight of
Joseph. The latter bowed and
would have gone away, but the
gentlewoman begged him to remain.

"I am very sorry, sir," he said
with good humor, "for the debate
which has taken place. In asking
to dine alone we wished to avoid
certain guests whose conversation
and manners would have shocked
the ladies, but not to drive travel-
ers away from the 'White Horse,'
as your friend seemed to think."

The traveler, whose place he had
taken, said that he had secured it
first; but Henry, who was a law-
yer, replied by quoting some law

"Joseph tried to excuse himself,
saying that he had not felt hurt at
so natural a precaution, but Mr.
Rosman, as the ladies called him,
insisted in so friendly a manner
that he at last yielded."

The old lady, who apparently
was not accustomed to traveling,
sat down opposite him with her
niece, uttering a groan.

"Are you tired, Charlotte?"
asked Mr. Rosman.

"I should think I was!" exclaimed
the old woman. "Think of pass-
ing a whole day in a vehicle which
shakes you up like a swing, of eat-
ing at unreasonable hours, and of
running all kinds of danger. I
wonder we have not been upset a
hundred times; the diligence was
always tipping. I would give a
year of my life to have our journey
finished."

"Fortunately, the bargain is im-
possible," observed the young girl,
smiling, while she kissed her aunt.
"You are laughing at me," said
Madame Charlotte, in a tone of
half affectionate sulksiness; "young
girls now are not afraid of any-
thing. They travel on railroads,
in steamboats, and would go up in
balloons if it were the fashion. It
is the revolution which has made
them so bold. Before the revolu-
tion the bravest would only go in
a cart or on an ass. I have often
heard my departed mother say that
she never wished to travel except
on foot."

"So she never passed the bound-
ary of her canton," observed Mr.
Rosman.

"That did not prevent her being
a good and happy woman," rejoined
Madame Charlotte. "When a
bird has built her nest, she stays
in it. The custom of the present
day of living upon railroads makes
one love home and family less."

We get accustomed to being on the
move, and home is everywhere.

It may be more advantageous for
society, but it makes the individual
less good and less happy."

"Ah! Charlotte, you have a
grudge against traveling on account
of the jolting," said Mrs. Rosman,
gaily; "but I hope your prejudice
won't keep you from tasting this
soup. They don't make better at
Fontaine."

The conversation continued thus,
in a tone of charming familiarity.

Joseph maintained silence at first,
but Mr. Rosman asked him several
questions, and the conversation
had become general, when they
were told that the diligence was
ready to start. All hastened to
pay the landlady and reach the
office. After Joseph had got there,
he saw his cousin running. While
Mulzen had been dining, Henry
had gone to the different inns in
Cernay without finding any meal
prepared, and at last, pressed for
time, he had been obliged to buy
some fruit and crackers, which he
was finishing.

This abstemious repast had not,
as may be supposed, sweetened
his temper. Joseph perceived it,
and wisely asked no questions.
They were preparing to take their
places in the diligence when the
official discovered that he had made
a mistake in registering their
names, for the vehicle was already
full.

"Full," repeated Henry, "but you
have taken our fares."

"I will return the money to you,
sir," the clerk said.

"No you won't," cried the young
man; "since you have taken it,
there is a bargain between us. I
have a right to start, and I will
start."

While speaking, he caught hold
of the strap, and climbed on to the
top of the coach, where there was
an empty place. The traveler to
whom it belonged claimed it; but
Henry persisted in saying that no
one had any right to make him de-
scend, and that if they tried to
force him down he would return
violence with violence. Joseph
tried in vain to make some com-
promise; his cousin, whose temper
was soured by his meagre dinner,
persisted in his resolution. "Ev-
ery one for his rights" is my mot-
to," he cried; "his is charity; be
charitable if you like, I only pre-
tend to be just. I have paid for
my seat, and I will keep it."

The traveler, whose place he had
taken, said that he had secured it
first; but Henry, who was a law-
yer, replied by quoting some law

terms. They remained thus for
some time, exchanging violent ex-
planations, threats and recrimina-
tions. Madame Charlotte uttered
groans, and began to enlarge against
traveling in general, and public
conveyances in particular. Finally
Joseph, seeing that the discussion
was becoming more and more ex-
cited, proposed to the official to
have a carriage made ready, in
which he and the other traveler
should set out. This expedient
was adopted, and the diligence
started.

It was December, and the air,
foggy and cold early in the day,
became still more frigid as the night
set in. Henry, accustomed to the
sun of Provence, buttoned himself
up to his chin in his overcoat, and
even then shivered like a leaf in
the evening mist. Soon a fine rain,
blown against him by the wind, be-
gan to penetrate his clothes. His
neighbor, protected by a great over-
coat, might have given him shel-
ter under a part of his cloak; but
he was a fit merchant, very care-
ful of his own comfort, and ex-
tremely indifferent to that of any
one else. When Henry had refused
to give up his seat, the big man
approved his resolution, declaring
that "everybody must look out for
number one in traveling," a precept
that the young man had thought
very just then, the practice of which
he was suffering from now. How-
ever, towards the middle of the
journey the merchants head ap-
peared outside the cloak, and he
looked at his neighbor, saying:

"Are you cold, sir?"

"I am wet to the skin," replied
Henry, who could scarcely speak.

The big traveler shook himself
in his waterproof cloak as if the
better to enjoy his own comfort.

"It is very unhealthy to be wet,"
he remarked, philosophically. "An-
other time I advise you to have a
cloak like mine; it is very warm
and inexpensive."

This advice given, the merchant
drew his cape up over his chin, and
dozed luxuriously to the move-
ments of the coach.

When they reached Kaysersberg
it was late in the evening. Henry,
half frozen, went into the kitchen
of the inn, where there was a great
fire blazing. Upon entering he
saw a circle of travelers around the
fireplace, among whom were Jo-
seph Mulzen and the stranger whose
seat he had taken. The carriage
furnished by the official had gone
to Kaysersberg by a short cut, and
the two had arrived half an hour
before.

Joseph, seeing the sad plight his
cousin was in, hastened to offer him
his chair, but the other traveler
burst out laughing.

"I am greatly obliged to you for
having taken my seat, sir," he said,
"for otherwise I should be frozen
like you, instead of being warm, as
I am now."

Henry had nothing to reply to
this salley. He sat down by the
fire and tried to warm himself. As
soon as he had sufficiently recov-
ered his senses, he demanded a
room and bed; but the fair had
just ended at Kaysersberg, and the
inn was full of men who were go-
ing away the next day. Joseph
and his companion, although they
had arrived sooner, had only been
able to find one small bed, which
the former had generously re-
nounced in favor of the latter.

However, after many questions,
Henry ascertained that there was a
vacant bed in one of the rooms in
the stable, but it was occupied by
some peddlers, who refused to ad-
mit a stranger.

"Have they hired the room for
themselves alone?" demanded Henry.

"No," replied the landlord.

"Then you have the right of dis-
posing of the empty bed?"

"Certainly."

"Then what reason can they give
for refusing to let another person
into the room?"

"They don't give any reason, but
as all four appear to be rascals, no-
body cares to pick a quarrel with
them."

Henry got up quickly. "How
cowardly!" he cried; "I, for one,
won't pass a sleepless night be-
cause four peddlers choose to mo-
nopolize the beds of your inn. I
take me to the room; I will make
them listen to reason."

"Take care, Henry," observed

Mulzen; "they are coarse and bru-
tal fellows."

"And so privileged by their
vices to keep other people awake?"
asked Henry, sharply. "No, by
heaven, I will go to bed in spite of
them."

He had taken up his cap and was
leaving the room with the landlord,
when Mr. Rosman, who, while
looking for a servant to carry his
trunks home, had heard the words
exchanged by the two cousins, ad-
vanced, saying:

"I understand, sirs, that you
are in trouble for a bed for to-
night."

"I shan't be long," interrupted
Henry, trying to pass.

"Wait a minute," says Mr. Ros-
man; "perhaps these men will
answer your arguments with abuse.
You may have trouble in convin-
cing them of your rights. I think
you had better come to my house,
sir; I shall be most happy to wel-
come you. I live only a few steps
from here."

Henry and Joseph bowed and
thanked him, but in a very differ-
ent manner. Mulzen expressed
joy and gratitude, while his cousin's
thanks were polite, but constrained.

He had not forgotten that Mr.
Rosman was the main cause of the
poor dinner he had had at the
Cernay.

"You are too kind, sir," he said,
softening his voice; "but I do not
want to make you so much trouble.
Besides, I think it will be a good
plan to give these fellows a lesson,
and teach them to respect the
rights of other travelers."

So saying, he bowed and started
in the direction of the peddlers'
room. Joseph, fearing some quar-
rel, followed him, but either the
desires of the inmates had mod-
ified, or else Henry's resolute man-
ner made them afraid, for, after a
few expostulations, they allowed
him to go to bed. Joseph, re-
assured, went down stairs again,
and joined Mr. Rosman, who had
waited for him.

Upon reaching this gentleman's
house he found Madame Charlotte
and her niece, Louisa, preparing
tea before a fire of fir cones. Mr.
Rosman said a few words in a low
tone to the two ladies, who cour-
teously welcomed the young man.

They made him take a seat at the
table, while Louisa filled the tea
cups. As for Madame Charlotte,
she had not yet recovered from the
fatigue of her journey; she said
she felt the motion of the diligence
in her arm chair, and heard the
noise of its wheels in the boiling
of the tea kettle. She asked what
had become of the young man who
had taken a seat by storm, at Cer-
nay, and Mr. Rosman told her that
he had just arrived at the inn.

"He finds nothing but war and
lawsuits everywhere; he is a man
to fly from like fire."

"There is not a more upright
man anywhere," observed Joseph,
"only he will follow his motto,
'Every one for his rights.'"

"While yours is 'Charity,'" said
the old lady, smiling. "I found
that out at Cernay."

"Are you traveling together?"
asked Mr. Rosman.

"We are cousins," replied
Joseph, and we came to Kaysers-
berg to attend the opening of a
will which is to take place to-mor-
row."

"A will!" repeated Madame
Charlotte, astonished.

"That of our uncle, Dr. Har-
ver."

Both ladies and Mr. Rosman
made a movement of surprise.

"Ah! you are a relation of the
doctor," he said, looking at the
young man. "It is a happy chance
which has brought us together, for
I was his oldest and dearest friend."

Mulzen had never seen the doc-
tor, but he had felt that affection-
ate respect for him which is estab-
lished between members of the
same family. He talked about
him for a long time, listened with
a moved interest to all that he had
learned of his wife, and his last
moments; and when he went up
stairs to his room, after an intimate
talk, he was delighted with his
hosts, and they were equally
pleased with him.

Fatigue prolonged his sleep, and
it was late when he awoke the
next morning. He dressed and
then hastened to join his cousin,
to go with him to the home of the

notary, but he found the latter in
the parlor with Mr. Rosman and
Henry, who had been sent for.
Madame Charlotte and Louisa soon
came in. When they were all as-
sembled, Mr. Rosman turned
toward the young men, and said,
smiling:

"Nobody here is a stranger to
the business which has brought you
to Kaysersberg, gentlemen, be-
cause my sister-in-law, Madame
Charlotte Revel, and her niece,
Louisa Armand, whose guardian I
am, have come, like you, to be
present at the opening of the will
of their brother and uncle, Dr.
Harver

THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.—I will not try to tell over again the story of the battle, for it is in every school history. It is enough now to know that at one o'clock the British army landed in good order at Moulton's Point, and immediately formed in three lines, while the barges returned to Boston for more troops, who arrived at three; that the British, some three thousand strong, advanced upon the American works; that they were driven back with fearful slaughter; that they advanced again, and the flames of the burning town to veil their movements, and were again repulsed; that they rallied again with reinforcements against the Americans, who were not only worn down with labor and fasting, but out of ammunition; and at about five o'clock, after this bloody conflict of an hour and a half with raw volunteers, these picked soldiers of the British army took possession of the hill that had served them for a retreat on the famous 19th of April, with more than a thousand dead and wounded as the price of their victory, among these 226 being among the killed. The Americans had 140 killed, 271 wounded, and 30 captured, or 441 in all, in a force probably not exceeding fifteen hundred men actually engaged. The British, by the most truthful accounts, had less than four thousand men engaged on the field, according to Mr. Richard Frothingham's excellent history of the battle, but he apparently does not include the sailors and gunners in the British ships who were so active in the fight, and who killed the first American in the fort.

That was a sad evening for Boston and all the people around it. The sun that went down in splendor behind the ruins of that burned town, after that day of summer loveliness, shone upon a Golgotha of death. British and Americans who had been in arms against each other were now in the pain of wounds, the agony of bereavement, and the need of the Divine Comforter. The chimes of Christ Church did not probably ring out after the din of battle had ceased and night came on, but they must have tolled when Major Pitcairn's body was brought there for the burial service, and interred under the church. He was a brave and kindly man, who has apparently been misunderstood, and identified with acts of atrocity which he abhorred. His name heads the large list of British officers who were killed or wounded in the battle—thirteen killed and seventy wounded, a proportion so large as to put this battle on a footing with the carnage of Quebec and of Minden. The losses on the American side were not so many nor so conspicuous; but one man fell whose death was life to his companions and his cause, and with all allowance for local and personal friendship and patriotic exaggeration, there is no doubt that when Dr. Joseph Warren died, New England liberty had its martyr, and America had a hero who fought for her thenceforth with weapons that are not carnal, and with a valor that knows no weariness, and wants no food or clothing or arms. Warren was a noble man, and did a great deal for the patriot cause, but his life and his death meant more than he or anybody else knew at the time. He was, as we shall see, a text out of the book of humanity and of God that history was then enrolling.—Dr. Samuel Osgood, in *Harper's Magazine* for July.

NOVA SCOTIA ILLITERACY.—In some of the newly and sparsely settled regions of New Brunswick, inhabited by unlettered immigrants, a good deal of difficulty was experienced in establishing schools. In many instances the only instruction that could be imparted for some time was the A B C, reading, and a little writing. The pay was slim and uncertain, and at times the teacher engaged was very illiterate. A district superintendent visited one of these schools in the backwoods some twenty years ago, and found it sadly lacking. Intending to send some instructions to the teacher, he asked him, when taking his leave, "What is your Post-office address?"

The teacher, who had never heard of such a thing, looked blankly at him, and said, "Sir?"

The question was repeated, and after a moment's hesitation the reply was, "Oh, I'm a Roman Catholic."

The Superintendent then said, "I did not ask you anything about your religion; I want to know what is your Post-office address?"

"Oh," said the teacher, a light breaking over his countenance as he found himself relieved from his unpleasant embarrassment—"oh, sure I'm an Irishman, Sir."—Editor of the *Drawer*, in *Harper's Magazine* for June.

A NARROW ESCAPE.—A man and his wife, seeking to break themselves of a habit of fretting and scolding, entered into an agreement of this nature: The one who first lost temper with the other or with the children was to be punished as a "scold." The medium through which this humiliating intelligence was to be communicated to the contract, but the husband understood that it was to be through the *Brunswick*. The wife nearly bit the end of her tongue off the first day's trial, snapping up the harsh words which tried to escape her lips. But both were dimly peaceful until the afternoon of the second day, when the husband flew into a passion simply because one of the children polished his stocking feet with a blacking brush while he was taking his usual nap. At the first burst of anger, his wife quietly arose and put on her bonnet.

"Where are you going?" he inquired suspiciously.

"To publish you," she replied.

"Oh, well, go ahead; the boys at the office won't give me much of a blast."

"But I'm not going to the printing office."

"Where then," he asked in surprise.

"To the sewing society."

That brought him to terms, and long and earnestly he begged her not to make his weakness known throughout the length and breadth of the land. Finally, in consideration of a new silk dress, by him to be delivered, she agreed to let him off. But it was a narrow escape.—*The Brunswick*.

The New York Sun devotes an interesting column to a full description of the breeding and training farm of Mr. Robert Bonner, proprietor of the New York Ledger, whose fame as a patron of the turf is almost worldwide. Mr. Bonner long since acquired a reputation for buying fast trotters and quietly withdrawing them from the racing track where they had made their mark. The horse is then dead to the betting fraternity, for Mr. Bonner never allows his horses to race for money, and scarcely more frequently does he sell one of his favorites, and so permit it to return to the ranks of the professional racers. His purpose has been to improve the breed of trotting horses. His fleet horses alternate in occupying his city stables and are seen only when driven by Mr. Bonner himself through the Central Park, or along the road. When they need rest they are sent out to the farm in Tarrytown, which is magnificently situated and devoted solely to the interests of the horses quartered there. The broad pastures are cleared of stones and stubs, and the turf is as soft and as springy as that of the prairies. In a well sheltered part of the farm are the magnificently fitted and commodious stables, large enough to accommodate the eighty horses owned by Mr. Bonner. The horses are kept in magnificent condition by the grooms, being as watchfully cared for as human beings. Close by the stables is a three-quarter mile track carefully laid out, and enclosing 114 acres of fine pasture. Here the young trotters are frequently exercised and carefully speeded. The time is taken and recorded, and, though two or more horses are usually driven side by side, to add all the incentive which racing lends to their efforts, the track is for training alone, and betting on results is strictly prohibited.

Among the "rulings" of the Post Office Department are some that read queerly enough: "The postal law does not exempt postmasters from working on the public roads." "Ladies' garters, in packages not exceeding twelve ounces, are subject to a postage of two cents for each two ounces." "Packages of human hair, not exceeding twelve ounces in weight, may be sent by mail at the rate of two cents for each two ounces." "A husband has no right under the postal law to control his wife's correspondence." "Honey-bees are not considered proper matter for transportation by mail." "When a lady holding the position of postmaster marries and changes her name, a vacancy is created."

Taste depends upon those finer emotions which make the organization of the soul.

Who knows the age of the old stage coach which plies between South Framingham and the Centre? We have heard that it is possible, if not probable, that it is the identical vehicle which was driven by the senior Weller when he capsize the voters into the canal. We fear that this priceless treasure, priceless both for its great beauty and its extreme antiquity, is not regarded as it should be by our citizens. Some have even been so thoughtless and irreverent as to indulge in sneers at its misfortunes; and one heartless reprobate has even heard on the occasion of its recent capsize in front of Nobscot Block, to whisper something about the notorious one-horse shay of Dr. Holmes. The accident, in the words of this hardened wretch, happened in this wise: "The injine gin one o' them all fired blasts; the horses they turned right round shorter'n pie crust; they wouldn't ha' been human if they hadn't; and I don't blame 'em; over went the darned old thing, ker flummux; and I'm sorry it hadn't stove her to everlasting smash." Will it be believed that this atrocious sentiment found an echo among the bystanders. But his beauty is uninjured. As Hosea Biglow would say:

"The loathe o' the varnish,
Hain't received no tarnish."

—*Framingham Gazette*.

SHAKING HIS NEIGHBOR'S CARPET.—House cleaning was going on. He arose early in the morning, put on his old clothes, lugged one of the carpets into the back yard, and went at it. He banged it and whacked it with a club, tickled it with switches, and brushed it with brooms. Then he turned it over and did likewise to the other side. Then he hoisted it on the clothes line and did the same over again. His hands were blistered, his hair full of grit and his nose full of lint. He rolled up the carpet, lugged it into the entry, and set it down with the mental resolve that "he'd be blest if he shook another one." Just then the woman who lives in the other part of the house appeared with the query, "Doctor, what in the world have you been doing with my carpet?" It was as true as that Job had boils, that he had been shaking his neighbor's carpet.

A young lady in Milwaukee undertook to climb a ladder that had been left standing against the side of her father's house, but before she had gone a quarter of the way up quite a crowd assembled, perceiving which she began at once to descend, observing with much feeling: "Well, now, there ain't going to be no free circus here this afternoon, you bet."

An elegant edition of the scriptures was sent a Washington paper for notice. The volume was placed in the hands of the regular book reviewer of the establishment, who read it entirely through, and proceeded to speak of it in high terms as a meritorious, original production. Fortunately his mistake was discovered by the chief.

An Indiana man recently opened one of the hollow wooden pillars supporting his porch, and, to his utter astonishment, found within the remains of more than four hundred dead birds. They had made an entrance through a small hole at the top of the pillar and were unable to escape.

At the funeral of a lady in Elmira, on Sunday last, the pall-bearers were selected from the female friends of the deceased, and performed the services usually undertaken by such chosen ones. It is the first instance of the kind that ever came to our knowledge.

A Newark girl hastened the departure of a lingering gentleman caller the other evening by remarking as she looked out of the window, "I think we shall have a beautiful sunrise."

Happiness is a ball after which we run whenever it rolls, and we push it with our feet when it stops.

Success is full of promise till men get it, and then it is a last year's nest, from which the bird has flown.

A Memphis paper defines advertising to be "a bluster that draws trade."

An English savant estimates that the globe weighs 5,852,000,000,000,000 tons.

Sure to produce short crops—the barber's shears.

Staving business—making barrels.

HERDS GRASS,
Cheap for CASH, at
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Chas. K. Conn & Co.
DEALERS IN

**HARD and SOFT
COAL, WOOD,**

Lime & Cement.
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CUSTOMERS DESIRING IT, WE

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At a slight additional charge.

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Pro Bono Publico.
A. A. CLEMENT

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1000 TONS OF ICE,
which he will furnish at a fair price the coming season.

For further particulars leave address at C. S. Atkins, or at the residence of the subscriber, 431 Main street, A. A. CLEMENT.
Woburn, Feb. 1, 1875.

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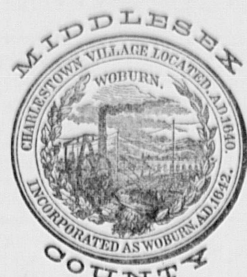
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WOBURN JOURNAL.



VOL. XXIV.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1875.

NO 41.

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CUT FLOWERS and Floral Designs
At immediate notice.
Hardy Trees and Shrubs.
Grape Vines, Strawberry and Vegetable Plants, Rustic Furniture, Baskets, &c.
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ASK FOR ONE.

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Constantly on hand at 129 Main Street, Boarded the day or week. Parties ordered for at short notice.

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Has constantly on hand, at his greenhouse, a fine supply of greenhouse plants, Bouquets and Cut Flowers furnished at short notice.

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CUPS AND WATER PIPES REPAIRED.

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STRAW MATTINGS.

A large line of Straw Mattings, just received and sold at the lowest prices, by

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Setter of all kinds of Granite Work

Particular attention paid to Cemetery Lots and Monuments. Work executed promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.

Headquarters, 115 Main Street, Woburn, Mass. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

W. A. COLEGATE,

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212 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

G. F. JONES, Proprietor

\$5 to \$20 Per Day at Home. Terms free. A. Dress G. Sisson & Co., Portland, Me.

Poetry.

ESTHER'S PRAYER.

A prayer is in my thoughts tonight
I hardly dare to say:
"Lord, put my wishes all to flight,
Nor let me have my way!"

I dare not say it, Lord, for fear
My heart I may mistake;
So many earthly things are dear,
Perhaps, for earth's own sake.

Nor can I think that thou art glad
In life despoiled of bloom,
Since for all joy the worlds have had
Thyself hast opened room.

And yet the poison-plow, so fair,
So like the whole-some grows,
To pluck my flower I will not dare,
But trust His hand who knows.

And this indeed, is life's best thing:
To take sweet gifts from thee,
If thou some dark sealed bud should bring,
It must hold light for me.

In sadness I withheld my prayer,
Mid under trembling fear;
In praise it blossoms unaware,
Because the sun is near.

My heart thou wilt not crush or chill,
"Lead into thine way I will!"
Through all my wishes breathe thy will!
This prayer to night I say.

Selected.

Captured By Telegraph.

During the winter of 1869, I was employed as a night-operator in the railroad office at D—, Iowa. The principal road between Chicago and Omaha runs through D—, and the great number of irregular night trains and constant danger of collision resulting therefrom, rendered the position or night-operator by no means an easy one. It may be well to mention here as necessary to the following story—that, besides the railroad office, there was also at D— a business office of the Union Company. This we always spoke of as the "down town office."

One stormy night, not far from eleven o'clock, I sat at my desk—and, for a wonder idle. The wires and not called for some time, and I was leaning back in my chair listening to the wind outside and reflecting upon the loneliness of my situation. The eastern train had crossed the river more than an hour ago; all the depot officials had gone off home, and so far as I knew I was entirely alone in the vast building.

Finally, tired of thinking, I picked up the evening paper and glanced listlessly over its columns. Among other things I read the detailed account of a fearful tragedy that had taken place fifty miles up the river on the previous night. Three raftsmen, well known as desperate characters in that vicinity, had entered the cottage of one Mathews, a farmer living in an isolated spot—had butchered the farmer and his children, terribly maltreated his wife, and then departed as they came, having taken with them whatever plunder was handy. What interested me most was a full description, for purpose of identification of the chief of the villainous trio, Tim Lynch. Here it is:

"\$500 reward will be paid for information leading to the capture, dead or alive, of Tim Lynch, the ringleader of the Mathews tragedy. The gang is a remarkably large man, six feet four inches in height, very heavy, and broad across the shoulders. Eyes greenish gray, with a deep scar over the right eye. Hair wiry, black, and beard of same color. When first seen he was dressed in black Kossuth suit, faded army overcoat, pant of gray jean, and heavy boots. The above reward will be paid to any one furnishing positive information of his whereabouts.

(Signed) Sheriff of — County.

At the very instant I finished reading the advertisement, there occurred the most remarkable coincidence that has ever come under my observation. I heard a heavy tread on the stair, and then the door opened and there entered—Tim Lynch!

The moment I set my eyes on him I recognized him as perfectly as though I had known him all his life. The army overcoat and gray pants tucked in the heavy boots, the massive frame and shoulders, the slouched hat pulled down over his right eye to conceal—

I was sure—the scar, above all a desperate, hunted look in his for-

bidding countenance—all were not to be mistaken.

To say I was not alarmed at this sudden and unwelcome intrusion would be untrue. I am not a brave man, and my present situation, alone in the depot with a hunted murderer, was by no means reassuring. My heart beat violently, but from mere force of habit I arose and asked him to be seated. While he turned to comply, I succeeded in conquering my agitation to some extent. He drew a chair noisily forward, and sitting down threw open his coat, displaying by so doing a heavy navy revolver stuck in his belt. Then he freed his mouth of a quantity of tobacco juice, and spoke.

"Young feller," he said, "thet thar masher is wha yer call a tellygram, I s'pose?"

"Well," I answered, with a faint smile, intended to be conciliatory, "that's what we send tellygrams by."

"Wal, I want yer to send a message to a friend o' mine out in Cohoe. I tell yer aforehand I hain't got no collateral. But I kinder guess yer'd better trust me, young feller. (Here he laid his hand significantly on his belt.) I'll fetch it in tennorow if its convenient."

I hastened to say that the charge could just be well be paid at the other end by his friend.

"Umph! Plaguey little yer'll git o' Jim, I reckon. Howsumd-over perced."

"What is the message, and to whom is it to go?"

"I want yer to tell Jim Fellers of Cohoe that the bull quit here last night, and thet sheep'll be close on his heels."

As he delivered this sentence he looked at me as though he expected me to be mystified. But I thought it best not to appear so, and I said carelessly,

"I suppose you a dealer in stock and this is your partner? Ah, the tellygram helps you fellows out of many a sharp bargain."

"Ya'as," he answered slowly, "I idently pleased with the way I took it. 'Ya'as, then's um. I'm sending ing down a lot of stock. Bought it dog cheap over in Genesee yesterday. Purty lot as ever you see."

I turned to my instrument. What was to be done? Though ours was a railroad office, we often sent business messages; and if I did as usual now I should probably get rid of my unwelcome visitor without further trouble. But in the short conversation with him I had somewhat recovered from my first alarm, and I now conceived the idea of attempting the capture of Tim Lynch.

I was only a poor salaried operator, trying to save enough to marry in the Spring. Five hundred dollars would do me a great deal of good just now—to say nothing of the debt of the thing. But how was it to be accomplished? Here I was alone in the depot with a man big enough to whip his weight in such little men as I was several times over. An attempt to secure him single handed was not for a moment to be thought of. But could I not excuse myself, and going out, fasten him in? No; well I knew from the distrustful look in his face that any proposal of mine to leave the room would be peremptorily objected to by him. What then?

Why simply this. I would tellygram to the down town station. But alas! That very day the connection between the two offices had been cut for repairs. It was seldom used at any time of course. But what of that? It was only a question of a few seconds more time.

All these thoughts went through my mind with the rapidity of lightning as I went to the battery. Lynch regarded me from the corner of his uncovered eye, with a suspicion that made me shake in my shoes. As I sat down he arose and came to my side.

"Look a here, young feller," he hissed in my ear, and his breath was sickening with the fumes of liquor, "praps you mean fair enuff—I hope ye do for yer own sake. But I don't understand nothin' 'bout them tellygrams, and I jest want to tell ye that yer'd better be s'quar'—fur, by the Eternal God!—if ye go back on me, I'll stretch you on this yer floor as stiff as ever to be mistaken.

I did a man yit!" and I felt the cold muzzle of his revolver on my cheek. Perhaps my voice trembled a little, but I was still unmoved in my resolution as I replied:

"Never fear, sir; I'll tell him all about stocks." He muttered something to himself and still remained standing over me.

You have heard, perhaps, how much character and expression a tellygram operator can put into his touch. Why, there were dozens of different operators communicating with our office, and I could tell at the instant, without ever making a mistake, who it was signaling. You could tell if a man was nervous from his telegraphing, just as well as you could from his handwriting. The call that I sent hurrying across the State to Council Bluffs, must have rung upon the ears of the operator like a shriek.

"C. B. Are you there?" was what I asked, and almost instantly came back a reply in the affirmative. Then, with trembling hand I rattled off my message: "For the love of God, tellygram to our downtown office at once. Tell them Tim Lynch is within two feet of me, and they must send help."

A short pause, as though my message occasioned some surprise, and then came the response, "All right," which assured me I need not repeat.

"Wal," growled the deep voice of Lynch, "are you goin' to send my message?"

"I have sent it, sir."

"What! Does all that tickin' mean what I told you?"

"Yes, and if you will wait fifteen or twenty minutes, you'll get an answer."

"Wal, I dunno as I want an answer. Jim, he'll understan' it all right."

"But I'll tell you soon whether he's there or not. Sit down."

So Lynch reluctantly took his seat, looking around at the door and windows once in a while in an uneasy way. I was determined to take him now at any cost; and I firmly believe that I should have planted myself in his path if he insisted upon going now.

"Tick, tick, tick!" the battery called out, and I listened to the message. "Keep cool. Gould has gone for the police."

Strange it was, wasn't it. That I should sit there and talk through two hundred and fifty miles of space with a man not half a mile from me.

"What's that signifier?" inquired my companion, as the tickin' ceased; and I replied that the clerk at Cohoe had just written off the message and sent it out. He seemed satisfied and settled back in his chair, where he sat in sullen silence, his jaws going up and down, up and down as he chewed his weed.

O how slowly the minutes crept along. The suspense was terrible. I sat and watched the minute hand of the clock, and five minutes seemed as many months. My companion seemed nervous, too. He moved uneasily in his chair.

"Ain't it 'bout time ye heard from Jim?" he asked at length.

"We shall get word from him in a few moments now," I answered, and fell to watching the clock again. Five minutes more passed. Lynch got up and began pacing to and fro across the room. At length he paused and said:

"I don't believe I'll wait any more. I've got to see a man down at the Pennsylvania House, and he'll be abed if I don't git that pretty soon."

"Hold on a moment, and I'll see what they're up to," I cried hastily, and touched the key again. "Make haste," was my message, "I shall lose him if you do not. Not a moment to spare." Straightway came the reply, short, but encouraging: "A squad of police started for the depot five minutes ago." Thank Heaven! They ought to be here now. I looked at Lynch and thought of the five hundred dollars.

"Wal, what's the word?" he growled impatiently.

"Your friend is coming," I answered, for want of a better reply. "Comin'! Comin'! What?"

"Coming to the office at Cohoe. He probably has an answer for you."

"An answer for me? Jim Fellers? What should he answer for? Lynch stood in stupid thought a moment, then he looked at me with dangerous light in his eye.

"Look a here, young feller," he cried. "It's my private opinion you're lying to me. And ef ye are—" here he uttered a horrible oath—"I'll cut your skulkin' heart out. I don't know anything 'bout that masher but I swear Jim Fellers hain't got nothing to answer. More like he'd git up and scatter when he heard thet message."

He stood glaring at me as he uttered these words, his hand on his revolver. I cannot account for this. As I before remarked, I am a timid man by nature. But this occasion only made me bolder. Everything depended upon keeping him a few seconds longer. It must be done at any cost. I tried a new plan.

"What do you mean, sir?" I shouted, rising, "by coming into this office and talking in that style? Do you think I'll—" and I advanced threateningly toward him. My unexpected attitude seemed to amuse him more than anything else but it silenced his suspicions. He put his hands in his pockets, and delivered a loud laugh in my face.

"Wal, wal, my bantum, ye needn't get so cantankerous. Who'd thought such a little breeches as you had so much spunk? Haw! haw! haw! Why I could claw you up 'bout makin' two bites of ye."

"Well, sir," I said, still apparently unmoved, "either sit down and hold your tongue, or leave the office." And he good naturedly complied.

Once more we were sitting listening to the ticking of the clock as the minutes dragged their slow length along. Would help never come? Three minutes more. Good heavens! The suspense was becoming intolerable. I must go to the stair and listen if I die for it. I arose and took a step toward the door, but a voice stopped me.

"Hold!" shouted Lynch, standing upright, all his suspicions aroused once more; "Ye can't go out of thet door afore me. Come back here!"

"Sir!"

"Come back here, or by the Eternal—" and the pistol muzzle looked me in the face. He stood now half turned from the door and I was facing it. Slowly without a particle of noise, I saw the knob turn and a face under a blue cap peep in. Thank God! Help had come! I felt a joy uncontrollable come over me. I must keep the murderer's attention an instant longer till some one could spring upon him, but his quick ear had caught a movement behind. As he turned with an oath, I sprang upon him, and bore down his arm just as the revolver went off, the ball burying itself harmlessly in the floor. Before he could free himself from my grasp, half a dozen officers were upon him, and he was quickly secured.

The next morning the papers were filled with glowing accounts of the capture of the murderer, and praises of my conduct. The principle business men of the town made up a purse of five hundred dollars and presented it to me; and this, with the reward that was paid me the following week enabled me to get married at Christmas. But I shudder at the remembrance of the half hour I spent with Tom Lynch; and I don't think one thousand dollars would tempt me to go through it again.

The tears we shed for those we love are the streams which water the garden of the heart, and without them it would be dry and barren, and the gentle flowers of affection would perish.

If a few civil words will render a man happy, he must be a wretch indeed that will not give them to him. Let another man light his candle by your own, and yours loses none of its brilliancy by what it gains.

"What time is it?" asked one passenger of another in a Detroit depot, the other day. "Ten minutes waited," was the answer, as the man looked up from the time table.

TYPE-SETTING BY ELECTRICITY.—The London correspondent of the Liverpool Courier writes to that journal: It has been hinted from time to time that one of our wealthy London journals has "under consideration" the practicability of printing its sheets in several of the great towns simultaneously, in order to secure a distribution of its copies as early as the various local journals which are so fast depreciating the circulation and once paramount influence of their London contemporaries. How can this staggering feat be accomplished? The leading journal had its attention drawn some weeks ago to an electric machine in operation at the London stock exchange, by which the fluctuating quotations are telegraphed to a number of city offices, where an instrument, composed of movable figures and a dial plate, is made to record changes from hour to hour. If an electrical current can be made to manipulate movable figures, it was conceived that a system of mechanical type-setting might be carried on simultaneously in a number of distant places, the operation being directed from a central office in London, the news being there collected from all parts of the world, and that the "copy" might be put in type at several provincial offices simultaneously by operating on an electric keyboard, or a number of keyboards, controlled in the central office. This idea, like so many other inventions, is not new. Mr. Mackay of the Warrington Guardian worked upon the same line of invention about eight years ago to my knowledge, and simultaneous type-setting by machinery was by him carried to a practical issue, though he found that his invention did not result in profit. He worked a number of type-setting machines by operating on one keyboard, and proposed to set up newspaper compositors for any number of papers by this simultaneous process, the only difference being that the various machines could not be placed in distant places. In other words, he did not connect them with electricity. The fact remains that he actually worked ten or twelve machines on this principal of connected action which derived its directing power from one keyboard. There is no moral doubt that the same thing can be done on a wider scale by electric agency. But if done, would the game be worth the candle? I know Times, or rather the manager of its mechanical department, is putting the thing to a private test in order to ascertain its mechanical practicabilities. If that can be made clear, the Times directors are not likely to be deterred by financial timidity from the next step in the unparalleled adventure. What a world of journalistic development the prospect opens to prescient eyes!

The country is familiar with the great petroleum bubble of years ago; how men rose in the morning beggars, and retired at night millionaires; how nabobs became mendicants in the breath of a wind. One of the heroes of those notable days is Johnny Steele, or "Coal-Oil Johnny," as he is now familiarly called. His history is known to all newspaper readers, and they will remember how he went to bed one night a laborer at twenty dollars a month, and awoke in the morning the heir of the richest oil well in the world. He didn't know what to do with the money which flowed from his well. He stepped from penury, through one million and a half of dollars, back to penury again, in sixteen short months. Then he went West; and now he is at work with a gang of bridge-builders in Shelby county, Iowa, on the Rock Island road, at a salary of one hundred and seventy-five cents a day. He is just as happy and contented with his frugal fare and lowly lot as when he basked in the smiles of Fortune's favors. His wife clings to him in adversity with true-hearted love, and accepts the situation with all the grace which characterizes a noble woman. She joined his fortunes when sunshine gilded his path; she now seeks to make his pathway bright beneath the shadows of adversity. Their home is at Dunlap, Ia. Johnny

many of the stories of his wasteful extravagances are false. His reverses came from loans made to friends, who failed to repay them. A broken bank carried down \$120,000 at one swoop, and another bank took \$40,000. Out of the wreck of the latter he yet hopes to get enough to get his good wife a calico dress and himself a quiet little farm upon which to pass the evening of his eventful life.

MRS. COBLEIGH CALLS ON A NEW NEIGHBOR.

The Danbury News has been admitted to the knowledge of the following facts:

A new family moved into the neighborhood on Friday, and at dinner the next day Mrs. Cobleigh said to her husband:

Cobleigh, a new family has taken Holcomb's house, and I guess I'll run over and see them this afternoon.

You don't know them, do you? said Mr. Cobleigh, in some surprise.

Why no; but it don't make any difference in such cases; for, you see, they are total strangers, and its proper that the old neighbors should call on them out of courtesy. Now, I know how I'd feel if I was in their place—not knowing a soul about here,—I'd like to have some one call. And so I want to do to them as I'd like them to do to me, you know.

Mr. Cobleigh was much pleased with this expression of the golden rule from his wife, and told her so. The other neighbors will be calling without doubt, she added, and I don't want to be among the last.

After washing the dinner dishes and putting the house to rights, Mrs. Cobleigh put herself in excellent condition, and started out on her laudable call. At the table, Mrs. Cobleigh said to her husband:

I went over to see the folks in Holcomb's this afternoon.

Ah, said he, was she glad to see you?

Oh, yes; I asked her if there had been any of the other neighbors in, and she said I was the first. She ain't very old—not more than thirty, I should say,—and she's got three children, one of them a baby. The two others are a boy and a girl, both of them old enough to be of help to her. The boy was off somewhere, and the gal was racing through the yard like a wild Injin, although she is eleven years old, and looks as strong as a horse. Now, if our Mary was one-half so strong as that trollop, I'd be satisfied. It makes me so vexed to see a mother slaving her life away and a big tom-boy of a girl tearing around the place like all possessed. She came into the house only once while I was there, and then she stood up against her mother like a great baby and put her finger in her mouth and flouted like a spoiled child. I don't see, for the life of me what the women of this age are thinking of to bring up children in that way. And she looked herself as if she was ready to drop with all the care and work. Her husband is a shoemaker, and works at the factory. They can't be in such good circumstances, I don't think, for the parlor carpet is only a two ply ingrain, and I noticed that it was spotted in several places. The parlor chairs are just common wood stained, and she has a large awkward bed-lounge instead of a tete-a-tete, and it doesn't match with the chairs at all. Her crockery is simply stone china, and there are several odd pieces among it. She didn't have any china, at least I didn't see any, and if she'd had it she'd shown it, I know. She ain't going to have anything on the kitchen floor, she says, and only a piece of oil-cloth in the dining-room. What oil-cloth I saw was old and faded. She has got up the kitchen stove,—it's like old Mrs. Ransom's—but it was covered with grease, and some of the pipe was badly rusted. I don't see why people can be so careless with their property. That pipe would last ten years if it was properly cared for. Then her parlor stove stood out in the shed, without anything over it, and it will pretty soon go the way of the

kitchen pipe. I spoke to her about it, but she said she didn't think it would take any harm. Oh, she's an easy one, that's plain enough to be seen, and if she don't have trouble with that girl before many years pass, then I'm no prophet. The baby was on the floor when I was over there, playing with some empty bottles. It's a real bright child, but it don't have proper attention. I don't believe its hair had seen a comb in three days, and its clothes look as if they had been mopped over the floor for a fortnight. I declare it seemed like getting into a new world to get back home. But I had to go, of course, and I am glad now it is over with. It won't be necessary for me to call again.

And Mrs. Cobleigh, having discharged a Christian duty to a neighbor, gathered up the crumbs from her lap with a napkin, and smiled complacently upon her family.

Edmund Burke was the man who, more than any other, held England back from revolution in 1792. Rational appeals to the rational faculty could not have prevailed. Appalled at what he saw in France, Burke, after thirty years' advocacy of liberal principles, and assisting to create a republic in America, became a fanatic of conservatism, and terrified England into standing by the monarchy. He was alarmed even at the influx of Frenchmen into England, flying from La Lanterne, and he gave vehement support to the Alien Act, which authorized the summary expulsion from the kingdom of foreigners suspected by the government. Vehement? Some of his sentences read like lunacy. It was in the course of this debate that the celebrated dagger scene occurred which Gilray has satirized. A wild tale reached his ears of the manufacture of daggers at Birmingham for the use of French Jacobins in England, and one of them was given him as a specimen. It was an implement of such undecided form that it might have served as a dagger, a pike-head, or a carving knife. He dashed it upon the floor of the House of Commons, almost hitting the foot of an honorable member, and proceeded to declaim against the unhappy exiles in the highest style of absurdity. "When they smile," said he, "I see blood trickling down their faces; I see their insidious purposes; I see that the object of all their cajoling is blood." A pause ensued after the orator had spoken a while in this strain. "You have thrown down a knife," said Sheridan; "where is the fork?" A shout of laughter followed this sally, which relieved the suppressed feelings of the house, but spoiled the "effect" of Mr. Burke's performance.—James Parton, in Harper's Magazine for July.

WASHINGTON NOT TAKEN IN.—A good old minister of one of our New England Baptist churches was agreeably surprised by the intelligence from one of his flock that five individuals had expressed a desire on the next Sunday to have the baptismal rite performed upon themselves. After the performance however, he was somewhat chagrined that only one of the five joined the society of which he was pastor.

A few Sunday's after, the same worthy elder waited on him with the intelligence that ten more desired immersion.

"And how many of them will join the society?" queried the minister.

"Two, I regret to say, are all we can depend on," was the elder's reply.

"Very well," replied the good old man, "you may as well inform the other eight that this church doesn't take in washing."

Antonius says—"There is no man so fortunate that there shall not be by him, when he is dying, some one who are pleased with what is going to happen." Here is a text for reflection that will last one all day Sunday.

"Why, Jennie, you look good enough to eat," said a loving husband to his wife one morning at breakfast. "Well, I'm eating as fast as I can, ain't I?"

A TOUGH SNUFF STORY.—Mr. Howard Paul, in an account of his trip to the United States, relates an anecdote of the ingenious skill of the American thieves. He says that John Peabody, a Connecticut grocer, "came on" (as the phrase goes) to New York to purchase stock. Completing his purchases, which were in due time deposited on the docks to be shipped per river steamer, Mr. Peabody thought proper to keep his eye upon his goods until they could be taken on board. Among them was a magnificent Goshen cheese, weighing about sixty-five pounds, upon which, for the want of better accommodations, the weary grocer seated himself as he watched the remainder of the property upon the wharf. While thus seated, ruminating over current events, calculating profits that he would realize upon his purchases, and every now and then solacing his nasal organ from a "yaller" snuff-box, two well-dressed young men approached and entered into conversation. "You take snuff, sir?" said the younger man, one. "Yes," couldn't do without it. Took it over eight years." "You use the macebooy, I perceive." "Yes; that mild sort suits me best for a steady going snuff." "Let me recommend you to try mine," said the sharper, producing a silver-plated box engraved with an American eagle and two shields. "I imported it from France. It is the identical snuff used by the Emperor and officers of the French army. Mr. Peabody said "Certainly," and inserted his thumb and finger in the stranger's box. The moment he placed it to his nose he was seized with violent sneezing. At every sneeze he lifted himself about a foot from the cheese upon which he was sitting. While he was doing this sharper number two was carrying out his share of the programme. As Mr. Peabody gave the third sneeze he pushed the cheese from under him, and in its stead dextrously placed a peck measure. As he was sneezing for eighth and last time the sharper and the cheese had disappeared. Mr. P. rubbed his nose for about five minutes, and spent about five minutes more in wondering as to the style of noses possessed by the Emperor and the officers of the French army, who took such powerful snuff. By this time the deck hands of the boat commenced to load up Mr. Peabody's goods. He rose from his seat and said, "Take this cheese, too." Deck hand said, "What cheese?" Mr. Peabody looked round and found that instead of the cheese he had been sitting on a peck measure. When he understood the manner in which the change had been effected, he was about the worst excited man of the season. He offered fifty dollars to any one who would give him any opportunity to fight the thieves with one hand tied behind his back.

"DOOD NIGHT, FOLKS."—There was a little girl in the cars, whose sweet, smiling ways won all our hearts. Everybody had a kind word to say to her, and she had a kind word for everybody in return. We quite forgot the heat, the dust, the noise, and the cinders of the way, in following her both with our eyes and heart, wishing for all the world we had a bit of a darling just like her.

When evening came she fell asleep. On reaching the station where her parents stopped, her father caught her suddenly, and as we thought, roughly. Opening her wondering eyes, and finding herself leaving us, "Dood night, folks," she said, "Dood night, folks," and the car door slammed behind her; she vanished out of sight. Not so the loving picture she left behind. I venture to say that every one of her traveling companions, some of them rude men, were the better and happier for her sweet courtesy and winning ways.

No JUDGE.—"Is your name Jones?" inquired a stranger yesterday, as he pulled the bell of a Second street house and got the man to the door.

"Does it say Jones on the door-plate?" angrily inquired the man, pointing to his name on the plate.

"Do those letters spell 'Jones'?"

"I dunno," replied the stranger, as he got his nose down to the plate, "I'm no judge of spellin', and I know Jones lives in this ward somewhere."

Edgar Poe said:—"To villify a great man is the readiest way in which a little man can himself attain greatness. The crab might never have become a constellation but for the courage it evinced in nibbling Hercules on the heel."

A BOSTON STAGE REMINISCENCE.—Several years since, the lamented Robert Craig—the most extraordinary mimetic genius known to the American stage—played an engagement at the Boston Museum. Many will remember his life-like imitations of Jefferson, Dickens and others—the most extraordinary of all, perhaps, being his impersonation of Stuart Robson as Jim Baggs. One evening Robson—who had just arrived from his country place at Cohasset—dropped into Craig's dressing room for a friendly chat. The evening was very warm, and Mr. Craig, who had many changes of dress to make during the performance, seemed much fatigued. His imitation farce, "A Dress Rehearsal," was in progress, and "Jefferson" and "Dickens" had just been given to the boisterous applause of a crowded audience.

"What comes next, old fellow?" said Robson.

"My imitation of you," replied Craig, as he proceeded to array himself for the character of Jim Baggs, "and I wish it was well over, for I really am tired out."

No sooner was this spoken than a merry idea seemed to strike Robson. He stepped quickly to the door, bolted it, and hurriedly approaching Craig, said: "I can relieve you, my friend," and in a few minutes was dressed from top to toe in the vagabond costume of the wandering minstrel. Scarcely was this completed, when the call-boy rapped at the door. "You are called for the stage, Mr. Craig," and before the astonished actor could recover from his surprise, Mr. Robson tripped briskly out of the room, and in a moment was face to face with the vast audience. Robson imitating Robson was certainly a novelty. "A Horrible Tale," "Little Toodle De Doo," were received with great favor, and the comedian left the stage followed by the most rapturous applause—not a soul among the actors or in the audience dreaming of the trick that had been so cleverly played.

In speaking of this incident, Robert Craig, who used to tell the story with much humor, laughingly added, "The highest compliment I ever had was paid me on that occasion, for seated in the dress circle was a skeptical gentleman, who pronounced my imitation of Dickens quite fair, Jefferson so-so, but Robson, 'Not a bit like him, sir. I have seen that comedian time and again, sir, and I tell you Craig's imitation is vile, utterly vile, sir.'"

A GOOD STORY SPOILED.—The Lexington (Ky.) Gazette heartlessly spoils a thrilling story which recently came from that city. It says: One dark night, not long ago, a burglar entered a private residence on Broadway. On ascending one flight of stairs he observed a light in a chamber, and while deliberating what to do, a large woman suddenly descended upon him, seized him by the throat, pushed him down through the hall, and forced him into the street before he had time to think.

"Heroic Repulse of a Burglar by a Woman," was the way the story was told the next day. But when friends called and congratulated her upon her courage, she exclaimed, "Good gracious! I didn't know it was a burglar. If I had I should have been frightened to death. I thought it was my husband come home drunk, and I was determined he shouldn't stay in the house in that condition."

THE HISTORY OF IRISH POPLIN.—Concerning Irish poplins there is a history of no little interest. In 1693 a band of exiled Huguenots from France, landed on the coast of the Emerald Isle. Few in numbers, yet industrious, this little band of intelligent men established the silk trade which has since been modified into the manufacture of poplin. They located at Dublin, in the Coombs, where the woolen trade of Ireland formerly flourished. Here the silk weavers were impeded by every possible restriction, and by a variety of legal enactments; but the present prosperity of the trade is owing to what was at that time considered their greatest misfortune—the inadequate supply of silk. Necessity compelled the unhappy silk weavers to employ another material to make out the scanty supply of silk. Naturally they took wool or worsted for the wets, and thus poplin was introduced. Of the beauty of Irish poplin there is no occasion to speak, but the enduring qualities of this choice fabric are not well known. Being made of pure silk and pure wool, poplin yields to the slightest pressure, and this quality insures an absence of permanent folds, which spoil the texture of any dress, however rich the texture. As the wearer of Irish poplin moves

a wave of colors seems to run through the fabric; while the colors of poplin appear more beautiful than those of any other material. At the marriage of Princess Louise, the bride wore a lovely dress of Irish poplin on leaving Windsor after her marriage. This dress, with several others in her *trousseau*, was manufactured by a firm in Dublin, and the example thus set was followed by all the brides of the season. Among the popular colors and shades of Irish poplin is one, much admired, between apricot and Indian maize. Then there is a rich claret, imperial purple, blue of every shade, white, and the "queen's own black," a rich corded poplin of exquisite beauty.

GILMORE'S GORGEOUS GARDENS. In the centre of Gilmore's Garden is the platform, whereon one hundred men, in white pants, red coats and white gloves, pour forth a flood of good music. There's a large block, representing granite and exceedingly like a tombstone, on which the gallant Gilmore prances with his baton. At the extreme end, the whole over-arching roof is hung with stalactites and represents a grotto. Two flights of steps, looking as if they had been yanked off the front of a "high stoop" and painted green, do duty as a cataract, while little stones are placed with uniformity along down 'em, and small fishes are mixed in so they will wiggle. Then some water is let loose at the top of the stairs just as a house-maid washes the steps in the morning, and comes sauntering down leisurely in Philadelphia style. Any lusty house-maid, with an active pair of legs and a pail, can get up just as imposing a show of water works. But this is a cataract on the bills, and special attention is called to it. Cataracts are generally all in one's eye—this is no exception.—*Letter from Mrs. Burnham.*

A LITTLE DEED, BUT A GOOD ONE.—Little Ellie found a thirsty flower by the side of her path. She thought it needed water, and so she went with a big pitcher, and poured a little stream gently upon it. It was a very little thing to do, and yet it was a very good thing. If the flower had not had some water it might have drooped and died, but when the water fell upon it, it revived and grew, and all summer long it sent out sweet perfume and showed bright blossoms that pleased everybody who looked at it.

A great many good deeds are just as simple as this. It is the kind words and bright smiles that make people happy often. They are worth more, sometimes, than great speeches or rich gifts, and any little boy or girl can give them.

—Apples of Gold.

A RABBIT'S CURIOUS HOUSE.—I have often heard of rabbits rearing their young in strange places, but the following fact seems to me to be most extraordinary. An official on the London and North-western Railway, had constantly noticed a rabbit passing to and fro on the permanent way. Curious to know where it came from, he examined the locality, and discovered beneath a "railway sleeper" a nest of four young rabbits. He afterwards discovered that when the parent rabbit left her young she carefully closed the aperture with sand and small stones. During the day some dozens of trains, often heavily laden, passed over this identical sleeper.—*Children's Friend.*

HINTS.—Keep clear of a man who does not value his own character.

In any business never wade into water where you cannot see bottom.

Put no dependence on the label of a bag, and count money after your own kind.

Don't go to law unless you have nothing to lose; lawyer's houses are built on fools' heads.

Drink nothing without seeing it, and make sure it means no more than it says.

Judge Jeffries, when on the bench, told an old fellow with a long beard that he supposed he had a conscience as long as his beard. "Does your lordship," replied the old man, "measure consciences by beads? If so, your lordship has none at all."

A gentleman drove a sorrowful looking horse into town last Saturday, and stopping in front of Bank Clock, he requested a small boy to hold him a moment. "Hold 'im!" exclaimed the boy. "Just lean him up against the post; that'll hold him."

HERDS GRASS, RED TOP, Lawn Grass,
Cheap for CASH, at
Ellis' Railroad Store, Woburn.
Pro Bono Publico.
A. A. CLEMENT
Would announce to the citizens of Woburn Centre that he has secured
1000 TONS OF ICE,
which he will furnish at a fair price the coming season.
For further particulars leave address at C. S. Aldrich, or at the residence of the subscriber, 431 Main street, Woburn, Feb. 1, 1875. A. A. CLEMENT.

"BLACK FEARNAUGHT"
Will make the season for a limited number of Mares at
WINSHIP'S STOCK FARM,
WOBURN, MASS.
For Terms, Pedigree, &c., apply on the premises.
Board for Horses
At all seasons of the year. 47

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For contracts, which will be liberal to experienced agents—apply to
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Just Published a new edition of Dr. J. C. LITTLE'S Celebrated Essay on the radical cure (without medicine) of Sprains, Strains, or Sore Throat, Involuntary Spasms, Insanity, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, &c.; also Consumption, Epilepsy, and Pits, induced by self-indulgence or sexual extravagance, etc.
Price in a small envelope, only six cents.
This celebrated author, in this admirable Essay clearly demonstrates, from a thirty years successful practice, that the alarming consequences of Self-Abuse may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicine, or the application of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.
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ALL RINDS
Ladies Hair Work done to order
SWITCHES
Made from Combs at 25 cents per ounce.
Woburn, April 16, 1875.

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Mr. C. W. NUTE having associated with him in his business Mr. C. FRANK KELLEY, they propose to continue the
BOOT AND SHOE BUSINESS
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TO ORDER, and shall manufacture all that we offer for sale.
MEN'S TOILET SLIPPERS
also made to order, and
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promptly and neatly done.
We shall also keep on hand a full line of the manufactures of
BURKE & MUNDY
—AND—
TYLER & SON.
Thanking the public for the patronage accorded in the past, we hope to receive our fair share in the future.
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To an energetic, reliable man, we will give the exclusive right for his city or town to sell our Trunk and Sewing Machines, 212 Stairs, &c., paying him a very large commission on sales. Can be applied to any machine now in use, and by any person, however unskilled. Capital needed, \$4 to \$20. For full particulars, address HALL TREADLE CO., 40 Washington St., Boston.

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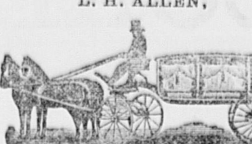
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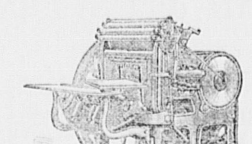
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He (Allen) offers the new invention, for preserving the bodies by cold air, without direct application of ice. When preserved by the cold air process, a glass reveals any and every feature of the deceased, and the corpse will keep much longer than in the old way. A sufficient number of these preservers for Woburn and the neighboring towns. Have with one or two horses, and Carriage furnished.
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